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UNMASKING OUR MINDS

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BY

DAVID SEABURY

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To
FLORENCE GUY SEABURY

PREFACE

In Paris studios two methods are in vogue: some draw from plaster casts and lay figures, others prefer human models. The dummies sit quietly permitting infinite exactions; the models move and, in consequence, open suggestive lines are characteristic of life-studies: more warmth and naturalness, less rigid accuracy.

The same contrast in both methods and results appears in the study of psychology. There are some who feel that the detailed thoroughness made possible by the analysis of hypothetical abstractions is essential to scientific accuracy. There are others to whom psychology is the study of live human beings; who prefer the more sympathetic lines of flesh and blood even at the expense of detailed finish. And as no draughtsman can satisfy both sorts of taste in one picture so no writer in the field of psychology can meet the demands of the two mental attitudes.

Even the most sympathetic life-study, however, must have sound anatomy; and places where emphasis is put more on technique than upon naturalness. So, too, in psychology, those who study human beings at first-hand cannot avoid some abstractions. For this reason the introduction and some parts of this book contain material which may appear too technical to the reader interested only in immediate human needs. If so, he should skip these sections.

In the body of the book, effort has been made to

avoid abstruse terms: to keep the point of view always that of the living model. The problem is at times difficult because of the limits of language.

There has always been a common-sense psychology, but culture and life have coined one vocabulary and science another. In practical effort the terminology of neither can be followed in entirety. If we can some day achieve a union of the two, it should open science to the values of common sense, and every-day life to the discoveries of science. Psychology has suffered with other subjects of deep import from the superstition that the serious and scientific must be presented soberly and without interest in dry and technical terms. Just why profound thought needs to be dull, or a light touch necessarily precludes depth of understanding, has not been explained. It is accepted, however, as is the idea that virtue should be stupid, and that knowledge be drably dressed and taken as discipline.

So many-sided is human nature that no fully logical order is possible in chapter arrangement. One section so helps to throw light on every other section that each should appear first.

To meet this situation and to assist in the practical uses of the book for those interested in such special applications as business, domestic relations, etc., a study index has been arranged to supplement one of the usual alphabetical type. This index is so planned that the psychological material within the book which relates to various fields of human activity may be assembled and read much as if it were in a chapter under the subject of the index heading. The reader, for example, interested primarily in problems of childhood, home life and parent relations, is enabled by the use of the study index to read

in consistent order all in the book that relates to the subject. It makes it possible for him to gain a connected impression of the new points of view on, for instance, such subjects as vocation, or health problems. A picture of conventionality or environment is possible even though no chapter deals with these subjects. The effort is to make a thought-index to accompany the word-index; by this means it is hoped to make the book more adequate for human needs.

It should be explained that among the names used in illustrative cases only those of famous characters are unchanged. In no instance are either the names or cases identifiable but so veiled as to obscure the individual without injuring the scientific value of the evidence. The instances themselves are drawn from many types of clinical record as well as from the writer's own practice.

In lecturing on this subject the writer receives many requests to recommend books having practical self-help. To meet this need, a starred bibliography has been arranged in the appendix. In seeking to designate the more practical books there is no wish to seem to critically evaluate present-day psychology but only to answer the insistent demand of club members for works that will help them in every-day living. In some instances books related to, but not on the subject of psychology, are included, such for example, as Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh,* which should be read once a year by every parent in America.

There has been no attempt in this book adequately to treat of abnormal psychology which properly belongs to the field of mental therapeutics and psychoanalysis. The exceptionally neurotic person is in all senses sick. But for every ten whose ab-

normal condition requires exhaustive analysis and treatment there are one hundred who need normal acquaintance with themselves and their mental and emotional limitations.

The purpose of this book is to give the average human being some knowledge of the causes of the thought and feeling, instinct and desire, which determine his personality and are involved in the habits, tendencies, repressions and conflicts which produce loneliness and sorrow.

Self-exploration cannot restore health to the seriously sick who needs the special assistance of medical psychology, but to the well it may suggest some answer to such questions as: "What am I like? What are my strong and weak points? What unconscious conditions suppress and injure me? How can I understand my family, my children, my friends? What effect does my own nature have on health, happiness, marriage, career? How can I solve these problems?"

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INTRODUCTION

INSTRUMENTS OF SELF-DISCOVERY

A GRAY-HAIRED man leaned over his bench, puttering with a series of cogs and pulleys, fitting strange rods and arranging a belt. A machine was in his mind, a contraption to do man's work. That was more than a hundred years ago. His neighbors called him queer.

In a distant city, a second man hurried along the street, his eyes on the ground. Moving in his mind were wires and levers; a series of dots and dashes. He was pondering, measuring, analyzing their action. People stared at him and tapped their heads. A strange fellow indeed.

Down along the water-front came earnest voices in animated discussion: "Will solve the problem"—"more balance"—"reduce the strain"—"pressure"—"less friction"—"yes, yes, it's coming."

Strange words, and prophetic. They spoke in a new language and told of a different world. Their vision was destined to change the face of life; to threaten customs and habits, manners and conventions; introducing a new economics.

* * * *

It was shortly before New England farmers cut down the first telegraph poles because it was obvious to them that no one could send words through a solid wire, that the mechanical age began. It was ushered in both here and abroad with riot and revolt against the "devil-born" devices of science and

invention. Labor, the moralists, the politicians, and the clergy, all rose against the advancing tide of progress. Even that simple assistant to tired backs —the baby carriage—precipitated a storm in press and pulpit that lasted a decade or more; "good" people were horror-stricken at such a sacrilegious "destroyer of civilization." Babies belonged in a mother's arms, whether she wished them there or not. She should. She must be made to do her duty as would any other young-bearing mammal; what else was she for? Such mechanical contraptions were patently malicious; their perpetrators slaves of Mammon.

The advance has swept onward. Fogies have conveniently died. Others fortunately continue to die, and today we stand at the peak of a century of technical and economic miracle; land, sea, sky, and the invisible elements are man's kingdom at last.

* * * *

A gray-haired man bent over his desk; puttering with a series of words and phrases, fitting strange sentences and arranging a key. A machine was in his thought; a contraption to measure men's minds. That was twenty-odd years ago. His neighbors called him queer.

In a distant city a second man hurried along the street, his eyes on the ground. Moving in his mind were impulses and complexes, a series of instincts and emotions. He was pondering, measuring, analyzing their action. People stared at him. A strange fellow indeed.

Down along the hospital front came earnest voices in animated discussion: "Will solve the problem"—"more balance"—"reduce the strain"—"pressure"—"less friction"—"yes, yes, it's coming."

Strange words and prophetic. They spoke in a new language and told of a different world. Their vision was destined to change the face of life, to threaten customs and habits, manners and conventions; introducing a new ethics.

At the close of a century of mechanical achievement, an age of psychological advance began. The need was sore, for life was a riddle of which men were weary. Their days knew worry and fatigue, but few solutions. In a world at once so hurried and prejudiced and yet so filled with complexity, they came to see that they must achieve understanding of life or be swamped by their very creations. In the confusion, they saw modern man bearing as great a burden even to live as when he roamed and fought in the Neanderthal forests. Wandering, like Pilgrim, he sought release from his load and forever strove for insight into the problems of his physical, mental and spiritual turmoil.

We were anxious indeed for psychology; but were we as ready for its ethical consequences? Men yearned for the comforts which mechanics brought them, but fought its economic effects, its power to change customs and thought. Yet without that transformation it could not have served. Can we escape some such transition from psychology?

History repeats itself. The ignorance which fought mechanics is not dead but, with equal blindness, stands with its fervid hands pushing against the current of progress. Conservatism continues to challenge modern thought. It has its sacred duty to keep out of life all that, being new, it does not understand. In the flux of our present day its arena has shifted, but the contest is the same. It fears the inevitable: as mechanics forced its economic

revolution so psychology may bring a mental and ethical evolution—changes affecting ourselves, our lives and society. And this is true indeed.

Psychology, like mechanics, cannot serve us unless it brings release from the pressure and confusion, fatigue and friction that has congested our lives. As man's days were once held by material limitation, as he labored with his bare hands and crept forward on foot or horseback, so have we been held by mental limitation and have labored with our souls. With all the toiling nights of mechanical geniuses and all the researches of science, we have not as yet escaped our burdens and our problems. Nor shall we escape them until we look at life squarely; nor shall we know them until we study them in action and reaction, in circumstance and event, in cause and effect, ready to cast in the discard prejudice and preconception, bias and belief, if the new insight requires it. We must look below the surface at last.

Since Adam there have been two great forces in human life, those of the internal and those of the external. Down the ages these powers, the entrenched physical world against the invisible mental world, have warred incessantly. Until the last generation science has stood with materialism against the mystical speculation of poets, philosophers, dreamers and religious seers. The physical appeared as a realm of fact and of accuracy; metaphysical thought as a region of intuition and supposition. Not until anthropology brought from its body psychology and psychoanalysis—the former a sister of biology and the latter of medicine—could science accept the psychical. Today, the journey (despite contentions of experimental psychologists with their eyes on examination records) is a con-

tinual progress toward an understanding of the inner world of man's nature, the genetic forces of instinct and emotion.

The power of the external world, however, has given ground stubbornly. The pressure of physical facts is forever upon us. In youth we dream of release from the inevitable yoke of earthly freight; in age we bitterly accept the confines of matter and smile cynically at the enthusiasm of our children. We realize, with Wordsworth, that the splendid vision which attends youth becomes dim, and as maturity arrives "fades into the light of common day."

If under the searching eye of the newer sciences, inner forces are at last becoming clear, there are yet pressing and disturbing difficulties even within psychology itself.

So many sided is the force of our external world, so obscure the internal that science is far from one in its approach. It sees the question from widely separate points of view. Indeed, psychology at the present time might be compared to an octagon. Physiological and genetic psychology and the behaviorists see the biological face with great clearness. Experimental psychologists, through mental measurements, distinguish the outlines of its second aspect; the contour of consciousness. Psychoanalysts marked out the third region: that of the unconscious. Anthropologists and social psychologists have long had their eyes upon the fourth face, man's personal evolution and herd relationships. Criminology and detection are focussed upon the neighboring area: of action and integrity. The sixth side has been battered for centuries by the repeated handling of ordinary man, trying for common sense estimates: the character judgments of business ex-

ecutives and advertisers, parents, teachers, actors, dramatists, and the man in the street. The seventh face of psychiatry and mental hygiene has been developing through medical analysis, through anatomical investigation, neurological work and researches in glandular influence. Lastly, and oldest of all, the dim lines of the cosmic angle, the mystic contour which religion and metaphysics is seeking, has shimmered intermittently. This is the face of man's spiritual nature.

The octagon itself is the whole man, and a truly normal grasp of human nature comes rather from a balanced understanding of all eight angles than from an exhaustive and specialized insight into any one of them. Nevertheless, the specialist in each field cries out in his belief that his particular face of the octagon is larger and more important than the others. Indeed, he believes that there are no other sides. Were this true, the octagon would not be an octagon, nor man a truly human creature.

It is just because there are these many phases to man's nature that he is human and knowledge of him so difficult. It is because of this complexity that the behaviorist is dissatisfied with the findings of the analyst and the experimental psychologist with both of them. Each group sees the surface under his specialized examination. The academic psychologist doubts the existence of the unconscious, for it appears on the opposite side of the octagon. The spiritually-minded psychologist is horrified at any presentation of the "Psyche" as "inherited instincts and emotions," while, to behaviorists and biologists, the soul apart from an urge of "instincts" evolved out of the cell-life of the ages, is well to be held as an open question.

Apparently it seldom occurs to specialized minds, that even though their centered methods of research are essential, the octagon may not be flat. Is it not true that other factors appear to be equally logical from other views, once the premise of that new approach is understood? May it not be that the factors of an opposing angle are equally sound, but do not appear so if taken out of relation to their own aspect and forcibly compared with those on another base?

This isolated habit of mind is not alone true of science. Science inherited it from every-day life and has not fully overcome its limitation. Education has made us believe that intelligence is negative, rather than positive; we automatically take to pieces before we take time to grasp a whole. Hence, seeing in part we comprehend in part. And this is often equivalent to not seeing at all.

An open mind requires brain cells responsive to unaccustomed experience; to relate constructively requires effort and brings less applause than a clever exposition of what the opposition did not know or say. Hence the indulgence in pronunciamentos of one group against another group, and the rare emphasis of the points which unify. Hence still more uncommonly any picture of a whole octagon or consideration for those who, trying for the whole, are necessarily less exhaustive or less exact in the handling of the various parts.

It often seems as we have inherited the idea that there is merit in being unable to see any other view than that of the immediate landscape. Openness to a single angle of thought, or to one creed, is considered commendable. To be thorough you should swallow the view whole, or rather, be entirely swal-

lowed by it. To be absorbed in an ism, a sect, or a school of thought, gives you acceptability in most eyes. To see good in a dozen points of view is considered dangerous. To believe that the real truth lies in the union of the essentials of the dozen views and not fully in any one of them, is treason. It defies authority. And did not our forefathers teach us to obey authority rather than to look for truth?

In practical effort it is a law that one cannot be more narrow than the requirements of life and enduringly succeed. The neglected factors will find us out. This law is as true in applied psychology as in mechanics or in mathematics. Not behaviorism, not psychoanalysis, not mental tests, or glands, form the basis for sound effort; but all of these. One proved factor from each of the eight aspects of man's nature is a saner and surer basis for judgment than five-score factors from some one approach. And this, after all, is what the common sense of the every-day man has been trying to achieve. He may have known little about himself and his fellow men. But what he has understood he has sought to build on the balance of his attributes, not from any one of them. Instinctively he contends against ism, and in the end science returns to his simpler sanity with its wealth of specialized information.

The mother with her problems of Johnny's impulses, the teacher dealing with Dora's dullness, the wife bearing with her husband's disposition, or the husband with that lady's nerves, cannot understand or act justly or find peace from any one side of the issue. For all eight faces of psychology are necessary to really know Dora's impulses, and no two or four or six aspects of the matter will define Johnny's

vocational problem. Nor can any marriage question be reduced to less than the contacts between whole human beings. Indeed it is the attempts of piecemeal analysis that have created so much misery.

Many a child with real capabilities has been thrown into discouragement by a report built merely upon mental tests, where the actual facts of capacity and ultimate development were quite contrary to the findings of the examination, even as many a boy has been wrongly handled because of advice built only upon physiological measurements.

When wrestling with the question of an unhappy home, a wayward child or failure in business, it doesn't matter to a man whether he is brachio or dolecho cephalic. The fact that he has a high "I.Q." seems of little consequence unless he is shown how to use it to get himself out of difficulties. A woman whose life is thwarted at every turn, who cannot find peace in love or work or play doesn't really care whether her emotions are "subconscious" or "co-conscious." Whether an "introvert" or an "extravert" she seeks a way out. She resists a reduction of herself and her pressure of life to mere terms and lists of difficulties.

Curiously, God seems also to have had no such mechanical conception. Whether He molded man from the dust of the ground, or evolved him through a living world, He made in any case a varied, dynamic thing of endless potentiality, capable of a million manifestations and fiercely resistant to confines.

Let us not deny, however, that we must have specialism. Only because the behaviorist bores so patiently and profoundly into one face of the octagon, or the analyst into another do we get a truly deep

measure of a single angle. And some day these delvers must meet at the center and know the whole of man's nature. In the meantime, if psychology is to be applied there can only be one sane way to apply it, and that is to combine what we know of the entire man—not measures from one given aspect. In practical work we must constantly remember that man is not mere instincts and emotions, or simply a conscious or unconscious. His soul is not a glandular reflex, or, conversely, his spiritual vision a thing unaffected by his digestion. He is a whole organism which functions not on one, but on all planes of life —an organism which must be seen in its broader relationships to be viewed clearly.

For this reason, it is probable that as applied psychology develops, it will not grow from the ranks of those in the theoretic field. This is no more to be expected than that cooks can be made by laboratory study of carbohydrates and protein. Such research greatly advances us in the knowledge of food values, but not in that intimate creative touch that mother gave to her mince pies. That is quite another gift and comes from a different training. The schoolroom of the cook is the kitchen, not the laboratory. We learn to bake pies by handling spice, and there is no spice in the laboratory. Equally the schoolroom of applied psychology is humanity, where "spice" abounds, where, with fingers on the pulse of life, all life—the whole life—not an isolated intelligence quotient, or a wandering nuclear complex, we find the toiling, laughing, sighing, living human being as he is.

In a very true sense psychology contains all the possibilities of fiction and can become as fascinating. It is science, but as much more than science as man's

endowment is more than one branch of culture. Psychology belongs to art, to the novel, the play, to business, law, politics, and medicine, as much as to academic research. And most of all, it belongs to daily life. Being the study of man's nature, it is as broad as man's nature; and as varied as the drama of the world itself.

No one school of thought or profession has an exclusive right to psychology, or to the statement of its fundamentals. In this it differs from other sciences; chemistry belongs in the large to chemists, physics to physicists, because these sciences deal with life removed from every-day thought and experience. But psychology belongs to you and to me, and is exemplified every moment in our activities. It is as common to our expression as words to our mouths. It is no more a special possession of laboratory psychologists, or understood exclusively by them than is language limited to etymologists or philologists.

Indeed, as there was never yet an etymologist who wrote great literature or flung forth persuasive oratory, so there have been few technical psychologists who exhibited a remarkable understanding of human nature. And for the same reason that limits the etymologist. A knowledge of words in pieces does not presuppose power over them as a whole. Indeed, proficiency in word derivations tends away from knowledge of language in active expression. It requires another type of thought, a different emphasis to use and know wholes than to dissect parts.

So, too, with the scientific psychologist. His experience does not essentially train him to understand human nature in actions. It teaches him to know it in fractions. His study is to man's mind what

anatomy is to hygiene. His service is of immense importance, more necessary to human life than any other specialized inquiry, but it still remains specialized, and is seldom adequately applied. As different a sort of mind, as diverse a type of training is required for applied psychology as distinguishes Bernard Shaw from the grammarian.

This truth has been so little recognized that we have not as yet had a cohesive profession of applied psychology; application has borne heavy marks of academic science, as if the philologist should turn playwright. Thus, in meeting human problems, psychiatry and analysis have far exceeded psychology proper in concrete achievements, and they have but touched one aspect of it.

It seems almost as if protracted academic training may tend to make a grasp of its applied forms difficult, even as intensive study of grammar would have made Shakespeare word-conscious. No one has ever become a Shakespeare from knowing his vocabulary; nor has creative literature been the outgrowth of the college classroom. Grammar, Shakespeare must have understood, but not to the degree that he thought about its terms rather than through its uses. So, too, with psychological technique. It must be soundly in the possession of the practical consultant, built on careful and reliable preparation, but not to the degree that an interest in theory and research leads him to think as a scientist, rather than as an alert and practical diagnostician. Indeed, the two gifts, that of theoretic research and that of practical application, bear no nearer relation than lexicography and the drama.

One of the curious proofs of this differentiation is to be found in books on applied methods by the-

oretic psychologists. A volume on the business aspects of it, for example, may contain much wisdom. It will state that the human mind is reached largely by visual imagery, both through word forms and by pictorial means, and the statement will be backed by statistical evidence. But in all the volume there may not be a paragraph where the visual appeal of illustration or example is used by the writer to drive home and make concrete the new ideas he is offering. His presentation of the thought will but faintly exemplify the saying commonly used among business men, that "you must sell yourself an idea, and then sell it to your listener to get it across." If the psychological writer has not sold to himself the conviction that it is the visual appeal which reaches men's minds and does not use the graphic methods he advocates, how then shall he convince his readers of their value? Vivid instances from a salesman's experience, the follow-up of a "name our Biscuit" campaign, or the story of how the Peanut Producers' Exchange grew from a mere shell, would prove that the psychology is practical.

So, too, with books on educational psychology, on employment management or the social aspects, where the aim is to offer applied methods, the presentation, instead of being technical and abstract, should be in terms that a layman can grasp without the aid of an encyclopedia. Perhaps the fault lies in the fact that academic psychology has been stretched to cover the undeveloped field of application, by minds whose skill is brilliant primarily in research and speculation.

Some years ago, B. Butler, graduating with highest honors from a famous technical institute, became the mining engineer in charge of an undertaking in

the Colorado desert. The mine was a hundred miles or more from the nearest settlement. Sixty men were in the employ of the company, all of them dependent upon a small artesian well for even their drinking water. The pump was operated by a small engine. Spare parts had been planned for every piece of the equipment, but by some oversight, an extra connecting-rod had been omitted. One day the rod broke. The water supply ceased. A desperate situation was immediately at hand. The manager of the company went to Butler with the request that, as Chief Engineer, he make a new rod. He was horrified when Butler confessed that all he could do was to go across the desert to secure one. The journey with little or no water was precarious, and would take so long that death must certainly stare the little company in the face. Butler patiently explained that there was no other way. He had no drop hammer and no drill press to forge and bore the needed part.

At this point, an old tool temperer stepped forward, a mere blacksmith. He announced that he would make the connecting rod. The manager searched his eyes and smiled. "Do it," he said, laconically.

Calling to him a group of men with sledge hammers, the blacksmith patiently welded bars of steel into an ingot. This was pounded and hammered into the general shape of the connecting rod. Heating the molten block he punched two small holes through the centers at each end. Butler stood by, and smiled sardonically. "I could have done that much," he muttered. "But your shaft takes a two-inch hole!"

The blacksmith made no answer. He was forg-

ing a curious cutting tool. This he fastened to a crowbar, whose end he had bent at right angles. Calling the sixty men together he had the cooled ingot carried out to the sand. The small end of the crowbar was put through the punched hole and the cutting tool arranged. Other crowbars were driven into the ground. The whole contraption was chained down as if it were in a vise. Then, slipping a pipe on the bent end of the crowbar, he ordered the sixty men to push it around and around like a crew at a capstan, while he himself tightened the chains and adjusted his cutting tool. He had invented a sixty-man power drill-press of chains and bars which slowly but surely cut the holes through the hand-wrought ingot of steel.

By night the job was done, the connecting rod in its place, the engine running smoothly and the pump lifting the water of life upon which the men depended.

Butler was an engineer, an expert, a highly trained theorist, whose brains and ability were essential to the mine. The blacksmith was a practical man on whose living experience the welfare of the sixty men had depended. His brain thought directly in the terms of every-day events, in emergencies, in situations. Experience had made him adroit and adaptable.

The consulting psychologist must merge the training of the engineer with the practical thought of the blacksmith, if he would meet the problems of applied effort. The workaday world of human conditions is his laboratory. The crucible is the human soul placed in the whole gamut of environment.

Let us imagine an afternoon in the office of a consultant. A mother appears with a small boy who

has burned down the neighbor's garage, has shot someone with a pistol supposedly unloaded, or been expelled from school. The mother is hysterical and in tears. The boy is rebellious and sullen. The situation is desperate. Or again, a business man is in trouble with his partners. He is doubtful of their honesty and has become so nervous and excited that his mental poise is gone. The business is in bad shape owing to the wrong handling of employees and old-fashioned methods of advertising. The problem is technical, but also dramatically human and complex. Following him, a young woman appears whose husband has deserted her. She has never worked in her life. She must be helped to gain command of herself and given that practical kind of vocational analysis which a million tests could not determine. Her situation involves immediate problems that may be the reflex of wounds made on her emotions in girlhood days. These, and scores like them, are typical of the situations which the practical consultant faces. His method must combine technical training and a command of theoretic information, merged with a grasp of the world that only a study of the torn and tattered text-book of life itself can ever give.

Throughout human history, the saving grace in every-day events has been common sense. Bitter experience has enabled each man to build a little storehouse of wisdom upon which his maturity rests. He cherishes whatever he has gained which pulled him out of difficulties and taught him to avoid further sorrow. Above money, above friends, almost above life itself, he will fight to maintain and to protect these personal conclusions. They are his private "psychology," his insurance of some sort of peace

and happiness. Nor will he change them for the deductions of any science until he is sure of its usefulness.

For however sociologists may describe life, the average man has no choice but to live it. However psychologists may analyze human nature, no man has any other. His problem is immediate, not speculative. He may revere science and admire research, but his cry is for help with his troubles. He seeks knowledge that can be brought out of the laboratory and down from the study and, with plain speech, meet him in his home. He asks appreciation of every-day values and understanding of how he feels about life. Indeed, unless the accumulated wisdom of scientists bears a direct relation to the solution of his personal and immediate problems, he feels as Job did when his comforters gave him a whole philosophy of pain but left no ointment for his boils.

Curiously enough, most scientific men admit the truth of this until it comes to seeing that truth affecting the customs and prejudices of their profession. In their private life, when the fourth child disobeys for the ten-thousandth time, the need of the practical seems as clear as the possession of a bed as well as a desk. In meeting our own troubles, we yearn for wisdom to solve them with little thought of their co-relation to science. For even the greatest intelligence quotient may be married to the greatest temper, whereat the conundrums of daily living are hardly to be answered in any text-book, however great. It becomes a solution of burning impulses, and a harnessing of inborn desires. It is then, as the seasick metaphysician once told his wife: "No time for fooling."

Only when our eyes are blinded by much looking at speculation and deduction do we debate practical effort, or ignore man's hunger for a working insight. It is only then that we forget our own needs, thoughts, and longings and substitute theory for practice. And in our hearts even at such a time, we know better.

Following this line of reasoning, a new school of thought is spontaneously appearing here and there in the field of psychology. It believes that whatever it is, the science of human nature should be built upon close contact with living men and women, from study of them in home, office, and street; that it should meet common problems and clarify them by means of accurate investigation. It is the whole human being, not a part of him, upon which this school would have opinions based.

The writer would term the movement the Centralist school. Built upon a premise quite opposed to behaviorism, its practical point of view is, in some ways, much the same. Its basic teaching is dominantly biological; but it returns to the ancient idea that man is centrally a living spirit, secondly a mind, and lastly a body; that all the conditions of these three great aspects are but manifestations of one integrated organism. Centralism carries all factors of the man back to the primary self, as that which gives the "urge," the "drive," the "élan-vital," the "purpose." It sees the self as the biological single cell; the inherited germ evolving into the multicellular organism we know as man, and played upon, surrounded, confined by myriad influences of environment; yet dynamically determinative of the real nature of the individual.

The point of view makes possible a union of every

school of psychological thought since it is antagonistic to none. Genetic psychology, for example, becomes the measure of man's formative development; behaviorism defines the physical manifestation—endowment and condition; psychoanalysis and psychiatry clarify the forces of suppression and inanition, and the stimulation and expansion affecting the unfolding life. Dynamic and inductive psychology of the experimental type measure and explain the present quotient of intelligence, the hereditary and environmental limitation. The whole field becomes a general psychology of the organism animated by the Self.

The final and definite aim of Centralism is full liberation and wise direction of the deeper and finer forces of the nature by the principle of their affirmative emphasis, in place of the archaic method of accentuating and controlling evils. Recognizing that control is, in part, necessary where partially developed or perverted tendencies are in force, the dominant interest of the new school is to disseminate its ideas in order that future generations may escape the misdirection which has blocked development in the past.

There are those who feel that the progress of psychology has been definitely limited by hair-splitting. It may be heresy to suggest that many of the terms of opposing groups of psychological thought are only the same ideas re-worded with a slightly different emphasis, but so it seems when a broad examination is made of the whole general field. Indeed, one of the most amazing phases of modern thought is the point of agreement between radically disagreeing groups. Emphasis seems so far to have been placed upon the differences and extremes in

various approaches to the human problem, while little has been presented as to the mass of important material which is possessed in common by even the most widely separated attitudes.

The Centralist point of view is not merely a matter of theory or speculation. Its structure is built upon experimental and clinical examinations with the actual human being, and not upon closet philosophy and introspection. Much of the old intellectualism unfortunately still controls popular thought as to the mind's nature, and practically our whole educational system is built upon it. Out of it, too, has sprung our established but often biologically impossible ethics. Logic has forced new convictions upon serious thinkers; they are not matters of their own choice. The new attitude has come from study of neurosis and psychosis, combined with discovery of the low intelligence quotient among the mass of people generally. It has been seen that the prevalence of mental disease and the scarcity of real rationality is due in part to the wrong teachings of the past.

If the promise of psychology is to be made good, if we are really to know the benefits which a new age forecasts, such a school of practical thought as Centralism outlines must come to pass; a technique soundly scientific, which is yet intimately human. It should teach us how to think, how to feel and how to live without despair, helping us, rich and poor, in sickness and in health, for as long as we all shall live. But to do so it must be as direct in its thought, in its terms and in its approach, as the human being is himself, as responsive to emotions and instincts; to the longings of the heart and the sensitivity of feelings, as the mother in the home or the man in

the street. It must be as direct in its gaze toward our business problems, vocational questions, and marriage situations as we are forced to be ourselves; keeping with us, not above us, speaking *to* us rather than *at* us in terms of use and of action.

As average men we would go a long way for such a friendly science that was not too fine and remote to serve week-days and Sundays; for knowledge which could be applied to solving the riddle of talentless Harry; that would devise a method for living happily in enforced companionship with an aged and tyrannical relative. We would go even farther for light on the most vexing question of all: of understanding ourselves. Above and beyond all else would come comprehension of the forces within us which create worry, woe, weariness, which cause us to love, or lead us to hate; which make human contacts an enigma, and create the riddle of sickness and health, success and failure, sorrow or joy. We care not so much to know our characters as the strange forces within us that move our lives, our instincts and emotions, our thoughts and purposes.

We are already familiar with the dry wisdom of the tiller of the soil, the solid thought of the worker with his hands; the laconic insight of the woodsman; the mature vision of the grandmother. These prevalent simplicities in human understanding are the true inheritance of the average man. They are the world's opinions regarding food, clothing and shelter. The knowledge of love, which having loved or lost, of having been happy or lonely, has burned into human consciousness. They are the facts regarding independence and the pressure which so makes privacy a delusion, the blockages which life has brought around power and expansion.

They have served us, but prove inadequate for a life ever more complex. In seeking a deeper understanding we ask for science built upon these main verities, a psychology of living man rather than of a lay figure.

We desire it, not as scholars, craving academic honors, but as plain human beings, asking for answers to our questions. And for years, we have been trying to get the message across to the scholar. We have been asking for a new psychology, a science of life, not a subject of laboratory research. We have sought for the key which should unlock our storehouse of personal experience and illuminate the practical knowledge which we have acquired from the knocks of daily living.

It is this comprehension which the new movement seeks to bring, and is in part even the aim of all existing schools. Underneath terminology and differences in method, it comes to the same thing. Modern thought is trying to illuminate the ways of man; to show that by knowing what he is and by understanding his environment, he becomes not the plaything of life, but the actual commander of his destiny.

In endeavoring herein to relate this storehouse of understanding to every-day life, an attempt has been made to keep as nearly within the margin of agreement as possible. This method leaves out of consideration important and fascinating material, and does not do justice to the teachings of any of the extreme views; but in applied effort justice to theoretic differences is not the aim, and soundness suggests that more of the useful may be brought together if the measures of unison rather than those of contrast form the standard.

Surely it is as serviceable to clarify the deep lines of mutual thought as it is to contrast and criticize divergent attitudes. It is more feasible for practical effort to strive for a measure of harmony than to confuse popular understanding with dissertations on the discords. Indeed, it is possible that the present trouble with psychology is not far from that in the churches—sectarianism. And when we all get together, which is in the Centralist attitude, we shall establish the truth by which man can live.

It must be admitted, however, that as no definition nor exposition of unified Christianity would satisfy those whose views are fixed in the limitation of any one sect, so the material herein must inevitably seem to each group in psychology to lean to the opposite side of the issue and to discredit in essential ways the teachings of specialized fields. This is unfortunate but unavoidable, for the aim is only to unify, to be inclusive rather than exclusive in drawing the margin of harmony and the sphere of usefulness. The attempt is a sure way to make one a heretic in religion or in psychology. It was, if we remember correctly, the fellow who tried to show the two warring knights that the shield was neither red nor blue, but red on one side and blue on the other, who was killed by both of them for his effort.

It is, in a way, equally hazardous to present the new point of view to the layman, for its ethics are so challenging to most of our old ideas and accepted prejudices, that to discuss the subject without arousing resistance and possibly some antagonism is relatively impossible. Indeed, the thought now developing in the minds of modern students is as contrary to old conceptions as Galileo's presentation of our

terrestrial sphere differed from the ancient idea that the earth was flat. Before thinkers of his day could overcome their natural prejudices, they had first to ponder on all parts of the new teaching in order to arrive at what psychologists emphasize as the "apperceptive basis." It is this foundation of understanding which we need before the new psychology seems more than a radical attack on all our sanctified conventions.

In the office of the present-day consultant, for example, more time is spent in explaining the modern point of view than in applying it. This, though unfortunate, is inevitable, because so many people lack familiarity with the very premises of the present teachings. General as is the interest in the subject, there has been as yet little popular grasp of the social attitudes which it involves. The consultant begs first, last, and all the time, "hold your mind open and your prejudices in abeyance. Let us see if we cannot together arrive at the truth of these matters in a new and a deeper way. The earth after all may not be flat, even though it seems to be."

If this open-minded attitude is achieved, a totally different result is gained in the practical work, and "resistance" which is so commonly spoken of in the profession disappears. The same request might well precede every book on psychology; for if our thought is closed to the material in any one section, and we pass judgment on that element before the whole point of view is understood, the new ideas may seem revolutionary and the thought an unnecessary criticism of prevailing beliefs. To gain a true view, the interaction of all the factors discussed must be clear. The new psychology must stand or fall on its logic as a whole, not on any separate conclusion. We

cannot, for example, understand the recent attitude toward habit, or the new ways of handling it unless we have pondered upon the aspects of life affected by it. We cannot fully appreciate the value or danger in social patterns except as we see those patterns affecting the mind in daily life; for human nature is a *whole,* not a thing of pieces. It is an interactive unit wherein the relation of one element to the other parts proves the need and conclusion regarding them. There is nothing destructive and little that is revolutionary in the new teachings, but much that is a complete evolution. The men who, for the last five decades have been its leaders, have brought to the world as amazing a change as came with Galileo and Columbus.

It must not be assumed, however, that the new emphasis on self-direction means the old subjugation of self. The new point of view is utterly against self-mastery; it regards the very principle as wrong. Self-mastery is control of the powers of self by external means; a lashing of the spirit, as it were, to set standards of conventional thought. In place of this artificial salvation, the modern attitude stresses with Emerson the power of self-reliance; dependence upon the release and direction of the finer forces of the nature by the principle of their affirmative emphasis to ever higher levels of accomplishment. It is this spirit that produces the dynamic note in modern thought, the relating of faculties to forces, abilties to impulses, thought to emotion, mental activity to the urge which stimulates it, and, having achieved this unity, to keep the eye upon the right trend of the driving power.

UNMASKING OUR MINDS

CHAPTER I

THE HUMAN ME

We all know worry and weariness: too often they rise with us in the morning and refuse to let us sleep at night. We know hope and happiness: at least, that they exist. We see them in the eyes of children.

As it now is, the face of life wears two aspects: of joy and of sorrow. For humanity this is the very division of creation: a separation of light from darkness. All else is without form and void. Some contacts give us joy: friends who understand and help us, making life secure and beautiful. Others, even in family bonds, create sorrow and worry. Many an even casual relation is akin to torture.

The desire to know the self and to understand those about us is constantly intensified by the need of answering these daily problems. We have learned that human nature plays a tremendous part in sickness and health, in poverty and riches, in sorrow or happiness. We know that it even affects the way we act in a world of human loneliness. For apart from meeting ordinary questions you and I have to live with our own dispositions. It seems unfortunate sometimes, but nevertheless a fact. There may be peace in life if we forestall intimacies, but no peace if we are not congenial with ourselves. Conflict within ends all hope of happiness.

As far as each of us is concerned, this is the one question in the universe. If joy has left us what matter it if the moon and stars are wonderful. We

do not live with them. Emerson has well described how the face of nature changes when a man is sad, but that even a drizzling day has its delight with peace in our hearts. We can face any situation until some trait in us turns quitter and undermines the efforts of the rest. It is this that precipitates our actual situations.

If we look around and listen to people's stories, we discover that whatever the appearance of normality and serenity, nearly everyone is carrying some kind of burden and has little idea what he, as the bearer of it, is like or why he is cursed with it. He knows only the burning pride that none shall see his aching back or sense his numb confusion. The load may be mental, it may be physical, it may be both. According to type and temperament each is trying to find a way out.

Take the case of a brilliant lawyer, whose logic has won him many a hard battle in the Criminal Court, Robert Doane we will call him. He knows men more accurately than is commonly possible. He has speculated on their forces and foibles, their strengths and weaknesses, the honor and crime that may lie in each personal mixture; but when he holds the mirror up to nature in order to read his own reflections he looks at hard glass, and mere mercury, without the remotest idea of himself.

Robert started his wondering as he sat on the floor, at four years of age, watching his mother sewing some sort of white thing he was to use. A strange awareness crept over his mind, like a ray of sunlight through an August fog. Dimly he felt the first quivers of consciousness, a wondering at what life was all about.

At six he sat on dark stairs with a playmate

toward whom he had given but casual attention. Suddenly he hugged her and sat staring into the shadows, his heart in a panic. Two years later, in school, the spelling lesson seeming but dull words, Robert's eyes wandering lazily around the room rested on the teacher's stiff back and then on her pet, another boy who had threatened to lick him. He wondered if he were stupid, or a coward, or what he was like anyway.

It was a spring night, and Robert had turned fourteen. Stirred by strange emotions, driven by burning desires, lured by darting phantasies, he sat pondering upon himself, trying to pierce the chaos of his character. Was he bad? Was he terrible? Was he eternally damned? What did it all mean? His mind rolled the mystery over and over. Had he ability? Could he succeed against such feelings within himself? Could he become a bank president and have lots of money?

Robert sat in his room, a senior at college, watching rings of smoke rise from his pipe. Just what were his mental capacities anyway? His course in psychology had set him thinking. Would he make a good lawyer? Was his judgment sound? His perception adequate for the work he had chosen? Well, he could try.

On a pier at midnight Robert stood musing. It was five years later; he was to be married next day. He was not thinking now of scholastic things. He was pondering about love. Was the yearn he felt within him a deep, enduring emotion, or only some elemental Simian force brought down from his ancestors? Would he make a good husband? Would Janet always seem to him as beautiful and mys-

terious as she did now? Life felt vast, strange, uncertain. Yet youth gave him confidence.

Robert's hair is gray, his face is gray, his mood is gray. His work is a success, but somehow, even after a victory in court, he no longer feels elated; the spring has gone from his blood. There seems to be nothing worth while ahead. Janet, yes, he loves her, but they have settled into a humdrum relationship, bounded by the house, the children, their creature needs. Then, there is Junior. Robert's heart had been set on seeing him carry forward the firm name and reputation; and now, here he is, expelled from school for cigarette smoking and a mix-up after a dance. He doesn't like to think about it, and stares grimly into the open fire. The boy did not inherit such traits from him. And certainly not from Janet. Then where did they come from? He'd been a reasonable sort himself, as a young chap; no such mess as this. How strange we all are and how little we know even of our children until they do something. Junior, for example—he'd have sworn to the boy's integrity, and yet he had lied. He would have staked his life that a son of his would be as studious and logical as he had been, and yet the boy was all for athletics and mechanical things. What was Junior like anyway? Robert did not know. And wasn't he about as far as ever from even knowing himself? He had felt lately a good deal like a marionette on the stage of action, as if his character were a mere effigy, a parody of himself. At some time in the past, at Junior's age, perhaps, he seemed real; but at forty-odd that which was Robert must have become a convention. He was nominally something like the enthusiastic youth who had started life, a sort of middle-aged model; but

the semblance seemed largely made up of his years and his environment; least of all the forces within himself.

No one who has had to select employees has any doubts left of the need of knowing character. Few parents underestimate its importance; the first child tends to that. Even before the oldest arrives, most husbands and wives have given each other ample opportunity for wisdom. Or it may be a matter of one's own relatives, or those by marriage.

In any case, most situations and environments can be reduced to the people in them. There are few of us who are not oppressed by somebody's disposition, for human nature seems pestiferous, varied and queer, it shoots off at all sorts of unexpected tangents and reveals strange, unplumbed depths. At one time it seems a mass of instincts and emotions as ancient and grizzly as the Mastodon; at another a tracery of tender sympathies and gentle yearning; as delicate as the unfolding wings of a moth.

Whatever we decide character to be it immediately appears as something else. After Willie has been worked out as a liability he bobs up with Magna cum Laude at college and then, when we decide that his future is certain, he marries a dance-hall singer and turns comedian. But he is no worse than we ourselves. As soon as we get one side of our nature nicely trained to 'wear prayer-books in its pocket, look demurely, and swear but now and then,' some aggravating situation comes along and we turn into a riot while four members of the Ladies' Aid are in hearing and we didn't know it.

There seems to be nothing sure about human nature except its unsurety, and even that has often disappointed us. The man we would have certified

as a failure because he appeared a volatile enthusiast turns up at forty as a bank president, or writes a book on psychology, or something equally sober. His enthusiasm was only surface. "Snuggles," our first best girl, recalled as a streak of sunlight and storm, is later found married to a minister and with domesticated ardor bearing his usual thirteen children. Even we have proven steady and regular upon occasions, thus balancing the traits which might otherwise have spelled disaster. Whatever we are is an enigma.

No matter what the success or failure, the day comes in everyone's life when he must take account of stock. Circumstances make clear that he cannot go on through the pressure of living without a balancing of assets and a measuring of liabilities. From this day of reckoning there is no escape, but immense difficulties have appeared in the past because of the lack of any simple and practical means of self-valuing. Few indeed have possessed any knowledge of how to know themselves. In most instances the quite wrong method of introspection has been used, which leads only to hopeless confusion. Today a new technique is available.

When a man sits down to meditate upon his own character, he is performing an act a good deal like going down cellar and prowling around in the gloom to see what is there. The depths of the self are dark. He finds clutter enough, stumbles over bundles of impulses, fumbles around with traits and idiosyncrasies, habits and tendencies, memories and desires, but brings little back to the light. The whole method is impractical. No man could run a business on such a haphazard system of handling

assets and liquidating liabilities. Hence most of us have lived in confusion.

The new method is vastly different and very simple. It consists not in a dark introspection of that vast collection of attributes of which even the most superficial nature is composed. It does not send one down cellar but rather keeps him in the light. Nor does it depend upon an analysis of the self as it now appears or as seen at any one moment. The new technique is biographical and objective.

From the day that you and I were born up to this hour we have been passing through experiences and events, meeting people and environments. To all of these we have responded according to our natures. On this stage of action our habits were built. From it our memories are drawn. Out of it our opinions and beliefs are formed, in it all that we are as characters has appeared. And this was a daylight world, of men and women, of causes and effects. Our tendencies and desires came into action. Our days have been a long, long drama, filled with many significant scenes, pregnant with information as to what we are like and what has happened to us.

All that lies down in the dark levels of self has been at one time or another part of this drama. All the modifications of our essential natures were made during the various acts. Everything that we are, all that makes our present difficulties, all that we can ever be, is revealed in the plot and action of our personal story. In the study of this impelling play lies the whole method of modern self-analysis. To observe it is an absorbing, fascinating and immensely clarifying experience.

There are certain essentials to this new technique, however, which must be first understood. Central

among them is that much of the play of our lives has been a masquerade and we masked actors in our various parts. We have not cared to let the world see our hearts and often even hidden them from ourselves: our purposes in events and experiences may have been secret things. Knowledge of the social reasons for this camouflage and the ways we have masked ourselves becomes necessary. It is equally important to learn how the pictures of character in the significant actions of this personal drama are thrown successfully upon the screen of present thought. For there are important steps even in so simple a method as objective analysis.

It is lastly essential to recognize that we do not often approach the question of ourselves or of anyone else without bias. For this reason not until we have studied what has happened to human character as it has played its part in many lives are we ready to see our own natures in the gamut of events with open minds and clear vision. The primary experience in self-study comes in the observing through the opera glasses of psychology what has happened in the lives of other people, questioning as we see the evidences of emotion, will, desire, in the joys and sorrows that came to pass: "Am I somewhat like that or different from such a person? How are my experiences related to this situation? From the conclusions built on these human lives what insight is thrown upon my own?"

The new technique is thus far removed from the old introspective method. Where that was vague and subjective, modern analysis is objective and clear. It studies the character in action and reaction; observes the self unfolding through experience and against the background of every-day life. It

recognizes that there are immense differences between what we are and what we might have been.

Seeing this, modern analysis casts into the discard all those cynical attitudes toward life that have developed because of the confusion that self-ignorance created. It concentrates upon freeing men from their shell of habit so that when liberated they may become themselves; maturing their true possibilities at last.

For surely if society is composed of individuals unaware of themselves, whose lives have been injured by the resultant confusion, what it is today is no sign of what it can become, nor any man's limitations a measure of his possibilities.

Yet we have reasoned, both in studying ourselves and others, as if all our modified reactions were sure evidences of our characters: as if the limitation that came from our ignorance of ourselves was a veritable measure of our worth. We have thought from effects to effects without seeing causes. And this endeavor to penetrate the mists has long been our mistake. We increase our perplexity over the masquerade in which others move when we carry the same mistakes to self-study.

It is this wrong procedure that builds up in rich and poor those embittered moods which make self-discovery so impossible and close the mind to further progress. A negative attitude creates confusion indeed, condemnation of the world and inability to meet environments.

There are the Bronsons, for example: father and mother with a son and daughter. They go to the movies, but not to see drama. That moves in their lives. Father is in the wholesale business and makes a fair income. He belongs to the Rotary and the

Odd Fellows. He commutes to business daily from their home in Woodside Park. Mother belongs to the Woman's Club and the Ladies' Aid. The girl is in High, the boy in last year Grammar. There is only a reasonable mortgage upon the house and on the surface their cultivated smiles imply that all is well.

Not so beneath. When father was a boy he wanted to be a sailor and used to draw pictures of boats. His nature is romantic and social; he loves music and positively despises routine. He played hookey so many times when he was in school that a strap was kept permanently by the back door. Now his office looks out on the harbor and with gritted teeth he keeps to his task. He has to, for mother has ambition. She has no sympathy with father's "dreams" and tells him so on all occasions. Her own father was her ideal; a firm, practical, rigid man, who rose at six and allowed nothing to interfere with the system of his home. Mother profited by the example and holds father to it; from daylight Monday to dark the following Sunday father's life is organized. Mother can't help it, she doesn't understand it, or herself—it's just her way.

Life for the Bronsons is a problem, not only a marriage problem, nor merely a parent problem, but a personal one. They struggle to live and forget and—well, just to live. Somehow they love each other after a fashion, but father still can't keep from getting his feelings hurt and acting like a man in a jail, and then trying to be affectionate to see if once more it won't help. And mother can't keep from setting her teeth and determining to make father be different because he has so many good points and *could* do so much.

Then there are the children. Madge is just like her father, and you know what that means. It may be all right to be social, but even father can see just where it is leading. To persuade her to get up regularly, or to attend to necessary details keeps mother worn out all the time. There is the matter of the future, too, which Madge never seems to consider. She writes queer verses in the new style, unintelligible to her mother, who was brought up on the rhythms of Longfellow. But she doesn't know a thing about housekeeping, and if she marries there is no saying what will happen to her children. Unless she settles down it is not the least bit of use speaking of a vocation. What could she do? Mother says she never stops to look at herself and collect her wits. She is so different from the boy. But then, poor Henry, never has been well.

Somehow Henry didn't get a fair start, and although he is only a year younger than Madge he is three grades behind her in school. And he studies hard, too, but his blood is thin and he is so nervous. He used to have nightmares and terrible frights as a little fellow. They began at about the time the East End gang chased him. He's never gotten over it, and to this day can't bear to go up to bed alone, even though he is sixteen. He likes best to sit with mother and isn't any trouble at all. He keeps his room in perfect order and is always so neat and quiet, as if he were in a kind of vague gray dream he did not in the least understand.

And yet for all his goodness Henry's pale face and sad, slow manner trouble mother. Several times father has caught her with a strange, far-away look in her eyes and deep lines about her mouth as if she were questioning, questioning. And father wonders

what any of them are getting out of it, after all.

This problem of the self in environment has existed for centuries. Instead of becoming simpler with the years, it becomes more intricate. Each generation finds life increasingly complex and, no sooner does man discover an answer to one query, than a whole new series is evolved. Outside of himself, in the objective world, he can hardly keep pace with his multiplying obligations.

In the inner realm, another series of adjustments is demanded. There is first and always this immediate environment of family life. The foundling in an ash-can may escape it, but only for a short time. Even he must ultimately learn to live either with foster parents or in an asylum. From infancy, childhood, adolescence, youth, and all the seven ages of man, there is a long process of adapting the ego to vocations, to the community and to civilization itself.

A few simple once-born souls ignore these difficulties. They make the journey with no particular trouble, paying as they enter, so to speak. Neither life nor the self is an enigma. Blessed with the capacity to eat, sleep, work, play, they live and die comfortably, asking no questions. The average observer calls such men and women normal, and believes that they form a majority of the human race. The psychologist, however, knows better, for the degree of normality is often a matter of skillful camouflage; behind a mask our real selves live.

Today we see that although to outward appearances we accept the civilization custom has built, we seem to be in one sort or another of perpetual conflict with it, as if there were something in us forever struggling against such environments. And soberly

we question our wives and sweethearts as to what this "something in us" is.

When we pause, however, to think it over, we all know the answer. For whatever our weight of sophistication, most of us are painfully aware of our desires. We are equally conscious that life too often draws its negative restriction over those inner urgings, without the least attempt to show us how to deal with them; and here is the purpose of modern effort. Its aim is not alone to uncover our hidden impulses, but also to give us light for their direction; and is this not our essential need, rather than mere inquiry into our motives?

It requires no speculative theory to convince us that impulses for love, for comfort and amusement, are driving forces in human nature. We do not need psychological postulations in order to prove this to us, nor lengthy dissertations to explain it. Life makes it clear every hour of the day. What we need is an interpretation of these desires in relation to environment and our contacts with others.

We are most of us striving to find some means by which our longings may be fulfilled without injury to those about us or to ourselves. We are trying to determine how our motives can be harnessed as driving forces instead of goading us as runaway impulses.

Above and beyond all this we are conscious of a search for enlightenment as to the effect upon us when these fundamental yearnings are frustrated; when self-preservation is not adequately maintained; when the achievement of food, clothing and shelter is made over-difficult, or is not sufficiently successful. We wish to know what happens when self-expression is blocked both in the tender years or in maturity.

We are asking insight as to how the resultant

nervous insecurity may be cured and a sense of permanence, protection and reliability come into the life. We seek for normal attainment of desires, so that these primary forces shall not be turned back upon us and bring devastation instead of completion. We ask for such a vision of self-expansion and the fulfillment of our potentialities that our experiences will not lead to that most desolate of all conditions, the life of the ingrown soul.

CHAPTER II

OUR MASQUERADE

THERE was discomfort and financial loss for countless generations because men did not understand mechanical and chemical principles. Such troubles are still paralleled by similar difficulties over character. Men once mixed chemicals by guesswork, hoping that the combination would prove useful. They still mix men on the same haphazard basis and reason that the resultant explosions are part of "the chances." Partnerships, employment, friendships, even marriages, are built on the blind altruism of propinquity. If a river were spanned with the ignorance of materials and tensile strengths that is prevalent in associating human beings, there would be as many accidents as there now are divorces and business failures.

Today, consultants in the field of psychology are continually teaching: "Do not blame life for your own thoughtlessness, or the mistakes you made from ignorance. You would not blame God for a collapsed bridge, an explosion of chemicals or because your garden didn't grow when you failed to spade or fertilize the soil. Then do not blame Fate for your marriage difficulties, your parent problems, your partnership trials, your employee questions and, most of all, for your own personal nervousness, discouragement and health troubles. Action and reaction are equal. If a modern man ate raw meat or decaying food, lived in a dark cave or allowed the

dirt, vermin and pestilence of antiquity to run riot about him, would you trace the causes of his diseases to destiny or to his ignorance? Then trace your own mental and emotional troubles, nervousness, fatigue, woe, want and worry to their proper source. A toxic condition in his blood gave Job his boils; his patience was an ignorant stupidity. In the same physical conditions you would seek cure. Behind your psychic boils are toxic emotions and febrile mental states. Endurance of your sorrows will never get you out of them. It is the intelligent kicker who makes for progress and finds peace."

Most of us have become so used to difficulties that we are casual toward causes of even serious troubles. We have lived with them so long that obvious facts have lost their power to startle. But if a man from Mars could drop in on a Friday afternoon in the busy season, things we fail to notice might fairly shriek their significance to him.

It would have been the same, could we, with our modern point of view, drop back five or ten centuries and witness the living ways of antiquity: the dirt, poor sanitation, strange habits and obviously unwise customs which created the pestilence, poverty and depravity that abounded and was looked upon as a matter of course in those days.

The tax upon windows, for example, that made people build close, stench-filled cages: what would the modern fresh-air fan who sleeps out on the veranda in December say of those dark, vermin-filled habitations? Yet they seemed quite ordinary to their inhabitants: they possessed no point of view by which to see the actual below the casual. They judged with bias and opinion, experience and usage. And so it is with us.

People in the year 2925 will certainly look back on 1925 with startled gaze. From their deeper understanding of the mind, facts will seem bitterly significant to them which are as nothing to us. Today we know the reason for the Black Death of antiquity; the utter lack of hygiene and the resultant physical ravage is perfectly clear. Those who live in the year 2925, with their deeper knowledge of the human mind, will see the causes of our psychic ravages, not only the neurosis and psychosis, the suicide and divorce, the insanity and the failure that so abound, but the mass of still more prevalent minor devastations, loneliness, despondence, worry, discouragement, misery and those strange biases and prejudices that turn the world into such a pitiful place. These, like the common diseases of the past, are considered an inevitable part of human frailty. They will then be understood as parasites upon the mental health of man. To the future our psychic anatomies will stand clear.

The vision which may be common property a thousand years hence is bitterly needed by us now if we would get below the masquerade of ignorance and see the facts of life and ourselves as they are. It consists, first of all, in an open mind that admits our little knowledge. We see today that few of the ideas of 925 were accurate: that their whole picture of the world was distorted. Yet many then claimed and boldly asserted that the sum of truth was theirs. They fought bitterly to make others accept the exact limitations which they possessed. The same habit has existed all down the ages and is still a blot upon our social escutcheon. There are multitudes today who are the true children of John Endicott of whom Hawthorne wrote, he "would stand with drawn

sword at the gate of heaven and resist to the death all Pilgrims thither except they traveled his own path."

We see this "I have all the truth" spirit and "I know the right" attitude everywhere about us. It is an unholy stain on parenthood and accounts for the teaching that children must worship and obey them rather than God. We see it in censorship leagues and state legislatures that pass laws on what shall be the truth. Unfortunately, this act of legislating God is in most of us. We feel sure we can certify to much truth. But possibly not one iota of what we think or believe above the hard lines of materialism is freer from some element of distortion and prejudice than was the truth of 925. We have learned physical hygiene, to be sure. We have certified many material and tangible facts. We know something of substance. We are only beginning to enter the world of the immaterial: the sphere of thought, feeling and spirit. We are just beginning to unmask the mind with the same serious purpose that recent centuries have shown in unmasking matter. Hence possibly most of our conclusions, built as they are on the conventions of antiquity, may be as wrong and unhygienic as the ideas of antiquity about material living.

The procession of cases which march through the experience of the modern consultant are certainly proof of this and typical of human needs; descriptive of social trials in general. For today the extreme neurotic, the physically decrepit and the unbalanced are but a small per cent of those seeking help from the new methods. A few hours in the office of Doctor Ess gives a veritable cross-section of life.

Take the case of a young business man in a highly

nervous condition. He talks excitedly about his commercial difficulties. His partners have recently acquired a controlling share in the company. They are blaming him for their bad financial situation, yet are subtly managing the whole matter. From nervous excitement the young man lays himself open to their domination. He is so close to his own problem that his eyes are out of focus and he cannot see the facts. He is mentally sick, but is sure the whole trouble is circumstantial. Doctor Ess traces the threatening failure back to a lack of self-command and poise from wrong mental hygiene. He takes up the commercial situation by first insisting that the young man face the personal factors, a vivid picture is painted of just how easily he can be managed when he is not managing himself. He is then taught to understand his associates and their moves for a matter of months are laid out as one would a problem in mathematics. Lastly, it becomes apparent that the products of the company are not being presented with any understanding of the laws of popular appeal. With new determination and in a transformed point of view the young man goes back to his commercial fray.

Doctor Ess hears some weeks afterwards that the company is again on its feet; that the young fellow's partners speak of him as a "changed man and a chap you'd better watch—he's not as easy as he seems." He *was* easy until his eyes were opened and he was taught to see, with perspective and judgment, that self-command lies at the beginning of all mastery over situations. He, like all the rest of us, is part of the herd—enmeshed in environment—but the way out begins with self-knowledge and reliance —not with fear or blame of Fate. Millions are

making this mistake and are victims of their situations in consequence.

A young woman whom we will call Miss Sage has been studying art and is in a state of great despondency. Success seems to recede and years of loneliness stare her in the face; for with all her efforts she does not make friends. Her problem is gone over sympathetically, but also with the thoroughness of a bank examiner. Here is obvious ability, a high Intelligence Quotient, fine family background, opportunity, social position, all the outward assets. Yet the debits are mounting and will soon overtop the securities. There must be a reason. It is found in a repression within Miss Sage herself instead of in outward circumstances where she had been looking for it.

Miss Sage proves to be in much the same involved state of feelings as the pupil of whom Jean de Reszke remarked: "She has a wonderful voice, but unless someone she loves dies, or something happens to let her feelings flow, she might as well stop singing."

In the formative drama of the young lady's life the cause is found. The background was puritanical New England. There were years of parental criticism, years of self-consciousness, built on the habit of intellectually seeing what to do and then endeavoring to coerce herself into the preconceived groove. Miss Sage had watched the wooden figure of precept for thirty years and tried to pattern her soul on its hard lines. The same tight edges inevitably appeared in her painting and cut her social relations into stiff contours. No wonder she was lonely and art seemed hopeless.

Confining bonds were slowly loosening under

psychological guidance, emotional pressure released, the point of view oriented. The result was establishment of new human contacts and a setting free of congested artistic ability.

Mrs. Illford possessed strikingly different needs. Married for some twelve years, neither she nor her husband had been introduced to each other. They lived together in model gentleness; indeed, their lives were planned out so perfectly that people spoke of them as "ideally mated." But those were the casual observers who did not look deep into the wife's eyes, or study the despondent lines of her husband's mouth. Actually they were miserable; their hearts were slowly breaking. Neither gave the other the responsive affection that each craved; yet to make things worse, down in their secret depths they loved each other, and this turned disappointment and loneliness into torture. What was wrong?

To solve the riddle the husband was sent for and man and wife were talked with separately. One day a meeting was arranged in the office. Quietly Mrs. Illford was described to her husband as she really was below her masquerade, and then turning from the bewildered man, the process was repeated to the equally amazed woman; her husband was revealed. An introduction followed. The two actually met each other for the first time. These were the hidden selves who had yearned for love, longed to give love, but lived below the shell of habit. Her father's influence had made Mrs. Illford automatically obey a social pattern, in a way unlike her real desire. A mother's possessive devotion had wrapped about her husband in the formative years of infancy an equally contradictory mantle of appearances. The psychological work penetrated these deceptive

filaments, revealing their real natures to themselves and to each other.

Did it result in happiness? When, some months later, the two stopped by to say "Hello," their faces, their voices, everything about them, fairly shouted their joy.

The truth is, most of life's activities and actual human forces are hidden by a masquerade built from childhood by our social customs and conditions. We start our camouflage early, not from any willful intent to deceive others—for we are as much deluded as is anyone else—but from mere need of self-protection. We throw about us a cloud of appearances in which we and others get lost: which too often so obscures actual life that we wander aimlessly about for the rest of our days, half seeing human forces and tendencies. We cannot penetrate this smokescreen by introspection nor by trying to run away from it. There is only one way to clear the air, and that is to get at the mechanics of character and learn how our machines operate. The key of understanding others lies in understanding oneself, and this is also the answer to disturbances in environment, business, professional and home life.

Psychology is simple or complex, depending on how we look at it. If we approach the subject from the angle of fear and become lost in exact technical distinctions we can debate a single term for twenty years, as, for example, "Just what is personality?" Every book will define such a quality in a different way, because from every angle of examination it appears different, some new and heretofore unseen aspect is found and this is necessarily true of every human quality and will be so ten thousand years hence, for the human being is as varied as creation

itself. But if we approach the matter from the old angle of common sense, a few sure outlines of human nature are revealed.

The simplest psychological fact of which we are each subjectively aware is a contrast between ourselves and our behavior. Countless times we have wondered why we acted as we did, said what we did, appeared as we did. We have all even turned away from things that we wanted, been cold or aloof to people whom we liked, run when we wished to stay, and were desired. There are two of us, of that we are sure: the self and the effigy; the man inside and the man who has grown up about him since childhood.

It is startling indeed when we also discover how much of what we are doing is merely the waste effort of our blind delusions; how little is the necessary expression of ourselves and true to actuality. The wanderings of Don Quixote are a very real picture of life experience of the average individual.

William James taught us that the mind has great power to deceive itself. Indeed, we are far more completely fooled by ourselves than by anyone else. It is the carry-over of a capacity to live so that the right hand has little idea what the left hand does. If modern dream analysis is true, the hoodwinking does not even stop in our sleep, for phantasies come also in a masquerade. Certainly, however, from that speeding hour in the morning when bed becomes unduly comfortable until we turn over for the fifty-seventh time at night, our day is a pageant of delusion. The small girl pulling petals from a daisy in her first romantic speculation "He loves me, he loves me not" is hardly more unsure of the emotions of her imaginary sweetheart than are we through

most of our lives as to whether we are really being driven by our own loves and purposes, or by the influence of someone else.

Our problem has been made the more difficult because until recently we have not known where to take hold. We are so many sorts of a thing; mind, feelings, sensations, nerves, glands, impulses, pains, pleasures. Men have defined us in two-score ways, and none of them touched the same spots. Nor do any two in our group of family or friends agree about us as to character. Willie is "such a dear lad" to his mother before whom he knows just how to look like a Raphael cherub, but his father has caught him too many times at some deviltry to have many illusions, and Willie hasn't the remotest idea whether his soul is angelic or diabolical. He moves in a hazy dream of impulses and desires.

You and I are little better off even if perchance we have had our Intelligence Quotient taken out and percented by a psychologist and our mental age hung up to dry in his ledger. It may have been written as nine or nineteen years and we end still wondering.

The instant appeal of Doctor Jekyl and Mr. Hyde pictures our general consciousness of masquerade. If we do not recognize some truth of the picture in relation to ourselves—we certainly fit it on our neighbors. Neither we nor they probaby possess such extremes as in the Stevenson story; nor is the inside man necessarily worse than the outside appearance. Many a beautiful spirit inhabits a dyspeptic body and utters little but irritation. The state, however, is just as much a masquerade as the contrasting image of a wolf in sheep's clothing.

In Penrod, Booth Tarkington has wonderfully pictured this: "Penrod sat morosely upon the back

fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog . . . a bitter soul dominated the various curved and angular surfaces known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schofield. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless, for Penrod had come into his twelfth year wearing an expression carefully trained to be inscrutable. Since the world was sure to misunderstand everything, mere defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impenetrable than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod was habitually . . . fathomless."

Maturity in common practice is the experience of becoming so used to this defensive camouflage that the shell of habit has made it second-nature and it is worn quite unconsciously. The average adult has forgotten his early efforts at protection and gazed so long through sophisticated eyes at his own appearances, that most of the time he accepts the counterfeit for the real man.

It is this basic situation which makes self-knowledge so difficult. Even an answer to the cry of Robert Burns that we might see ourselves as others see us will not solve the riddle, for others are equally deceived.

There is a brilliant bit of psychology in Mark Twain's story of the twins, one of whom was drowned in a bathtub in infancy, but nobody knew which one until the boy who had lived decided that he was the one who was drowned. By the time we are grown up most of us are in the same situation: one part of us is dormant, the rest alive. We are not sure which is the real "me." Usually the part we thought dead comes to light under examination.

Unfortunately, we never quite succeed in getting the parts together.

Objective analysis of the inner world by which we see in the influences about us the forces that have shaped intention and desire, thought and decision, comes as a veritable talisman for the individual oppressed by his own illusion. Not only present but past experience must be understood, for these have produced the beliefs and precepts which have made the dictates of conscience and determined the habits of thought.

If it were not for man's relation to those about him there would be no problem of his own nature. Robinson Crusoe had little need to understand himself until Friday came along. When he lived alone his disposition was unimportant; with his relation to another introspection inevitably took possession of his mind.

Psychology therefore is the least important of subjects until sociology requires it. As soon as two human beings associate, both sciences spring into prominence. Three questions dominate the average man: He ponders as to what he is like, as to what life is, and as to his relation to society. And the last of these questions is the greatest of all, determining the need of the other two. For with our relation to others we are in a world of three dimensions and many possibilities, capable of affecting and being affected by everyone near us. It is for this reason that social psychology has become the foundation of personal understanding; the mirror which reflects us is the world about us.

There are few who are not in some measure aware of this primary relation to the herd. We feel age-old rights within us, which conditions deny. We

could become more than we ever do were it not for these restrictions. Whatever philosophers have decided about us, we know in our hearts that we are far from being free agents. We feel the world of limitation in which man lives. From the moment of birth the habits of our ancestors and the environments created by them have played upon us. Their prejudices and beliefs become our sanctions and conventions. We sense ourselves as having been shaped to the grooves of the world.

This problem of social relation has come through the ages unabated. For even Methuselah had all the essentials of our trials although his mental age must have been no small matter to determine. He, too, was driven by domestic and business questions and certainly oppressed by the environment and education of his children. He, too, had difficulties to understand himself and to know those about him. And he suffered for long years before he became wise enough and old enough to know the real values of life. In fact, it is possible that even in his nine hundredth year he had much to learn.

CHAPTER III

THE UNFOLDING SELF

SECTION ONE—BIRTH

MODERN psychology is built upon firm foundations in biology, with the postulate that what cannot be true biologically cannot be true psychologically. It is, moreover, confronted with the same unyielding problem, for when inquiries as to what animates thought and feeling are carried to their primary sources, no answer appears. Psychology asks with biology: "What is life? Whence comes impulse? What is the 'anima'? What creates the hunger, the urge, the yearning?" Metaphysically and religiously we may resort to the soul. But this is at best a vague term which neither philosophers nor churchmen have explained, and one with which science dislikes to deal. If the soul, of what does it consist? If from the molecule, wherein does living and dead substance differ? Our closest solution seems to be that, where life exists, a certain electrical or galvanic power inheres in the cells: where it is absent the cells are dead.

We may some day prove that this electric evidence is a part of what older writers have called the "Limbus" or "electric body," in which it was claimed the soul lives; but science stops with that which it can detect and prove. We know at least that life exists, and accept its evidence as a fact. This

electric energy animates the highest form, man as well as the amœba: the common ancestor of many cellular organisms. Throughout æons of evolution this mysterious "life" force has built ever more intricate forms, much as men have constructed cities. Our bodies are a metropolis of amœboid cells which grow and subdivide, as does the amœba in a stagnant pool. Certain cells under environmental influence have learned to specialize so as to form the vital organs, muscles, bones, and nerves. Even our sensory receptors are an arrangement of particularly trained cells which have agreed, so to speak, to fit themselves to the task of our awareness; hence, in the simplest sense, our mental life is a matter of amœboid activity, and psychology an outgrowth of biological investigation.

The modern attitude toward the mind is incomprehensible until we grasp this marvel of our cellular nature, and cease to think of ourselves as isolated, introspective beings. Tommy is not essentially a naughty little boy, obeying his whims; he is an animated group of cells fulfilling their inherited and especially adapted desires. He is not merely an individual, he is a village of individuals, each of which is organized with others of their friends into families and neighborhoods. The groups perform their allotted tasks in obedience to the life flow within. When that stream from the center of Tommy's being has ceased, life and coöperation breaks up and ends.

The organism of man, considered biologically, is even more marvelous than when studied morphologically or physiologically. His psychological nature is but the same picture on another level, for the egg of man, like a single thought, is one simple cell.

The cytula is a union of the male sperm cell and the female egg cell and becomes an individual, even as the union of thought and emotion forms an idea. The development of the many celled forms from the one-cell state is the process of evolution in the gestation of the individual, just as in the history of the race.

Conception and gestation are but epitomies of the life of the ages. The protoplasm or cell-substance, and the nucleus or cell-kernel, which are the two essentials of every genuine cell, have merely carried out in the process in your formation and mine increase and specialization which echo millions of centuries in the coming of man upon earth.

Nor are we simply a collection of many cells. Centuries of development lie between the undifferentiated egg cell of our conception and the highly differentiated brain cells; and this, our personal ontogeny, or germ history, is again an echo—though incomplete—of that greater phylogeny; the historic descent of the tribes. It is this life of the race which has shaped the evolution of the germ and thus determined us.

The degree of development of the amœboid cells, the brain and nerve cells, measures our ability and character. Heredity and adaptation, the two formative forces of our unfoldment, were interrelated in that struggle for existence which produced us. By means of practice and habit they brought about a modification of our organs into their present form and function.

Man's unfoldment may be seen biologically and psychologically, for his embryonic development tends constantly toward the formation of his nerve and mind power. As Haeckel remarks: "History of

the evolution of the central nervous system, brain and spinal marrow is involved in that of the psychic activities."

The human being has been slowly evolved in obedience to the impulsive forces of life. In the womb state the instinctive consciousness came into being. If peace reigned in the mother, womb life is one of complete adaptation. In this sense of comfort and security lies compulsion toward the mother, characteristic from birth, which culminates in the nursing process. In the evolution of gestation and nativity lies that curious propulsion to separate from the mother, characteristic of all normal beings. The child has two powerful forces within him, one to return to the protection of the womb, the other a continuing momentum away from the parent body. This battle of birth is the first conflict within the human psychic, a dual impulse that must be recognized in all later measures of the man if his selfhood is to be known. It is biological and primary—merging and separation, attraction and repulsion, dependence and independence forever at work.

An inherent tragedy lies in failure to recognize the ruling power of these primary impulses. A sensitive and susceptible mass of quivering cells, the child turns to the parent in whose nurture he feels protection, and recognizes authority, in whom is his only image of God. When a baby cuddles in his mother's arms he is obeying this physiological law of his being. He is blindly seeking the warmth and comfort of the womb, the all-surrounding protection which is also the adult's conception of the love of God. The parent, frequently egotistical and ignorant, willingly assumes the rôle of Divinity and thus checks the independent growth. He builds in

the infant mind a conception of himself as Deity, and woe unto the father or mother who thereafter fail in perfection, falter or hesitate, for such frailty clouds the image of God in the infant mind. Nor is this all. The loss of this sense of center creates a burst of negative independence. There is a spasmodic withdrawal to the self, the sensitive cells take up impressions like a sponge, and an irrevocable change comes in the parent and the child relation.

The frustration of the impulse for nurture combines with the loss of the God image, and induces not only a sense of insecurity, but gives negative trend to the biological urge toward independence. The lonely rebellion of the later years here has its incipience; an agnostic tinge comes over the soul; doubt—not only of the parent, but of the very powers of creation—forms in the being. Thus, when a baby kicks, cries and resists, running madly away in disobedience, he is not only voicing a lack of love, but expressing the anger of his disappointment. The image of his worship has failed in the part it has assumed, and the natural urge for independence becomes an actual rebellion in which love is involved, and tends to have qualities of hate. This is the travesty of the child and parent relation so commonly witnessed.

The condition may be avoided by never assuming that possessive authority, which in the early years the child is so willing to accept. It can be met by persistently building an actual image of God in place of the parental image, which the baby must at first inevitably possess.

A recognition of the sensitivity of man's organism and his dual impulse from birth is central in psychological insight. It explains that persistent con-

flict between the parent's attitude of "my baby" and the child's onsweeping urge toward maturity. Without this comprehension, a knowledge of ourselves, or of intimate relations, is impossible.

Kolnai quotes Ferenzi's warning that progress "will be paralyzed as long as men continue as fathers to demand for themselves blind respect and servile subjection." Mensendieck, likewise, censures the irrational behavior of parents, "in the domain of permission and prohibition. . . . The relationship of parents constitutes the kernel of the neuroses (as formed in children and later developing so as to ruin forces of maturity)."

On every side light is coming on the birth and parent relation, all pointing to a real seeing at last of the formative forces involved. Jung remarks: "Sacrifice means renouncing the mother—that is, to say—renouncing of all bonds and limitations which the soul has taken with it from the period of childhood into the adult life . . . man does not live very long in the infantile environment or in the bosom of his family without real danger to his mental health . . . life calls him forth to independence and he who gives no heed to his hard call because of childish indolence and fear is threatened by a neurosis . . . and once the neurosis has broken out it becomes more and more a valid reason to escape the battle with life and to remain for all time in the morally poisoned infantile atmosphere."

These are hard words regarding the factors of the birth home, yet not a day passes in practical psychological work that this truth is not proved over and over.

Bernard Shaw writes: "The main point to grasp here is that families are not kept together by family

feeling but by human feeling . . . we cannot break up the fact of kinship nor eradicate its natural emotional consequences. What we can do and ought to do is to set people free to behave naturally and to change their behavior as circumstances change.

"The parent seems likely to remain indispensable, but there is no reason why the natural tie should be made the excuse for unnatural aggravations of it, as crushing to the parent as they are oppressive to the child."

SECTION TWO—HERITAGE

Whoever thou art who passed by
Know that my father was gentle,
And my mother was violent,
While I was born the whole of such hostile halves,
Not intermixed and fused,
But each distinct, feebly soldered together.
Some of you saw me gentle,
Some as violent,
Some as both.
But neither half of me wrought my ruin.
It was the falling asunder of halves,
Never a part of each other,
That left me a lifeless soul.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

Beyond all speculation there must be a something which we call individuality, a focus of character which animates each life. This center is perhaps best understood by comparing it with a seed. We may hold in our hands a score of tiny, gray particles; the seed of an Oriental poppy, another of the Shirley poppy, a third of an Iceland poppy, the fourth of the California poppy. From one point of

view they are insignificant little globules of matter, much alike in shape, size and color. Yet, within these minute forms, lie photographic impressions of generations of poppy development and distinction; a record of all the past environment of the ages of poppyhood. Planted in the ground they will produce distinctly different varieties. The potentiality, the picture within the seed, is the selfhood of the poppy, as inviolable as the very force of eternity.

For generations all the influences of family life have contended against this titanic force; the integrity of the self in the seed of each personality, and sought to modify it. But it is as impossible to achieve as it is to raise a Shirley poppy from an Oriental seed. We may dwarf the plant, distort its growth and obtain a poor product, but we cannot change its essential nature. Surrounded and restricted by outside influences, the human being may become far less than its potentialities implied, his expression may be repressed, his evolution stunted, but the inherent self remains the same. The force struggles on despite the restraints heaped upon it.

Botany has proved that there are two principles in development: breeding better seeds, and finding a suitable environment for plants to grow in. At no point in the process does modification or distortion of the spontaneous growth have any part. Repression is not a principle in botany.

We must not, however, make the common mistake of carrying the comparison between the human and the vegetable kingdom too far. The old phrase "As the twig is bent" is not true when related to man. Our natures may be bent, to be sure, but not permanently. We are not vegetables, and happiness can never be realized by ignoring the composition of

the individual. Human nature is infinitely plastic and potent, capable of correcting itself and rebuilding early devastations. But compatible relations can be achieved only by recognizing the ultimate determination of the self to express its own nature.

Let us take, for example, three sons of the same parents, unlike in appearance, varied in habits of thought, different in manner, yet brought up under the same influences. What causes the contrasts? Heritage answers, that the reason may lie a score of generations back. There is, as it were, an inherited momentum in the entity of each, culminating in the sacred and inviolable force that composes the self.

Much blame has come to human beings because heritage is so little understood. The average family has antipathies in its makeup. Members of the same group find it impossible to love one another. Differences may be greater than likenesses; hence they do not respond to individual ways and ideas. There may be no psychic quickening in the companionship. Although this condition may exist between parents and children, it is more common between brothers and sisters. Such discords are the result of various combinations of inherited strains. Each person may be a new relation of all the national, tribal, and family groups of which the ancestry is composed. It is not unusual for a child to have a distinct racial appearance quite unlike other members of the family. More commonly, a type of mind from some old forbear may come to the front, resulting in dissimilar thought which other members of the household cannot understand.

In some cases individuals are unconsciously symbols of habits and attitudes which are temperamentally distasteful to other members of the group.

The artist or dreamer in a clan of money makers is regarded as an enigma and a failure. Likewise, an efficient materialist in a family of college professors or ministers is held to be lacking in altruism and intellectuality. Most of all, a free spirit in a home dominated by mechanical idealism is anathema to those within it cut on the set bias. Where such incompatibilities exist love is virtually impossible, for the integrity of true relationship is of the spirit and not of the flesh.

Common sense should teach us to face the hereditary differences in persons bound by ties of blood, and not endeavor to coerce intimacy from an impossible fetish of family solidarity.

For generations we have spoken of the inherited instincts not only of man but of the whole animal kingdom. Indeed the old idea of human nature was primarily one of heritage, and little credence was given to environmental influence. The last century somewhat changed this point of view and emphasized environment. Today the truth is seen as between these two extremes. The biological nature of man is certainly his fundamental character. That which he is an hour after he is born constitutes the sum of all his inherited forces and is the real man. This we may take to be the inner self, or psyche.

Let us picture a row of eggs from thirty different breeds of fowl. The yolk of each egg will be of a slightly different color, whereas the whites closely resemble each other. We may take the yolk as a picture of the Psyche, and the white of the egg as the area responsive to impression and memory; the shell of the egg as the conscious mind. At the moment of birth, the Psyche or inherited self carries within it a mass of formative material—the potentialities

which have been evolved through the generations upon generations which lie behind every child and which have come into being not only since man stood erect, but through the millions of years of his purely animal existence. It is these forces in eggs which determine whether a white Leghorn, a Guinea hen or an ugly duckling will hatch. It is these same qualities which later produce that directive consciousness we know as instinct, which drives the duckling to water, the Guinea hen up a tree and sends the white Leghorn chick to cover at the screech of a hawk.

So with humanity. It is in the inherited inner self that the primary forces which determine our natures are found. Intelligent direction would permit us if a duckling to take to the water; if a guinea to find the high spots, but prejudice and ignorance too often stand in the way. We become victims of environment, of preconceived ideas as irrational as the frightened clucking of a hen who has unwittingly sat on ducks' eggs and possesses a horror when her brood takes to the pond.

The inherited strains in man are hopelessly mixed. Strains as contradictory as those of the guinea, the wild goose and the comfortable old Plymouth Rock are found in the same family, but they will not grow in the same habitat or obey the same mother. And this is a truth that should be written on the walls of every room in every American home. The tendencies and innate needs of our children are not necessarily our tendencies and requirements. They may possess a lure to the water which may be anathema to their mother but since she bore them, the bewildered mother does not understand or know what to do. She is unaware that the true mother of her

child may be some ancient woman who first introduced that strain into the blood lines. She does not realize that no environment will more than set free or pervert the inner forces. It may imprison the Psyche, it will not change it. The memory and apparent character, like the white of the egg, may be greatly affected by the surrounding influence, but no parent ever yet kept the duckling from seeking water, or the guinea from finding a tree branch; nor was it even necessary to teach them to swim or fly; their ancestors had tended to that.

SECTION THREE—THE BIRTH ENVIRONMENT

Tommy Jones was born to devoted parents. The inherited background was one of weak, nervous energy, great sensitivity and little poise. The ancestors for some generations had been clerks and bookkeepers. Their hopes were repressed by disappointment, and their lives burdened with pressure. Mr. Jones' spirit is timid and his very apparent anxiety has the good reason of poor pay, and much competition in his field. He is also conscientious; his people have always been.

Mrs. Jones is his mate in all things, with the added burden that her family came from London, and the home influence inclined her to the embarrassment of a Cockney neglect for h's in her speech. She has always bitten her words with painful tension. To say that her ancestors for generations had possessed poor bodies and weak constitutions, is only another way of painting the picture of their psychical opportunities and limitations. The two are one; as body is, so mind; as mind is, so body, in inherited influences.

Tommy has poor mental vigor and frail emotions, weak nerves and an uncertain will, and these, by the unyielding law of reflex action produce a delicate constitution and a lack of proper coördination of his physical structure. Or put it the other way about, if you will, and talk of his physical inheritance and the result in the psychical structure. The issue is not worthy of debate, for the central point is the interdependence.

To measure Tommy and solve his problem we can approach him in various ways. He has an inherited self, an individual combination of emotions and instincts which declare themselves in his personal desires. We can read this side of him through an analysis of those yearnings. He has a nether-consciousness with its resultant conditions, its fears and phantasies. We can discover them by analytic procedure. He has a conscious mind with its intelligence quotient, the present state of which can be determined by mental tests. But he also has a bodily structure, a system of organs, glands, blood vessels, muscles, nerves. This is his functioning machine in which he lives and operates; which develops according to the conditions in his life. These influences, interior and exterior, psychical and material forces of environment, must all be studied, if we would have knowledge of the whole boy and how to assist him.

The pattern of Tommy's personality is a slight and susceptible thing, the timid sketch of a boy. Upon it a mass of early fears were heaped by an equally timid mother. As a child he remained near her side and enjoyed little play. Early she gave him a horror of the dark and taught him to run from all appearance of danger. "Discretion" became the

watchword of his thought, and "don't" the ruling principle of his emotion. His body, naturally enough, with all the forces of inheritance, of unconscious influence, of parental authority and of environment, conspiring to one end took up the slogan. "Don't" became its motto. Don't grow. Don't expand. Don't respond to nature's quickening. Don't function freely. Don't better the ravages of older generations. Don't quicken as bodies otherwise will to light and air, sunshine, food and exercise. Tommy's body obeyed. It didn't grow. It merely struggled up and up, like the shoots of a potato in a mildewed bin.

Several doctors saw Tommy when he was up as far as the slender stalk could go. One of them, wise in the new ideas, spoke of his condition in terms of his "glandular personality." He had a slow mind, this examiner explained, and somewhat wayward morals because of the condition of his endocrines. It was true—if we add that he had this condition of the glands, because of the forces that had played upon him and clogged his inheritance; the fear influences of parents affecting his mind; the repression of his emotions; the negative factors of environment.

Actually, Tommy was in a vicious circle, in which his fate spun like a top. Every shove toward weakness which the psychic condition gave to the glands, these responsive organs returned with large interest to the mind and emotions.

The doctor could have helped Tommy had his mother let the boy's system be toned up. The circle would have been cut at that point. Instead, he was taken to a specialist, who examined his whole anatomy in order to determine the balance of its parts, as an engineer would study a motor car. The

results were startling and true. The measurements showed that his lungs were weak and the area of the vital organs slight. The physical structure had grown up and up, but it had never progressed properly. His arms and legs stretched further than was normal for so congested a thorax; his feeble heart labored to pump the vital fluid, as a Ford engine might shake the chassis of a bamboo jinrickshaw. The resultant blood-pressure was low, but the pulse high. The lymphatic system was out of relation with the rest of the structure, and Tommy's nervous organism possessed a flabby tone.

His machine, the physician explained, had no true balance. It had an under-developed functional power, but even poorer structure. These physical conditions reacted on his mind and created, his mother was assured, his backwardness and fear. True, if we precede the statement by the fact that the fear had been an accentuating cause of the physical limitations, and that these were the secondary fears only. Again, Tommy is seen as in a circle, where the conditions of life that had shaped his mind hindered the balanced growth of his body, and had in turn been hindered by that development. The resultant gamut of new fears was passed back to the body and so, reactively, on and on.

The specialist could have helped Tommy. He recommended changes in diet; a régime of physical exercise, much outdoor play with other boys. The outcome would have shown in Tommy's health, and unmistakably in his increased mental power and decreased extent of fears. But the boy was too much involved in nervous timidities to accept the advice, and his mother was afraid that his poor little heart couldn't stand the strain.

Tommy's body, emotions, will, mind and spirit were the sum total of his ancestral background. They were weak because that heritage was poor. They were not, however, worse than his immediate environment and, indirectly, that surrounding was also his inheritance. Its negative nature was determined by his parents, and their prejudices and biases were in turn passed to them by the frail line behind them. These formative factors sprang from the same primary cause.

It is not only recognized that heredity and environment are the two determinative forces of the individual, but that these forces are intimately involved. If destructive social circumstances can undermine your health and mine, cutting down physical vitality, as well as moral and mental stamina, so must our ancestors have been affected.

Discussing the psychical effects of physical parental experience, in *The Unconscious and the Law,* Dr. Jacoby holds that it is not alone reflexive. From special studies of the effect of alcohol upon heredity, it has been demonstrated that the inhaled fumes of alcohol can so injure the male germ-cell that even with strong, unalcoholized females the offspring will be defective, nervous and undersized, and that the consequences remain for at least three generations afterward.

If for ten generations an environment has been injuring the normal growth of a family strain, the destruction and perversion must not only show in the offspring of that line, but a tendency will appear in the parents to repeat the pattern of past generations in the surroundings of the child.

From examples of insane, alcoholic and tubercular

individuals, it is also evident that previously healthy persons who have acquired certain peculiarities through disease can transmit those peculiarities to their offspring. In other words, the effects of years of disease, or even of an injury, make a reaction on mind and emotions. The physical condition leaves its *psychical* effect. The child of a bedridden mother who does not inherit the physical causes can inherit the psychical results. This is one of the ways by which peculiar traits are made, a point long misunderstood. Dr. Jacoby says that the comportments of our immigrants would indicate that acquired qualities are transmitted. They bring with them qualities which were serviceable in their old homes, but for which in their new place of abode they have no use. Under the influence of the foreign surroundings, these qualities are gradually passed off and new ones acquired by means of which the individuals adapt themselves to the altered condition of life. That the newly acquired qualities gradually become stable in the second or third generation is proof that they have become hereditarily transmitted.

A birth environment, therefore, is in the large a picture of the environments of the parental heritage. It is as if the moving picture of surrounding conditions was like a line of films coming down the ages, and all passing through the projection of birth, creating a composite photograph on the screen of the life. This combination is the birth surrounding of the individual: the confining mold of his early family life, the social level, habits and customs, emotional tendencies, biases and beliefs are all transmitted by the propinquity of thought and contact of feeling, as vividly as the strains carried in the blood. We in-

herit them directly by physical ancestry and indirectly by psychic and social proximity. The sanguinary strains form one stream of the background; the grooves of custom create another and equally potent force. We are as much the product of a union of these two direct and indirect influences as of male and female progenitors.

Where decadent social conditions have tended to attract physical disease, or limit the moral and mental tone of blood strains, the environment and hereditary forces have become intermingled. When such a dual stream is virulent, it may be strong enough to dominate a score of fairer but less potent influences. The genealogy of the Namms, the Kallikaks and the Jukes gives vivid evidence of such tendency. Professor Ternan in *The Measurement of Intelligence* gives an enlightening condensation from carefully collected records regarding these families as follows:

The Kallikak Family.—Martin Kallikak was a youthful soldier in the Revolutionary War. At a tavern frequented by the militia he met a feeble-minded girl, by whom he became the father of a feeble-minded son. In 1912 there were 480 known direct descendants of this temporary union. It is known that 36 of these were illegitimates, that 33 were sexually immoral, that 24 were confirmed alcoholics, that 8 kept houses of ill-fame. The explanation of so much immorality will be obvious when it is stated that of the 480 descendants, 143 were known to be feeble-minded, and that many of the others were of questionable mentality.

A few years after returning from the war this same Martin Kallikak married a respectable girl of good family. From this union 496 individuals have been traced in direct descent, and in this branch of the family there were no illegitimate children, no immoral women, and only one man who

was sexually loose. There were no criminals, no keepers of houses of ill-fame, and only two confirmed alcoholics. Again the explanation is clear when it is stated that this branch of the family did not contain a single feeble-minded individual. It was made up of doctors, lawyers, judges, educators, traders and land-holders.

(H. H. GODDARD, *The Kallikak Family*, 1914.)

The Namm Family and the *Jukes* give equally dark pictures as regards criminality, licentiousness, and alcoholism, and although feeble-mindedness was not as fully investigated in these families as in the Kallikaks and the Hill Folk, the evidence is strong that it was a leading trait. The 784 Namms who were traced included 187 alcoholics, 232 women and 199 men known to be licentious, and 40 who became prisoners. It is estimated that the Namms have already cost the state nearly $1,500,000.

(ESTABROOK and DAVENPORT, *The Namm Family*, Eugenics Record Office.)

Of 540 Jukes, practically one-fifth were born out of wedlock, 37 were known to be syphilitic, 53 had been in the poor house, 76 had been sentenced to prison, and of 229 women of marriageable age, 128 were prostitutes. The economic damage inflicted upon the State of New York by the Jukes in seventy-five years was estimated at more than $1,300,000 to say nothing of diseases and other evil influences which they helped to spread.

(R. L. DUGDALE, *The Jukes*, 4th ed., 1910, G. P. Putnams Sons.)

In these sorry pictures the controlling forces of heritage and environment are equally clear, and both must be considered if we are to understand such records and not be misled by an exaggerated conception of heredity alone. Stuart Paton remarks in *Signs of Sanity*: "In discussing the question of

heredity we should always be careful to avoid drawing sharp contrast between heredity and environment, since as Holmes (Samuel, J., *The Trend of Race*) has pointed out, both heredity and environment are absolutely essential to every organism and every organism is a function of both heredity and environmental factors. It is usually true that the range of abilities and limitations that influence the lives of the offspring of a given pair of parents are most clearly suggested by the qualities exhibited by the four grandparents. On this account it is very desirable if we wish to get some idea of either special aptitudes or defects to study the history of the grandparents."

We must not forget that all down the line, the social influence upon the children of these three families was low and destructive. The feeble-minded girl who began the negative branch of the Kallikak family, for example, was found in a tavern frequented by militia and, after the birth of her illegitimate child, social ostracism, economic pressure, bad homes, poor food, little education, no culture, and hard labor, ran parallel to the blood stream. These, of course, are as much the product of national ignorance and vicious customs in our treatment of such people as of the low intelligence of the victims.

Let us suppose that a prosperous and intelligent couple had taken that first infant and reared it in a relatively perfect surrounding. The poor stock would not have been corrected by such a procedure, for no such miracle can be accomplished in one generation and, eugenically, it would have been desirable for such a line to run out; but suppose since

that was impossible, the bad forces of heredity had been counteracted by good environment. Certainly twenty-five years of constructive influence in the life of the child, with corrective physical and mental hygiene, educational and glandular therapy, would have led to improvement in the next generation and marriage with a mate carrying a better blood background. In several generations, the line would have corrected itself. This must be true, else the basic principle of human progress is denied. Moreover, modern specialists in organotherapy claim far more than this, contending, for example, that by a proper treatment of the endocrine glands, even definite criminal propensities and feeble-mindedness itself can be changed within the life of the individual.

One answer to heritage lies in eugenics. A second is in improved social surroundings, better economic, physical, emotional, mental and spiritual environment. A third is a definite campaign of reeducation through psychological and medical means.

Past generations have had little or no conception of the varied power of environment to affect the individual. From recent scientific research into its multiple influences, a definite psychological determinism is appearing. In place of considering human life as an accidental thing, filled with purposeless and insignificant events that, in casual ways, influence body, emotions and minds, the new psychology is demonstrating that no result is insignificant or accidental. It is obedient to natural laws and motivated by fundamental forces.

Researches by philanthropic foundations and civic commissions into ventilation, light, heat, food, hygiene and oxygen sufficiency, have literally revolu-

tionized the point of view regarding our susceptibility. Psychologists recognize that these influences are only part of the general effect upon the whole organism; that directly and indirectly both mental and spiritual changes result. Primitive man had no grasp of the modifying force of the life about him. He thought of it as composed of "things somewhere in space," and casual thinkers have much the same point of view. Today we understand that every element brings its direct stimuli to bear and, in a measure, determines the trend of our lives. In every act, in every situation, we are played upon by a complex group of influences. Our eyes receive impressions upon the retina, our ears are played upon by sound, our pores by temperature. Smell, taste, touch, bodily contacts, hard chairs, cold stones, dampness, whatever it may be, brings its measure of domination to which we respond throughout the whole organism. Our organs, even, move in relation to the life about us, and are affected by reactions of thought and emotion. All that transpires in our world is determining our condition. Even when sitting quietly, the implicit stream of responsive activity is like a veritable cataract. Nerves, glands, smooth muscles, are all quivering, quickened by the stimuli bearing upon them. We are little more separated from our surroundings than an onion. Put in the ground it sprouts and grows. Left in a damp cellar it sends out long, pale shoots and finally dies in mold. In a dry box it stagnates. Its determinism is absolute. Our own is relative.

Let us think back into the lives of the Kallikaks, the Namms, and the Jukes. The close, fetid air and the moral turpitude of tenement houses, and

noisome slums, saloons, brothels, and prisons formed the environment of many of them. Its accompaniment was poverty, poor food, crowded and noisy streets, neither quiet, privacy nor the essentials of hygiene. Child after child was born into unsanitary and anti-social conditions. Hereditary responses were literally put under the heel of our so-called civilization, and such continual negative pressure will as inevitably produce physical and mental disease as typhoid germs spread broadcast will cause an epidemic.

Modern perception is literally a telescope through which we can see the environmental background of decade upon decade, shaping and coloring the blood-stream of heritage as it flows down the years. The human being is a series of countless action-systems, ready to respond as soon as adequate quickening appears. These systems are biological and physical, part of the structure of our bodies. They are also mental and emotional, for we and all our ancestors have inherited the responsive, personal life as well as the anatomy. Human character is a veritable pattern of impulses, instinct, emotions and desires, the peculiar and personal combination of which we have each received from our forbears. This pattern is continually acting and constantly acted upon by the pattern of the surroundings. New understanding teaches us that the individual forms one pattern or design and his environment another. When the two designs agree, and each is constructive, he adapts readily to his surroundings which then stimulate development. Happiness and prosperity result. When there are destructive stimulæ, conflict and misfit, confusion, misery and devastation follow. This was true in the

lives of our forbears. It holds in our lives, and equally in our children's formative days. A right relation of the self to surroundings is a primary factor in the direction of inherited impulses, and the release and guidance of inner powers.

CHAPTER IV

FORMATIVE YEARS

An immigrant from the warm and sunny Mediterranean, a small boy, stood with legs apart, his sensitive face searching the sky. Born under stressful conditions, he was intense, high-strung; in his veins noble blood and a fervid urge for life. His father had been a revolutionary, a fighter in ambush; his mother had slept in camp and bivouac on the bare ground beneath the highland sky. His prenatal life was that of a lion cub, whose dam while she carried him felt the flame of hunter and hunted; every impulse was primal and dynamic. Yet was it tender, warm, close to the heart of nature.

The lad was born a poet and a dreamer, natively philosophical. He loved the sea and the sky; yet the drama of men gripped hard on his imagination. He was such as could have been great in literature; a writer of adventure, with a twist of social idealism, a Victor Hugo, shall we say? But the ways of men destined otherwise.

A bugle sounded, the young face clouded; the eyes lingered along the line of the hills to the southward. Leagues away was the mother he had known, the laughing open fields, the sun, the home. He turned to enter the military school in which his room was brother to a cell in Sing Sing. In such a life, or in a world but once removed from its cold régime, the lad existed, until he became a man.

Nor did the coming of maturity improve matters.

Environment had decreed his life, and there seemed no way through. He lived in a world of political unrest and centered his mental diet upon Rousseau, who taught him that the customs of society must be broken, but said little of the mold of a man's own life. He read his idol far into the night, and flung himself into the maneuvers which upset a world. Buried in the depths of his soul lay the tenderer emotions, love of beauty and of home, the poetry and the dream. In rare moments they gave strange color to the bitter actions that filled his days, but that was all. Years of repression successfully inverted a glowing nature, and filled it with hate; an iron will turned creative fancies into strategic actions; the gentle, imaginative lad became an egocentric military master of men, the emigrant from Corsica—Napoleon.

Such is the power of a day and age to turn turtle the life of that sensitive thing, the human spirit. Such is the capacity of repression to change the current of a single soul and, from its deflection, the face of history. Napoleon was a key. Who shall say what desolation came to mankind because of gray walls and no mother's touch about a little boy? Who can trace the steps by which the poetic, sensitive face of the youth, Napoleon, was transformed into that of a cruel, cold egotist or will say which is the man, and what the marks of circumstances upon him? Who shall dare to blame the individual when behind him are the grim systems that shaped his mind? For, after all, are not all surroundings built upon the customs and usages of man, colored by the little measure of understanding? Is not influence a play and interplay of knowledge and ignorance?

The sensitive, vibrant nature of Napoleon, in-

herited from his intense emotional ancestors of sunny Corsica, made one pattern; the cold, rainy winter twilights with their gusty wind and the hard, uneven pavements, the narrow cell, the mechanical military system with no spark of human sympathy created a contrasting surrounding. Adjustment was impossible. The situation forced a conversion and a perversion of his nature.

The primary lesson of life is adaptation, not of the individual to environment, but of environment to the individual. There are surroundings to which none can fit without devastation. They have been built like a prison around thousands of human beings, dwarfing and laying waste their lives.

Even for surroundings to be refined and gentle is not sufficient. From the old point of view, a good environment was considered equally desirable for any individual. In the light of modern thought this is shown as an inherited stupidity. Fresh air and sunshine certainly create a splendid condition, but it is the worst possible one for fish; water, on the other hand, which is so essential to life, makes a poor home for a bird. Food for the fly may be typhoid for man; what piques a monkey soothes an ox. The best academic atmosphere of high-tension culture would be the poorest stimulus toward finer development for an Australian bushman. His individual pattern could not be quickened by one of that type; his habit formations would not respond to such influences. He must have an environment just above his own level, which bears his own elements of growth.

There is no truth in all psychology more fundamental than this, nor one that so needs to be written across the sky in letters of flame. The best environ-

ment as such may be the worst possible influence for those who are not adapted to it, because of their states of development and particular natures. Because an influence is good for John it is not necessarily good for Jim, Mary, or Jane.

Many a young boy or girl has been as foreign to his rigidly arranged setting as an Australian bushman in Yale. The personal pattern of every individual has its own requirement and his surroundings must fit the design for normal development and health.

The pattern of the self is a veritable network of nerve paths along which strains of the ancestral blood react. Each man's peculiar sensitivity leads to his own particular reactions, and the total effect is the creation of positive and negative centers of response. According to his type, one man reacts primarily to material influences and may be devastated by their limitation. His neighbor, on the other hand, is sensitive only in emotional ways; physical surroundings affect him but casually, food, clothing, shelter seem to him insignificant; but loneliness, a reserved and cold neighborhood, and a repression of the emotions may wreck his life. Still others are primarily affected in mental levels. Intellectual malnutrition may lead more directly to anemia than the poorest of diet.

The tragedy of Savonarola illustrates the response of a sensitive nature when placed in congestive circumstances. He was a high-strung, tense and somewhat emotional lad, played upon by influences much as a harp responds to the touch of a musician. His life might have been one of melody. As a boy he possessed an urging love for a high-born maiden of his own region; and in his mind was the lure of life

for action and for accomplishment. His soul was built for brilliant adventure and creative achievement. He was a dreamer, a lover of beauty and poetry, filled with the romantic impulses that move men's lives.

But what were the influences bearing upon him, starting the chain of circumstances that wrapped about his life? He was oppressed by the crude urban conditions of his day and, in every part of his organism, began an action away from his normal tendencies. Rigid rules were built about him by the conventions and precepts of the Middle Ages. His desires were left unguided, and in place of self-direction he was bound by superstition, dogma, creed, and convention. Inevitably the sensitive, poetic longing, in the prison of his body, turned into the acid of asceticism. His thwarted love grew into a hatred of joy and pleasure. His sense of beauty became a derision of all that was fine and lovely, but leaving the egotistic urge for action and adventure. This led him to death at the stake after feverish years through which he sought to bend all men to his ascetic will.

The tragedy of Savonarola was not of his own making. It was the tragedy of thousands of reflex conditions started in body, mind and soul from every circumstance in his life. It was the tragedy of perverted social customs pressed upon a sensitive and yearning spirit.

The conspicuous thing about early influence is its capacity to determine the whole point of view. Both with Napoleon and Savonarola, the mental attitude was shaped by the events through which they passed. We can picture them in other settings in a different day and age, with radically changed mental proc-

esses, their minds filled with more normal memory images with which to compare the life around them.

The older forms of thought conceived the frame of mind of the human being as primarily a matter of his own particular temperament. We recognize today that public opinion, custom and social habit are determinative factors in our judgment. For even though comprehension and understanding are primary expressions of the mental level, they may be greatly modified by types of rationalization which emotional reactions have wrapped around them. Consciousness implies the mental attitude which has come from our inherent tendencies and desires, but circumstances and events have distinctly colored our whole thought process. Inheritance and environment together produce the perceptual designs upon which opinion is built. We are far from being free agents.

How completely even our ideas of independence, of liberty, of right and wrong are colored by the customs of our home environment is vividly pictured by prejudices of the past.

Through the ages, for example, the idea that parents owned their children was regarded as natural and proper. Elsie Clews Parsons, in *The Family,* describes how children could be bought and sold, worked like slaves, or sacrificed to propitiate the gods. The Tshi-speaking people, for instance, when any great danger threatened the community, tore a new-born infant limb from limb, as a sacrifice, and Odonko slaves in Oshanti were kept exclusively to bear children for sacrifice. With the same people, a wife generally gave a slave girl to her husband as a concubine.

The ancient Hindus considered that sons and even

grandsons should be punished for the sins of the fathers and selling a son was a minor offense, causing only a loss of caste. In the twenty-first chapter of *Deuteronomy* we find that the Hebrews provided a law by which a stubborn and rebellious son might be stoned to death.

Perhaps the most astonishing picture of the harnessing of parental love to set rules and standards were the decrees for children in ancient China as to the treatment of their parents; the sort of expression they should put on their faces; the way they should walk, stand, act, upon all occasions. No opportunity was left for free, spontaneous action of the real feelings. They were told to approach their parents and parents-in-law upon all occasions with "bated breath." They were not to brush their hair when parents were sick. At no time should a son laugh or show his teeth in the presence of his parents. A son and his wife were to have no private goods, and if presents were given to the wife she was required to give them immediately to her husband's people.

Persian adults who, like American ones, doubtless taught their children that "father knows best," supplemented the egotistic assertion with the advice of their moral leaders. For example: "On Saturday and Monday, Oh, my brother, it is best not to proceed toward the east; from the west dangers threaten on Sunday and Friday. On Tuesday and Wednesday beware lest thy destiny leads thee toward the north. And when Thursday's sun hath risen, never direct thy course to the south." The safest way apparently was to remain within the immediate influence of the speaker, which is still a

prevalent method of domination among precept makers.

The fearful ravages wrought by parental possessiveness appear again and again in the clinical treatment of psychosis, neurosis, and insanity. It is one of the primary causes of unhappiness in marriage and a great factor in divorce. Indeed, the roots of many marital difficulties go back unto the third and fourth generation and are rarely the products of those within the marriage tangle. So it is with success or failure in the career. This again is largely determined by the relation of the parent-pictures to the image of the self. When a parent-image clouds the self-image success is as impossible as is normal love when the mate-image is obscure. There is no guiding force in the life upon which to build a true picture of the selfhood, or of the loved one.

Lured by the mystery of living, the average mortal at about the age of twelve has an inspiration: he will keep a diary and write a journal. The events of his daily life are so interesting, he is sure they never happened to anyone before and never will happen again. Then, too, he has so many impressions and reactions, thoughts that the people around him do not comprehend; violent feeling regarding their rule over him. Sometimes he imagines he is writing the autobiography of a great man, and that one day historians will rejoice in this vivid picture of his boyhood. Again, he takes revenge upon his family for their unsympathetic misunderstanding and records, with flourishes, his private opinion of them all. More often, however, the incentive comes from a natural craving of the young ego, surrounded

by indifferent, unheeding, self-centered adults, for its own expression.

The process has great value. In fact, the diarist is carrying out one of the features of psychological technique, and though unconscious of the scope of his revelations, is recording the effect of social habits upon a personality. The account, spontaneous and without self-consciousness, since it is usually addressed to no one in particular, often reveals the nervous and mental tone which affects the capacities, and may involve neurotic limitations. Above all, it discloses the inherent nature of the writer and the influence of his human contacts.

In maturity these journalistic outpourings are forgotten and yet they reveal how very much what you and I think has been determined by the life around us. Mass psychology has proved that we are directly involved in the tendencies of the herd. Events shape us into a mass of contradictions, and load us with a body of parasitical influence that may clog natural development as mistletoe an oak. We are so close, moreover, to our own surroundings and so swamped by our problems that the effects of these perverting forces often seem part of us. We identify ourselves with the shell of habit in which we have become implicated. It is much as if a man in striped prison garb should think of himself as if he were his clothes rather than the urging spirit within, and accepting status should act the part of a striped nature for the rest of his life.

Back in the 1870's, a missionary, his wife and a year-old boy sailed from San Francisco for the South Sea Islands. The ship was wrecked near the Gilbert Islands and passengers and crew passed the way of white men in a cannibal group. The na-

tives, however, with that curious consideration which is sometimes shown by even a carnivorous animal for young things, spared the child and allowed him to grow up in the tribe. Among barbaric people his life was a series of primitive experiences. He acquired the taboos and obeyed the customs of his comrades, responding to the same savage impulses and faring on similar food. Though more intelligent than his companions, he was to all intents and purposes a husky young cannibal.

By that time pearling ships and missionary expeditions were on the increase, encroaching on the life of the Gilbert Islands. In about his twentieth year the young fellow was rescued by a band of men from a trading vessel, although his deliverance was accomplished by enticement and capture. After some years at sea, during which he learned to speak English, he landed at a missionary school and was converted from his wild ways. Only then did the blood of many gentle and highly organized ancestors begin to exert itself. Gradually he became a civilized being; and yet, what was the situation? His mind was filled with thousands of impressions of savage life; his memory was burdened with the experiences, thoughts and attitudes of his early days. His innate point of view and his response to the every-day world had to be filtered, as it were, through a screen built by these events and circumstances. The network of influence was woven about him.

If he could have fallen into the hands of a modern psychologist, release from these conditions might have been achieved, for light and darkness cannot exist in the same place, and the re-seeing of early experience, through the guidance of a trained mind, would doubtless have freed the tension and

misunderstanding. Unfortunately the young man was appealed to by a pattern standard of what his life should have been in a Christian civilization. He acquired a horror of his early years, a sense of shame and degradation, a bitter and foolish penitence for the things he had known and done. He prayed nightly to be forgiven for the sins he had unknowingly committed in youth, and for the wild impulses which still stirred in his heart. Undrained early impressions continued to thrust themselves into consciousness, and effort to repress them created rebellious and despondent moods. He did not understand and could not evaluate his condition with fairness and justice.

At forty he was a crumpled-up old man, a mere shadow of the savage giant he had been. He ended his days as a useless hanger-on at a missionary school.

The fault lay not in the superimposed teaching, but in the fact that during those days there was neither understanding of the inevitable power of early influence to shape the thought and impulse of later years; nor recognition of the ruin which comes from repression of long stimulated tendencies. He was blamed for responsibilities and actions that were not of his choosing.

The story throws into high relief forces that are in some measure wrecking the life of every human being. For in all of us early influences are reacting upon later days, limiting capacities and impelling us to action; and these must be understood and directed, for they cannot be merely controlled without devastation.

No one at the missionary school asked "What could this lad have become if his father had re-

mained in California and he had matured there?" Neither did they question whether he was responsible for what he appeared to be or only for what he actually was at heart. For then, as now, men ignored this central distinction in the life of everyone.

Contrast between positive and negative identity lies at the foundation of every type of psychological work. Its clear distinction may not be understood or clarified in the processes employed, but in the last analysis all recreating of the nature is in its simplicity a process of realization of the true identity, and of its release from the confinement of negative attitudes.

In carrying out the present-day analytic technique, it becomes apparent that great changes have come over a nature from the emotional pitch of even some one early experience. The careful analyst can trace thoughts, moods, beliefs, and action throughout a man's whole life as the result of impression wrought in a burning moment. Stanley, the explorer, tells of great regard during his desolate workhouse days, for one Willie Roberts, and then of seeing the dead boy's face and his body livid with scores of dark welts, mute testimony that the man in charge of them all was by his atrocious severity guilty of a murder.

From that moment, a great pity and an almost inspired spiritual quality took possession of Stanley, together with a deep, brooding hurt in his heart that somehow placed all humanity in a strange, mystic relation to him. Again, when he first saw his mother come to bring another child to the workhouse, his very soul was shocked. "She regarded me with cool, critical scrutiny," he said. "I had expected to feel a gush of tenderness toward her, but her expression was so chilling that the valves of

my heart closed with a snap. 'Honor thy father and thy mother' had been repeated to me a thousand times, but this loveless parent required no honor from me."

"Something snapped" indeed which brought emotional changes in Stanley's sensitive nature that were never repaired. A glance at his boyhood face shows the bitter repression, the congested, blind longings, driven in deep by the age of twenty; a soul in solitude, that found solace only in the heart of the jungle and never from the shallow world of men. From the moment of that mother's glance began Stanley's spiritual struggle typified by his African experience.

The emphasis placed upon early influences by the new psychology should be clear enough to whoever has followed the process of reasoning regarding the forces and conditions of human nature. It is not the purpose of the new teachings to maintain a critical attitude either toward the social status or toward parental care; but there never was a truer saying than "the hand that rocks the cradle shapes the world." We receive in early life impressions which build up the mass of memory material by which all later experiences are compared. We gain the points of view through which we thereafter look at the world. Early influences are the formative forces in the development of consciousness and the primary determinators of the trend of the intelligence. It is as important as heritage and, as we have heretofore seen, is the direct outgrowth of it.

Modern teaching is not only concerned with these influences, for the information it can bring to bear upon present-day parents in the direction of their childrens' lives; it is even more concerned with study

of them in the lives of the present-day adults; for by this means the causes of their conditions are discovered.

It should be obvious enough that before the days of the new psychology, parents were deprived of an understanding of the sensitivity of human nature and of the constructive means by which it might be directed and liberated. They had, for example, little grasp of the urging impulses within their children, and knew not how to assist normal expansion.

CHAPTER V

TROUBLESOME DISPOSITIONS

Sometimes

Across the fields of yesterday
  He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play
  The lad I used to be.
And yet he smiles so wistfully
  Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
  The man I might have been.

T. S. Jones, Jr.

As a result of the tumult of living, "Me," the first word in the average individual's vocabulary, is the one least understood. It cannot be really known until the personal relation to life is fully clear.

Emerson identified the world about him as the "not me," all that belongs to impression and experience.

When we are puzzling over the day's difficulties, battling with situations, trying to understand ourselves and our associates, we, too, are searching through the confusion of the "not me" to find the central "I am." But we are usually unaware that only in the distinction which Emerson made is the answer to be found. We can identify ourselves only in contrast to the world about us. And in this act the present surroundings can no more be ignored than were the earlier influences.

All environment divides into four parts. There are things in our surroundings which are external, visible and tangible. There are others that are internal, invisible and yet influential. We witness external things, the internal we feel. How your face appears is seen by my eye; what your mind thinks is only to be conveyed by your speech and action and the receptivity of my understanding. This is a primary division of human life.

All things, however, both external and internal, have a positive or a negative influence. Speech and manner may tend to stimulate or depress us and so, too, with an object. If we live in a surrounding of ugly, gilt, Louis XV furniture, are oppressed by a clutter of drapery, and a poodle of Chinese variety that some feminine insists on calling a dog, these are negative externals of the "not me." A man may have money, food, clothing and a great deal of shelter, and yet exist in a negative environment. About him may be people adequate enough in the external sense, but destructive to his development and liberty. A watchful butler, let us say, who fairly emanates his early service with Lord Mershom; a wife with the disposition of an eight day clock, but more wheels; an aunt of the dowager build who domineate events in the household by her very absence of ideas. The influence of these people is unseen, but decidedly felt. They are part of the negative aspect of environment and react painfully on the "me" of whoever exists under their pressure. They belong to the internal and far more potent part of surroundings.

For mere externals never drove any man to the edge of insanity. Even destitution brings little de-

spair unless it leaves one to the society of the empty-minded.

The internals of environment may, of course, be helpful and beneficial, positive rather than negative. They then sustain the life even when there are Louis XV chairs to try the soul. Happiness has blossomed in many a hovel because of the understanding, comradeship and glory of coöperative effort. Where circumstances liberate the finer forces, even external negatives are often transformed into useful influences. Bankruptcy has set many a man free from a destructive environment that his very money had heretofore made him able to maintain. Financial loss becomes then a positive.

Every present influence is in some measure building and in some measure tearing down human nature, and the process never ceases. The "Me" is forever played upon by the "Not Me." This is a primary law; nor are there any fixed values to external things apart from their internal capacity. Our surroundings are of importance, not according to the measure of themselves but in relation to their power over the thought and feeling of an individual. Bankruptcy which sets one man's life free may bring ruin to his neighbor. Poverty deprived the world of Millet's best genius. It restrains many an inventor and limits social and religious service; but it is not a negative except in regard to the internal conditions which it affects.

It is a primary part of the new teaching that every factor in life has this positive and negative aspect, and modern thought continually comes back to this central law until the good and the bad takes on a new significance in our vocabulary.

With most human beings this simple distinction

exists in childhood, but is lost in maturity. It comes to us only as strange stirrings and promptings, vague shadowings that impel us to action. We like or dislike people and do not know why. We sense in a dim sort of way that an environment is stimulating us or undermining us. We sometimes long for the old contacts and associations and have a curious urge for earlier forms of experience. The swimming pool, the stretch of the hills. There have been days when a haze seemed to hang over the brain like mists along mountain tops, and all that we could see were the bare cliffs of loneliness. Our spirit knows its nights and its silent dawns, a strange subjective world that moves far away from the every-day: yet we live most of the time in a very actual world; noises attack our ears, hard sidewalks press into our feet; things and things and things cramp us. We are played upon like a harp by the fingers of our days and the music is often jazz. These influences powerfully enclose the hidden self in a net of appearances and so affect our actions and reactions that little hint of our reality appears. Things gather about as if they were conspiring to keep us from ever being the "Me," as if to make us a mere part of the "Not Me" of life.

As a result of recognizing this we have today an almost new conception of character. Penetrating through the personal masquerade by psychological procedure, we seek for the integrities of the self and from them build one picture of the nature. Studying the apparent reactions and appearances we build the second picture of the apparent self or disposition. This is largely an environmental record of ideas and opinions which other people have superimposed upon the personality. Willie, for instance,

is sent to an analyst's office with a note from his mother stating: "My boy is so conceited. I hope you can do something to take it out of him." What does the analyst find? He learns that Willie has two older brothers who tease and hector him, making him feel a sense of impotency because of their superior strength and sophistication. At heart, he feels like a jelly-fish, he has no confidence in himself and is shy, uncomfortable and unhappy in all his human contacts. To disguise this fact and keep on playing the game, to avoid being entirely submerged by his own emotions, he has become a boaster; he affirms what he can do to keep his own courage up. He is acting out a part that has egotism and "I can" at the front of the stage. He has put on a veritable costume of conceit, but it is far from being the actual boy.

Such conditions exist in some measure in everyone and may powerfully block self-expansion. Whatever their origin, they result in impatience, irritability, despondence and all those expressions which we have commonly considered traits of the nature and know today as the mere by-products of inner states. Morbidness, for example, is not a character-quality. It is direct evidence of undrained emotion; even as irritability and impatience are signs of inner conflict. One's disposition is not a simple substance but rather the result of a combination of elements and forces. Instead of being innate, as was once taken for granted, it is the direct expression of a jumbled state of the mind and of the battle we have had in the effort to be ourselves.

Only within recent years has the disposition been understood and yet the old Romans who coined the term must have possessed much insight regarding

it, for the very word explains itself. The disposition is the manner in which the self is disposed; the way it is placed; the condition that has grown up about it. It is a temporal and transitory thing which may be changed and improved, or become more and more undesirable. It is the dominant state of the will, thought and emotion, the measure of harmony or inharmony within the nature. If conflicts are bitter the disposition takes on the tone of the upheaval. The forces of irritation are then checked only by repression and the nature becomes hard and cold, or else if unrestrained, violent and vindictive.

The distinction between disposition and character is a primary psychological classification. Even a jolly, good-natured man if worried or in pain may become irritable. Should the discomfort last long enough a habit of irritability develops. This second nature is part of disposition, which we treat as if it were character; unaware that it only approximates the self in the way that clothes convey the body. It fits over the self to be sure but it does not belong to it and can be taken off and put on by personal and environmental influence as completely as a suit of underwear.

The discovery that disposition and selfhood are in no sense identical lies at the very foundations of modern technique, and is probably the greatest character revelation in recent years. It clarifies in simple terms all varieties of therapeutic and psychoanalytic procedure, which are nothing more than methods of changing the clothes of disposition, as it were.

Even violent forms of neurosis and psychosis and many types of insanity are mere dispositional wrappings, woven out of memory material and bound

around the character: the result of mental and physical experience.

Inside of such unfortunate garments the body of the self still lives and struggles. Therapeutic procedures depend upon the separation of the self from this negative wrapping.

The misery and fatalism that has come from the habit of classing the self with experience influences has been fearful indeed. Like a veritable disease it makes the individual a victim of whatever environment has closed about his life.

Take the case of Mrs. Moriarty. Once upon a time, at the crossroads of destiny, her life might have taken any of a score of directions. She could have married a fine young lad who became mayor of his village. We can picture her as a jolly nature and the contented mother of an abundant brood. The vision is a far cry to that embittered person with whom her neighbors in the slums of Pittsburgh were familiar.

It was late December and drizzling. Down the long street of slatternly houses, staring windows rattled in the dusk. Under foot a slippery mixture of slush and mud confused Mrs. Moriarty's feet. She sighed. The kitchen fire would be out and the cat sitting woebegone on the back steps, soaked to its skin. The wad of newspaper stuffed in the broken window-pane must have slipped to the floor long ago. Mrs. Moriarty's fingers ached as she thought of the chill breeze. "Sure—it's no home, at all, at all!"

Thirty-five years ago Mrs. Moriarty was a chubby, reddish-haired, blue-eyed child, animated freckles and smiles. She gave no hint of neurosis. Her blood was distilled in a bowl of merry green

hills with a whisk of sea about them. Now Mrs. Moriarty is an old woman, her humor dryer and more cynical with every slop of her scrub-pail. The mirth in her soul has turned toxic, but with reason. She could not adapt her generous spirit to a greedy world. Her instincts had been domestic, her emotions maternal. She was a home-builder, a bearer of sturdy young. In body, mind and spirit her way was abundant living. Life had taken with both hands and affronted every native force in her marrow. Inherently social, she was now alone. Strong with love, she had seen her man go the way of a steel mill; tender with nurture, her Maggie had died from—she had loved too early and too well, in a neighborhood not over-healthy for glowing emotions. Patrick was somewhere—Mrs. Moriarty didn't know about the boy, exactly; it had started with the gang, and, poor lad, he'd none other to play with.

The psychosis of anarchy seethed in Mrs. Moriarty's brain. Hordes of red-haired ancestors fought about in her soul as they had battled in their Celtic glens two thousand years ago. Life had repressed and wounded all the more tender desires and persistently stimulated the violent strains of her nature. Ignorance had left her a victim to men's ways and their fingers prodded her soul. The doctor, at the clinic down the avenue, couldn't understand her blood-pressure or her chronic indigestion. The rheumatism he laid to the scrub-pail. From her vitriolic disposition and her habit of talking to herself he marked her as a doubtful character. As for herself, she wonders which is real—the yearning tenderness, or the bitter wrath which alternately storms her heart.

Horace Drilling has never met Mrs. Moriarty and shares none of her ideas. His Boston background and Harvard veneer have attended to that. Nevertheless, Horace is neurotic. He has not adapted to life, and, at fifty-five is little likely to fill the gap, single-handed. His mother was a good woman, spelled in capitals and emphasized by "very." Her lips were thin before twenty and pressed together firmly. There were no vague ideas in her mind as to the way a boy should go, and Horace went. On several occasions a hint of rebellion had led to a day in bed, with pleasing results to the parent. By twenty Horace could think just as his mother thought without conscious difficulty. By twenty-five his brain slipped along in a mid-Victorian groove in perfect poise. His mother then spoke of him as a "model young man," and Horace smiled, quite unaware for all his college learning that dictionaries define "model" as "a small imitation of the real thing."

That was thirty years ago, and thirty years have done much to Horace. As a model he is somewhat shrunken, while no poise now appears in his passage through the grooves. They had never been his grooves, in the first place. His father's ancestors fought Indians and felled the giant pine of New England forests. Even his mother's forbears sailed to the Indies, commanding brawny sailors and contrary winds. One of her uncles had run away to the West with the Forty-niners and was known to be skillful with six-shooters. Horace's own soul was born in Arcady and had drunk from secret springs of desire. Even at eighteen he had still read *Diamond Dick,* although he had burned with

shame and hid the lurid volume under the second mattress.

Horace possessed instincts that, under the right direction, would have made him a sturdy engineer, a commander of men, liberal in thought and dynamic in action. This was one side of it; the other side equally worth-while was tender and chivalrous, with a ready sympathy and a desire for goodness. With a skill that only seafaring ancestors could have given, his mother had unconsciously played upon these tender responses of his nature, building bars the while around the manliness in him, and down in the depths the man forces fought and struggled against the maternal steel, which imprisoned him.

The conflict tore Horace to pieces; he thought with vigor but spoke with convention; he felt with flame and unconsciously refrigerated his emotion. His doctor could not understand the heart trouble, and reasoned that there must be some weak strain in his constitution. His trembling hands he accredited to overwork and to swollen thyroid glands, but none of it seemed to explain the sleepless nights and the haunting fears that gripped Horace's soul. —So it goes!

The tense, tightly-wound Mrs. Sylvester who so boldly serves as chairman and secretary of every organization she joins is a retiring home-body, whose frenzied activities are maintained to help her forget loneliness. She was married at sixteen, widowed at twenty, and lives with her aunt. She is trying to throw her self-confusion at the head of "fatalism." Destiny is her excuse for everything.

The tall lad who looks like a young Shelley, limp and blasé now, goes about dreaming of the musician he might have been had not a flippant slip of a girl

broken his heart, and turned him into a professional cynic. He watches the blue smoke curling from cigarette after cigarette, and takes revenge on the whole fair sex. His life is sophistication and ennui. He hasn't a remote idea why he was born or what he should do—nor has anyone else.

As the scope of scientific knowledge widens insight appears as to hitherto misunderstood phases of experience. In the old days many forms of sickness were considered evidences of the sufferer's "evil character." He was being cursed for his sins even when his critics may have been bearers of the germs that laid him low. Today we make the same mistake in most mental and emotional diseases. Mrs. Moriarty did not have a bad character: it was sick. Horace Drilling was not a narrow little soul, his emotions were in a painful state. Mrs. Sylvester was as much in an abnormal condition as if she had tuberculosis but all her associates identified the mental ill health as her character and she even did so herself. Indeed the milder forms of neurosis and psychosis are so common that most of us have no conception of character free from dispositional constrictions.

There is probably not a man alive free from some measure of mental and emotional sickness which so affects him that even he himself identifies his nature with the results of the psychic trouble. Certainly whoever worries, is nervous, weary, despondent, cynical, censorious, or lonely, is the victim of mental and emotional wounds coming from earlier experience and lying in memory ferment which unnecessarily limits his life and may destroy happiness.

The saddest part of a condition is the spiritual lassitude which grows up: for it is this which makes

parasitical states endure and keeps the individual so limited that he is unable to get out of his troubles or his environment. So important is this point that whoever desires peace should read it over twenty times. For if we did not make the mistake of judging ourselves, our lives and our troubles by the pessimism which our mental wounds have created, most of our sorrows could be met. As long, however, as we indulge in negative and fatalistic attitudes we are as sure to keep our troubles as were those in antiquity who thought the plague inevitable and hence had no impulse for physical hygiene.

There is no more amazing fact in life than the power of disposition to control destiny and to wrap itself like a parasite about the character, nor a truth more important than that the vicious condition can be cast off by whoever will face it squarely and persistently.

The trouble is, so many won't. They are used to their misery and fiercely claim the usurping influence as themselves. They make the same mistake that others make about them in the matter of disposition. An interesting case in psychological practice illustrates dramatically this condition. A certain man who had lived for nearly two decades in Africa and there contracted a form of malaria which persisted for over twelve years went to an analyst's office. The condition made him irritable, morose, impatient and so unsociable that his friends came to consider him a most unpleasant character. His wife and family and finally the man slipped into the same point of view. Some months after his return to England medical assistance cured the last remnants of the malarial condition. The body was relieved, but the disposition was unchanged. The man con-

tinued to be impatient, irritable and melancholy. He thought of himself as a solitary and rather impossible nature and acted under the autosuggestion in an almost unspeakable manner. He had completely identified himself with the condition that he had so long endured.

In boyhood and early maturity this man had been a friendly sociable nature, spontaneous and optimistic: the best of companions and the most gentle of husbands. That was his true nature. The perversion of his character was understandable enough during the ravages of disease, but why after it was cured? Because of negative identity and the habit which it had engendered. It took a long period of therapeutic work to break the mental delusion and return the man to himself.

The extreme manifestations of the neurotic person are only intensified examples of conditions that affect practically everyone. Most of us are wrapped about by a disposition that is not ourselves: that does not need to endure and continues only because we make the same mistake about our mental and emotional limitations which antiquity made regarding physical disease.

Woeful moreover are the results from our misjudgments because of ignoring these dispositional influences. Let us take the case of M.M., a lad of sixteen. He was a slight, pale, nervous chap, with large and morbid eyes. Placed among some 500 boys of his age in a large Academy, he was failing miserably in his academic standing. His military work was a fiasco, for his hands moved jerkily: most of the time he was in such a brown study that orders seemed to reach his mind as through a thick fog. In athletic activities he was nil: he mixed with the

other boys about as well as Shelley would have merged with the Prussian Army. On top of this, his messmates had discovered that he had a horror of bread—plain, ordinary white bread. When they passed it to him he would tremble and his lips draw back with pain. An examination with the Intelligence Tests was discouraging. His rating was little better than a child's, and yet in every fiber of his being he showed himself to be a highly developed, highly sensitive, moral type. His heritage, moreover, was of the best. He should have been, if blood tells anything, endowed with unusual power.

Twenty-five years ago—nay, even ten years ago, most examiners would have stopped at this point, convinced that the boy was little better than a moron, though unable to explain why. Even at the time, his academic teachers and military instructors, unanimously wrote him down as a "weak sister," hopelessly incapable. A deeper psychological examination, however, revealed evidence of extraordinary repression, and that type of inhibition which comes only from the bitterest of early experience. Hints of a fearful rebellion broke suddenly forth during inquiries into his early life, strange looks passed over the face and the eyes flashed defiance at all the world. Something was seething beneath the surface; some dwarfing force which choked all of the normal power of the selfhood. And yet through repeated questionings, no clear evidence of these early wounds came forth. Such was the repression that memory refused to function. The boy's mother was sent for, his father being dead, but she proved equally obdurate. Her pride interfered with any revelation of the boy's early life, since she lacked conviction that the probing would in any way bene-

fit his welfare. Not until, by the deductive process built on all available data, reconstructed pictures of the boy's early life, were given to the mother, were hidden springs touched. The reaction produced a burst of tears and the coming to life of an amazing story.

It appeared that both the boy's mother and father had been previously married, and both had loved in the first experience. The earlier partners had died, and the later marriage, which had been largely a matter of propinquity, had failed to develop happily. The two really hated each other, and when the boy was born each quite unconsciously began to train out of him all those qualities which resembled the other. Between the two millstones, his tender young spirit was ground until inevitable rebellion through self-protection came angrily to the surface, and here for the first time the parents agreed. The boy was to have no temper. They both of them had goodly shares of anger and impatience, and the father in particular had been virtually neurotic in his fear of violent expression. From the age of two the little lad was put in his room, or spanked whenever he voiced his displeasure. At the age of four he was often kept there long hours and had become skilled in the art of kicking the plaster above the baseboard with his little heels. Later on, such was his effort to defend himself against his adult dominators that two or three days on bread and water became necessary, before he was quieted. Inevitably he gave in to such parental discipline. Not only his temper but his whole spirit was broken. In consequence he developed as a brooding, morbid youth, with forces of wounded emotion forever surging up and drowning the powers of intelligence. His

brain had been literally smothered by his feelings, and his actions were no more true of the boy himself than are those of a man in a high fever.

It appears that upon his deathbed, the father had confessed that in a fit of anger he had struck the first wife the year before she died, which accounted for his neurotic intensity on the matter of temper. The mother for her part had a New England conscience when it came to discipline and that curious worship of self which demanded from youth a blind respect for its elders. Only an absolute mellowing of the mother's heart would save the boy, and the bitter injustice which had been done had to be made clear to her that she might play her part in undoing the damage. Slowly and painfully, the infantile fixations were drained out of the young fellow's mind. His conscious viewpoint was freed of its sense of injury and the self-consciousness softened and relieved. Many months of effort were necessary before the true forces within the self began to appear and then like a miracle the whole disposition changed. Within a year, his academic standing had risen unbelievably. His fear of bread, a mere symbol of his bitter suffering, disappeared, and in time he became a brilliant and highly intellectual lad, not only freed from his inhibitions, but made, in a measure, deeper because of the Gethsemane through which he had passed.

No one who had worked with such a boy, and seen the slow but sure transition, from the academic failure of an approximate moron, to a highly organized intellectual nature, could doubt the contrast between the forces of disposition and the innate powers of the self. It is such repeated instances that have convinced thinking psychologists of the vast

areas below the depths of the apparent mentality, and of the stupidity of any measure of the apparent intelligence as a determinator of the permanent endowment.

In conclusion, there are other obvious proofs of disposition. No one ever saw in youth the acid spirit of many an adult, nor does the grim aspect of sinister maturity curl the lips of childhood. These forces are possibly inherited as tendencies, but not as determinative facts. They come into being from the negative years.

We cannot conceive Robespierre the man as the inevitable maturing of his nature when a boy. Born only a few months after his parents married, his life was shaped into the specter of censorious violence. Like others of his ilk he sought to pervert or prohibit the world in order to justify his own ingrown spirit, for every man tries to shape life after his own condition.

How different the reactions of the years on the mind of Hugo. In the immortal scene in *Les Miserables,* between the Bishop and the Conventionist, the convictions of Hugo's own soul stand revealed, a spiritual passion for liberty and fraternity which carried him through the sorrows of life and left his heart mellow.

We know today that there is no sharp line between the normal and the pathological, the opinions, thoughts and symbols of the mind built on undrained emotion create mental reactions, antagonistic to actual life, and none escape some measure of these influences. Picture four men reading the same news notice of, let us say, a suicide. Each will show a distinctly dispositional reaction. The first man possesses a hard and critical attitude; he condemns

the suicide in his mind in harsh terms; the second man is sympathetic and compassionate; he mutters "poor beggar." His neighbor skims over the mention of the suicide with a cringe of horror and absorbs himself in the appended statistics on social conditions. The gentleman opposite reads the grewsome picture with exquisite delight and has all the sensations of himself having found the body. He delights in the drama and tragedy of the situation. These four responses are not mere matters of innate selfhood, but vividly colored by all that has filtered in to the thought and emotions of each man since childhood. They are largely the product of environmental experience from the surrounding influence, matters of mental complex, in other words. And yet how constantly we judge people and their reactions, as if they themselves were the condition in which they have become involved. We fail to recognize the veritable displacement of self, or to understand that the soul, neglected as it were, tends to seek perverted expression or to avoid declaring its condition owing to the every-day confusions of the world.

The disposition combines the inherited pattern, its strengths and weaknesses, with the effigy which the years have built. It may possess high lights and low, brilliant lines and somber values, but as a whole it is such a color scheme as never was before on land or sea, hence the mystery of personality. The inherited nature may be good or bad, that is a primary matter and has nothing to do with the disposition. We have many times seen jolly villains, pleasant scoundrels, happy satyrs and good-natured criminals. In such cases the inherited pattern is of a low order

and greatly in need of development. It is a problem quite apart from disposition. The inherited nature may also be fine, upward-moving and spiritual; shining through all environmental influences like a saint in prison. The worth then has nothing to do with disposition. It is the relation between the original and acquired nature which alone determines this attribute: the way the inner nature is disposed or placed in relation to the outer and derived condition.

The seeing of two clear and unequivocal pictures —one of the real nature in its integrity; the other of the mass of influences and tendencies which have enveloped it—is a revelation never to be forgotten by the person who has passed through the experience. It is truly a rebirth which colors forever the face of life and builds from that moment a different trend, a new habit-system.

It is a mistake, however, to believe that the miracle of facing in a new direction immediately removes all difficulty. It is in itself the central experience of reëducation, and its importance must never be undervalued; but it is only the beginning of the process. Old habits, bodily states, in nerves, glands and brain, in the whole metabolism of the body have come into being because of negative identity, and these must be worked with and the freeing process carried down to change even the condition of the smooth muscles. The entire habit function must be reoriented, and all this is a matter of time. Nevertheless, the experience of seeing the positive self-picture is fundamental in the transition. This gives dynamic momentum to the expansion of the life, beginning the process of release. Without it all effort at change

is but a piecemeal picking at the problem in a helter-shelter fashion. The very center of the reconstructive technique of the new psychology lies in self-realization, as opposed to the discovered negative disposition.

CHAPTER VI

UNDERCURRENTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

We have all had the experience of getting into situations and personal upsets for which there seemed to be no explanation. Curious likes and antipathies appear: attractions and repulsions that create violent passions of jealousy or anger, fear or joy as the case may be. Almost demoniac forces take possession of us. There are strange reactions too: ways that we respond to people and events. One type of intimate can say almost anything, while the moment another speaks we are either crushed or exhilarated: irritable in all the nerves of our bodies or as pleased as a puppy when his head is being stroked.

Below the surface of everyone's rational thought seem to be great areas of irrational feeling: strange personal impressions and ideas, curious twists of instinct and emotion, belief and desire, colored by all the joy and woe that has transpired in their lives. These Genii sleep upon most occasions or only modify the rational thought in mild and casual ways. But let any circumstance or event be personally important: let it touch the real man—and whiff—the forces within leap into immediate response.

Effects differ. Some are volcanic: burning lava, rocks and smoke, issue from the depths, pouring into the placid landscape of the every-day nature. Or again, the response is like a seismic wave: a great sweep of feeling carrying all reason and practicality before it. At other times, a close, damp fog of

doubt shuts out the light of efficient action: the judgment disappears, the thought becomes obscure.

Most of us at such times have gone off by ourselves to think things over: feeling misunderstood by our families or friends, lonely, discontented, tired of the constant effort and the thousand hectoring requirements. We have sought escape and solace in solitude. At such times strange thoughts have risen up in our minds: longings that we must satisfy or else life seems as nothing: yearnings for adventure, a lust for the fullness of experience, an urging to flee from the awful commonplace of men's ways, a craving for uncompromised love, untarnished truth, simple elemental passion.

At such a time the every-day world has appeared a hateful thing of pettiness and personalism, simpering morality and tinsel affections. We felt in contrast vast primitive qualities within our hearts; great nude powers that lifted their arms to find the free forests and the racing streams. We knew that life meant for us release of these honest, barbarian natures—little else counted.

Under the stress of circumstance, in the majesty of solitude, we had penetrated to the unconscious depths. With that far-away look in our eyes, we had passed into the great undercurrent of life: into the world of primary instinct and emotion.

Once across the border into this nether consciousness, values change. Here is a world far greater, truer, deeper than that of the thin, metallic, mental-efficiency which we call reason.

Unless we know something of the background of human history the unconscious cannot be deeply understood and we lose the opportunity to fully know ourselves.

If we had lived some hundreds of thousands of years ago a great primeval forest would have risen about us. Beyond the mouth of our cave a fire might have burned—with pieces of wild boar roasting in the coals. Through the jungle all manner of primitive life would be stirring. In nearby caves, hidden in hollow trees, and sometimes in the branches, other men with their women and children could be seen; great primitive creatures like ourselves; guided as were the animals by instincts and emotions.

At times peace, plenty, safety and lazy ease would surround the cave and campfire. Game was then abundant, the weather fair, no warring enemies abroad. At other times, all life would be at war against us: starvation would settle in the camp, danger would stalk abroad and stark fear reach out its vaporous fingers from behind every tree, clutching at our backs.

Such was the great, crude world of man's birthplace: the womb of his prehistoric gestation. In it he grew from a single cell up to the creature who stood erect: forming his structure, even as he grew in his mother's womb, from the simple germ.

In this primary world all his sentiments and desires, wills and motive-images were slowly formed by the habit of centuries: animated by urging hungers of body, mind and spirit. Age upon age of jungle experience molded human character; even as the mountains were hewn by the hands of time. Great pictures were built in the mind: inevitable combinations of instinct, emotion and experience. Through æon after æon babies looked up to their mother's faces, reached for their breasts, yearned for their protecting arms, children raced back to camp from the dangers of the forest. Cycle upon

cycle, boys went out at puberty driven by a strange impulse within them: determined to brave any danger to find, win or capture a mate. In every hour, all the span of human history, man was forced to hunt his meat, to protect his camp, produce and rear his young. His ways of doing this were made indelible by perpetual repetition.

The great body of his thought grew up on this background, formed out of the streams of impulse. His mind built its habit systems from the material of its environment. Crystallized beliefs, customs, totems and taboos were formed. Symbols and hieroglyphics appeared, language, singing, drawing and modeling came into being: humanity was building its psychical as well as its physical history.

At the very least it lasted four hundred thousand years before what we would really recognize as civilization came into being, that brief span since Egypt and Babylon. In other words, the habits of the jungle have had about a hundred times as long to form the instincts and emotions as civilization has had to shape the intellect. And the ratio of their significance and strength is proportionate.

Carried by the power of these inherent forces to project their formative influence, in our minds today is all of human history. In our inmost selves, we feel, think, desire, will, not as products of the recent centuries, but as children of the ages. In this we are not different from all animal life: for the bird builds its nest, the calf seeks the udder in the same way. It is this elemental world to which we retire when environment dissatisfies. It is this in which we meditate. Out of it comes all of our music, drama and literature. In it are all the impulses to creative, constructive and executive expression. The

genius is the man who easily passes into his unconscious to find the wealth which it contains: whose inner mind has not been repressed and inhibited so as to be distorted and valueless.

The average man is he who reaches into the unconscious only in casual ways and whose inner self is somewhat injured: disturbed by repressions and inhibitions; in whom conflicts and complexes have grown up.

The commonplace, efficient materialist, the bromide type, is he who is so successfully repressed that only negative aspects of the unconscious appear.

The neurotic man is he whose conscious and unconscious natures have become disconnected and in whose lower depths are masses of rebellious emotion, distorted instinct and brooding memory. He is like a creature driven by fear: as if his elemental forces were in that state of terror that sometimes appeared in jungle days.

Whoever is suffering from a psychosis is, as it were, partly possessed by some crazed, primitive instinct; he has taken on just such deluded ideas as were many of the fetishes of antiquity.

Thus the forces of the inner world may live in a vast jungle of terrors or a fertile forest of possibilities according to the condition. In most of us some part of this inner self is peaceful and expanding as one among blossoming verdure. In other regions there are masses of primitive, rebellious powers struggling to escape. But it is a simple, utterly natural thing, inevitable and obvious once we see it in relation to the background of human history.

The trouble with most of us comes in the problem of adjustment to an entirely unsatisfactory civilization. Modern life is irrational and biologi-

cally impossible. It merely imprisons and perverts the unconscious powers. The results are just those that would follow if we were to put a primitive nature, such as an Indian or a South Sea Islander, in jail. He would either die or become blindly ferocious. The method is the antithesis of education and explains all the complexes, conflicts, neuroses and psychoses that sicken the world.

Society is a poor makeshift indeed for that life which will some day come upon the earth: which will meet the needs of man. He will never in all time succeed in legislating the unconscious. Some day he can and will educate it. That he does not do so now is the cause of his troubles.

In a recent interview reported in the New York *World,* Dr. Mayo was asked if he saw dangers of mental deterioration in American life. He answered: "Well, we have doubled the number of insane in thirty years. In a period when medicine has made such splendid progress as a curative for the body, we find insanity increasing at a surprising rate. The study of mental afflictions has been just as intensive as the study of bodily afflictions, and, broadly speaking, progress has been equal. Still the number of deficient or deranged persons is larger than ever. This leads to but one conclusion—that insanity has grown with our civilization. I might say that insanity is the peculiar result of civilization. We have few really insane persons among the primitive races."

At present our laws are based, not upon the actual needs of mankind, but upon those of a hypothetical creature, created to fit into a mechanical social system. Writing on "Protecting Civilization" in a

recent issue of *Harper's Magazine,* Professor Paton of Princeton University explains:

"Fear prevents man from recognizing his real self, and forces him to try to live largely in an imaginary world, so that the society he has organized is to a large extent a society adapted to the needs of an imaginary being. Whenever and wherever circumstances compel him to try to meet the conditions of actual life interminable conflicts result. The constant fear of meeting his real self produces confusion and causes anxiety-neurosis."

This is neither a mild statement nor a casual one, if all that it implies is understood. Its searching thought suggests that little in our mass of present customs and ideas is even intelligent. It forewarns the uprooting of established idiocies which must be the task of the next century, the coming of a new ethics and as vastly different a legal and political code as Christianity in contrast with totemism.

Once upon a time the strange ways of men were attributed to demons and witches. We were said to become obsessed by forces outside of ourselves. Today we are known to be in control of forces within ourselves, of good powers, made violent, owing to misunderstanding and barbaric repression. The depths below every-day consciousness are recognized as holding strong and splendid forces which have been so neglected and ill-treated that some of them have become Nihilists and Anarchists, vindictive in their reactions. They are much like embittered prisoners trying to escape from the dungeon of their unjust incarceration.

The peasants of France were good people, but rioting cutthroats during the Reign of Terror; goaded by years of maltreatment. Charlotte Cor-

day was a sweet, gentle girl, but never was a fiercer flame of hate than that which drove her to kill Marat. So with the passions within the breasts of men: the instincts and emotions, the will and desire, the imagination and ambition, with their attendant memories and habit formations. For centuries these gifts, inherited from prehistoric men, have been misunderstood, made to starve, abused as were the "rabble" of France. And today, when conventional thought lets up its wardenship, mutiny too often follows.

Sometimes the tumult passes swiftly. Sometimes it remains, bringing violent action. Sometimes it dominates and almost ruins a life. But its potential power to destroy is always there and will remain until, liberated, guided and educated, as were the children of the same French peasants who created '93, these influences become strong, useful and civilized.

The upward transition in the body politic is the purpose of sociological thought. The same liberty, fraternity, equality: the same educated guidance of the powers within man, is the purpose of psychological thought. These two are the very centers of human progress; necessary to the welfare of the normal individual, the sick and the neurotic alike. Upon expansion and development of the forces of the undercurrent of consciousness, both personal and social, the future of the race and of the individual depends. Knowledge of the instincts and emotions, of the will and desires, of all the elements, in the world below the level of casual thought, is the greatest need of mankind. For without understanding them terrible conditions have developed in society and sad devastations in the life of individuals.

The present-day belief in the unconscious is not a matter of theory among psychologists who carry on practical work. It has been driven home to them by repeated evidence. Indeed such thinkers state that except as explained by the inner depths, many of the problems dealt with by modern psychology would not be understandable at all. A typical example of such a problem is that of a young man endowed with creative ability but utterly unable to use his power. What causes the stoppage? The new psychology looks behind, not only into the boy's personal life but into his ancestors, beginning the investigation with his grandfather.

Picture in your mind in the Boston of eighty or ninety years ago a young lad of a romantic and emotional type; his mind filled with dramatic impulses; his eyes lured by color and action; his senses responsive to all the human drama about him. Such a creative impulse would today have led him into a career in literature, playwriting, dramatic criticism, or possibly art or sculpture, but in the Boston of the 1820's and '30's there was little opportunity for the creative and artistic type. Among the Puritans of that day he appeared almost as an evil waster of time, as might a member of the Greenwich Follies in a church choir. In consequence, to satisfy his restless urge, he ran away to sea; for sailing to Bremen and Hamburg, Marseilles and Genoa gave expression to his adventurous nature.

In due time this sailor-lad married a conventional Puritan maiden whose idea of motherhood, when her own child was born, began and ended with discipline. The son by the time he had reached his twenties thought and acted in his mother's pattern.

There was little active evidence in him of his father's nature.

When his own turn came to marry he chose a Vermont lassie in a little mountain village, and there settled down to run the corner grocery store. The height of the young people's ambition was to save fifteen cents a day from their meager returns.

Their own boy, however, seemed not to inherit the penurious practicality of his parents, but rather the somewhat lurid and adventurous spirit of the seafaring grandfather. From infancy he was prone to wander from home, following the trout streams, watching the sun on the water, listening to the birds and basking on the moss. He began early to write verses and stories, interspersing his attempts with curious drawings of the life about him. These expressions of his creative ability elicited only displeasure from the parents. Writing stories was to them a waste of time, the little drawings appeared foolish, and wandering in the woods a vicious evidence of laziness. For all of these activities the little lad was severely punished and driven into a state of open rebellion. They determined on their part to make him as punctual as the town clock, as narrowly practical as the grocery-store counter and as accurate in weighing a pound of sugar to the last grain as the very scales themselves; and he quite unconsciously determined to keep some semblance of individuality and independence; some remnants of that joyous creative spirit that was as necessary to his nature as life itself.

The struggle went on through Grammar and High School with increasing vigor on the parents' part, with bitter loneliness and morbid confusion within the boy, and needless to say, the parents won.

At twenty-two the lad had the desire for creative expression still left in him, but the ability to draw and write was entirely gone. He left Vermont for New York with the hope of one day achieving success in literature, but he found himself a miserable failure, apparently devoid of imagination, lacking in emotion and heavy and conventional in his ideas. Six months of struggle found him behind a drygoods counter, broken-hearted and bitter and convinced of his own impotence. This might have been the end had the heart in him been weak, but the old-seafaring grandfather had done his work too well and the inherited tendencies would not rest. They kept shoving, pushing and aggravating against the young lad's conviction that he was a failure. In a few years, he was flat on his back with a nervous breakdown and in six months more life was hanging in the balance. Fortunately the doctor in charge of the case knew something of the new methods, and finding no outward causes of the physical condition, logically enough looked inward. The young man's conscious mind was normal enough. He thought well, if somewhat prosaically. His social attitude was sound, but beneath the surface a restless, moulten, blind rebellion, was forever surging, clashing forth in brooding expressions of the eye, in the drop of the lips, in the taut paleness of the features, in the bitter undertone in the voice and in the whole cynical attitude. Interested in the case, the doctor determined to use all of his psychological understanding, and within a few months had lifted from the unconscious depths experience after experience of the childhood days. He explained, interpreted and translated the infantile wounds, working on the mass of repressed emotions, slowly freeing the

torpid imagination, bringing back to the inner self the conviction that it had a right to its own liberated life, an unalienable right which the parents in their ignorant authority and earth-bound practicality had denied.

The first gleam of hope brought a turn in the tide and the promise of renewed health. With it, through the period of convalescence came again the urge of creative expression; the childhood impulses to write, to versify and to draw. In six months more, a story had been accepted in a magazine and within a year the young man was on his feet in the world of writing where his spirit belonged.

Such cases, and they are many, can be explained from no angle by any understanding of the conscious mind; indeed, throughout the life of the Vermont lad, his conscious mind was in very good order indeed. The area of trouble lay always well below the depths in that responsive belt which is so upon the surface in early childhood, and unless we are willing to accept the idea that the unconscious is only that finer part of the conscious mind which society by repeated attacks has driven below the surface, we must conclude that the unconscious is undeniably there.

If the average individual could fully realize the importance of the inner forces to the success and happiness of his life, he would leave no stone unturned in his endeavor to fully understand them. For there are millions—literally—whose lives could be transformed by a real knowledge of the nature of the instincts and emotions, sentiments and desires, will and motives, which create the undercurrent of every life and rule its outer destiny.

There has been no more mooted point than the

unconscious mind and nothing so utterly obvious and simple. For some reason, even many of its advocates have drawn a mystery about it as if it were a strange and wonderful—sometimes a horrible thing, that only profound and mystic minds could comprehend. But this again is far from the truth. The unconscious is neither unusual nor occult, nor even debatable. It is one of those things with which the average man is so familiar that he needs but the key to have the whole hobgoblin unmasked.

Willy Wilson has a habit of biting his fingernails. He has been told not to do it but he is quite unaware of it and so finds the habit difficult to break. He is also given to wrinkling up his nose when he doesn't like something. In fact there are scores and scores of things that Willie does automatically: as a matter of habit, quite unconsciously one might say. Every act of habit is an expression of the unconscious mind. Habit is one of its simple, every-day aspects with which we are all familiar. When a habit is performed so that we direct it with conscious intent it ceases to be a habit. There is nothing very difficult or strange about this aspect of the unconscious.

For the last five years Mildred Moulton has been a successful story writer. Her *Adventures of B. Brown* have appeared in all the popular railroad journals. Mildred is particularly given to vivid descriptions and writes with a realistic pen. She loves to watch her characters' queer, personal kinks and quaint ways as they come stalking from her mind. She can often recognize their traits as belonging to this or that acquaintance she has met in the forty odd years of her eventful life.

Mildred is only reassembling people and situations from the storehouse of memory. She is quite un-

aware of the things she has seen, heard, experienced in one way or another, until they come pouring up to consciousness.

Memory is a very important part of the unconscious. All that you are not thinking of at this moment you are quite unaware of. It is lying dormant in the undercurrent of your thoughts. It may be affecting your thought even as an object below the surface of water may affect the current about it. But it is below the level of awareness. When a thought is retained in the mind so that it is constantly thought about we are continually aware of it. It is then not yet sent to memory and hence not dealt with by the unconscious; but as it goes out of present attention into memory it may pass to depths close to the surface of consciousness or be buried at great depth in the undercurrent of thought. In the latter case it is only brought to the surface after repeated divings. It may, moreover, be so placed in memory that a path is left to it: a chain of connected ideas which conscious thought easily follows as a diver might follow an anchor chain or it may have been hidden away in confusion or repressed because it makes the mind unhappy to think about it. In such a case it is very difficult to locate it.

There is nothing very new or strange about these aspects of the unconscious. We use them every day, every hour. Even a child knows that what he isn't thinking about or can't remember he is unaware of and that it is thus buried in unconsciousness.

Jane Addams once told about being misunderstood as a child for "story telling." She meant to tell the truth but all sorts of interesting ideas would come to mind out of her imagination. They so fascinated

her that she had to talk about them. Many brilliant children have this imaginative quality.

Imagination is part of the unconscious. It comes into play in some degree every hour of the day in every man's life: when he pictures some scene or event, decides whether or not he likes some plan or person. By far the greatest per cent of thought is like a series of moving pictures, flashed by the projector of imagination on the screen of consciousness. The drama of the undercurrent of thought and feeling is being acted out in scenes and close-ups for the benefit of the conscious judgment. There is a censor who passes upon the pictures to be sure, who is seldom wise in what he lets pass and in what he prohibits. There is nothing very weird or difficult about this image-making part of the unconscious.

If space would permit, one might go through attribute after attribute of the mental processes which we use in every-day thought and with which we are so familiar that we can prove them all; and relate each to the unconscious.

We are, for example, seldom aware of our emotions until they rise up to master consciousness. In fact we know them but in small degree as they surge within us through the drama of every-day events. Our sentiments come welling up from the depths and change the whole face of nature, but even when we are conscious of them they are difficult for us to analyze, so buried are they in the depths of ourselves.

Most clearly of all our instincts come but indirectly into consciousness and few can tell the whys and wherefores at any time of an instinctive impulse. A Stevenson has an instinct for the right word; a Turner an instinct for color; a Morgan a "sense" of

finance. We can all cite evidences of unaccountable capacities; from the mathematical prodigies to Aunt Susan's knack of making cake—"and she couldn't tell you how she does it to save her life."

Thus it is not alone the world of dreams and phantasies, upon which special emphasis has been placed in approaching the unconscious; nor yet the illusions and premonitions, foibles and fears which fill studies of the neurotic aspects of the subliminal depths but upon the every-day factors of life that proof of the unconscious depends. The more unusual elements are there and an amazing story they tell of the human mind. The greater part of the unconscious nature, however, is concerned with habits and memories, will and motive, desires and purposes, likes and dislikes, instincts and emotions, qualities that come into play in the simple activities of every hour.

Whatever we are not consciously doing, thinking or feeling is done, sensed or experienced unconsciously. And after all there is nothing very new or remarkable about such a discovery, nor unduly difficult or mysterious in the deeper aspects of the unconscious: unless we want to make them seem so to satisfy a sense that human nature is an awful and incomprehensible thing.

There is one factor of the self that even a moron recognizes: and this is his own feelings. We know today that there is a distinct relation between the unconscious and the whole world of feeling. According to Professor Seashore, "feeling is a mass formation of undifferentiated associations." Although interested in defining feeling, Professor Yerkes gives a explanation of the unconscious that would satisfy Freud himself. He speaks of it as "inexplicably woven with knowing and willing." This is a veri-

table picture of the inner world. It is a region of feeling, that unites knowing and willing and no one can claim that he is at any one time more than one quarter aware of it.

The reasoning process of the conscious mind is but a small part of the life of the mind. William James remarks, "reason is only one out of a thousand possibilities in the thinking of each of us." We have but to recall all that we know of habit, emotion, instinct and the whole motive realm of human activity to see how true is James' statement. Observation of ourselves, our children, and our associates, moreover, proves conclusively enough that reason is only one out of a thousand possibilities. And as reason is an essential factor of consciousness we see how small a part intellectuality plays.

We might be willing to maintain for scientific purposes that division of the conscious and the unconscious is not more existent than is the equator. Yet there is certainly a hotter climate and a totally different life at the zone where the equator bisects the earth than at the North Pole; and theoretic or not what we associate with that line is not associated with the Arctic. Debate over words is wasted breath and much is wasted in the name of science. The unconscious is a term. It defines the torrid zone of the mind. Marshall has proved that it has consciousness in it; so has the tropics cool nights, yet it is a warm zone. Let us recognize then, that there is no hard and fast line between the conscious and the unconscious nor of any of its thoughts and affections. These pass back and forth across the imaginary equator that serves the same practical purpose in charting our minds that it does in dividing the earth.

"Affection," as Yerkes remarks, "is a simple and elementary fact of consciousness which is not referred to any particular bodily organ and which tends to diminish in clearness as it is examined." In other words, as we study our affectability we see it fading back across the equator into the oblivion of the unconscious, and recognize that we are more affected in ways to which we are unaware than in the conscious area. Yerkes has carried the thought one step further when he speaks of feeling as "the background of our awareness," a better and clearer term for what is meant by the unconscious than most of those in use in psychoanalysis and psychiatry.

Upon this background the images of thought are drawn like figures upon an artist's canvas: the visual life of the mind. The foreground in this classification becomes our consciousness: what we are at the moment, sensing, perceiving and thinking.

Suppose we picture Lloyd George as he ponders upon the political problem of how to return the Liberal Party to power. His mental process is by no means one of consciousness. Masses of experience, memories and emotions come into play; some of them tending to throw light upon the problem, some interfering with rational thought. The instinct of pugnacity and the emotion of anger are particularly of this latter type. We can picture Lloyd George as not at all times reasonable where some political enemy has involved his elemental emotions. The instinct of repulsion and the emotion of disgust might also cloud his judgment; while emphasis on the instinct of self-assertiveness might cause undue elation and later the despondent reactions of subjection or abasement.

Thus, clearness of thought is not necessarily the

result of the influence of the undercurrent of instinct and emotion upon judgment and reason. On the other hand, these very factors might stimulate the conscious perception into real keenness. It is probable that Lloyd George's greatest diplomatic achievements were instinctive, and every political success the result of his magnetic emotionalism. It is doubtful if he could have carried on through the war if his unconscious mind had not been of the vividly imaginative type so that he was able to visualize consequences and picture distant activities.

Without knowledge of the undercurrent of human life no true picture of character is possible. Imagine trying to understand the poet Poe in terms of a quotient of consciousness! Intelligent he was; but the exact percentile of each attribute that makes up the total of a mental age would leave us still in the dark as to the genius of the man. For genius is not to be thus evaluated. With all his brilliance of thought and imagery Poe was essentially a man of feeling. His life was "inexplicably woven with knowing and willing" and these two forces were often in sad conflict.

It matters little whether we recognize the unconscious as a separate area or consider it only as consciousness driven inward. There may be "scientific consciousness" in every atom of the zone below but that does not destroy it. There is air in the water and water in the air but this does not abolish the fact of the ocean and the sky.

We might say that the unconscious includes all the animal and human qualities, inherited attributes, racial traits, ancient symbols, experience residue and the whole area of impulse. The unconscious in no sense inhabits the brain: it is active throughout the

whole organism. The glandular system, the nervous system, the spinal marrow and the lower brain are the particular centers of unconscious activity. It is in these that reflex and sensation, instinct and emotion are particularly manifest.

G. Stanley Hall makes the clarifying statement that the mind is like an iceberg with one-eighth above and seven-eighths below consciousness. Doctor Mayo offers a somewhat less extreme division. He declared before the medical association in Chicago in 1923 that 75 per cent of human action is controlled by the unconscious and 25 per cent by conscious thought.

Whatever the exact measure the only road to self-realization and out of the slavery of unintentional action is through knowledge of the forces in the undercurrent. Education is the process of leading the unconscious out into consciousness.

CHAPTER VII

DIRECTIVE INSTINCT

Miss Mawn came into the office with an alert step, the efficient little secretary to Rudolph Micron, the chemical engineer. Doctor Ess smiled, knowing the consultation must be over a simple vocational problem. He was right and wrong: the question was vocational but not simple; for there were two of the lady, one of them brisk and exact and apparently happy; another self, in the world down behind, was holding in enough disappointment to satisfy a Russian novelist. Neither of the two could remotely report what the trouble was.

The matter ran back several generations and when the secret came to light it was called "maternal instinct." Miss Mawn was a born mother, a rare type, as gifted in nurture as a Caruso in melody. Unlike a genius for music, she couldn't and wouldn't admit her endowment, even to herself. In consequence, she was as miserable as Heifetz would have been in Colonial New England when fiddling was "of the devil." In the days when art was unholy, the Whistlers of that age must have felt Miss Mawn's blind yearning and not understood the reason. Doctor Ess had no such difficulty, and being practical he looked for a way around the matter.

The little lady has now left the statistical service of Professor Micron. She is head nurse in a children's hospital and their voices bring music and

color to her days. Maternal instinct has been given some expression at least.

There is no driving force more irresistible than instinct for it destroys whoever resists it. Jonathan Peters, the lighthouse keeper at Fog's Point, didn't understand it that way, however, and had often punished his son for his social instinct. Excessively gregarious, he had run away from the desolate place seeking his fellows. Jonathan had never felt such a need; he delighted in the mere voice of the sea.

Instinctive endowments differ. Frankie Brandt had been the trial of his mother's life. In his mixture the hunting instinct was inherited from some old Norseman and took prominent place in directing his activity. At six he and his dog, of uncertain breed but decided disposition, started hunting the neighbor's cats, Mrs. Payson's pet Persian in particular. At eight he played wild Indian in realistic fashion and by ten had started a vacation habit of leaving their Maine camp, with bow and arrow and fishing pole, to return when his instinct was satiated. By thirty he had become leader of an expedition to South America and is now the gifted director of a museum.

The bird which builds its nest is functioning in obedience to an instinct. The whole insect world shows a marvelous response to instinctive capacity. It is this force which makes the silk moth lay her eggs upon the mulberry tree and the infant caterpillar, when hatched, immediately start the process of feeding. No parent instructs them. Instinct serves the purpose of parent, teacher, guide and protector. It is instinct again which at the proper age guides the mature caterpillar in the intricate process of spinning a cocoon. It is instinct which lulls her

to sleep within the self-wrought silky chamber and directs her forces, when, as a matured moth, she tears a way through the cocoon and stretches new-born wings in the sun. It is instinct which guides her in flight and directs that brief span which culminates in more eggs upon more mulberry trees and so the process goes on.

There are certain varieties of single-cell amœba who pick up from the bottom of the sea only quartz-particles for their crustacea; others which seem exactly like these minute jelly-fish pick up clay; still others, microscopic silicate. These little animals are the lowest form of life, yet they never mistake the quartz, the clay, or the silicate; a knowledge few college graduates manifest. The power that guides them is instinct.

An instinct, in the thought of the average man is typified by the capacity of a bloodhound to follow an old scent. This, however, is not an instinct at all, but comes from keen sense of smell. Only the hunting impulse which quickened the dog's olfactory nerves is instinctive.

So intimately connected, even in animals, are physical activities with their psychical counterparts, that little obvious separation is possible. In her homing journey, the carrier pigeon uses her eyes and perhaps other sensory powers, yet senses alone would not direct her flight. The bird, building a nest, and the cat protecting her kittens use physical and mental capacities as well as maternal instinct, yet this is the motivating force.

When a woodsman complains of his little boy's stupidity, demanding "why didn't yer use yer common sense?" he is speaking of a fourfold ability, one-quarter of which may be built upon judgment or

reason, another quarter on sensory alertness, but with a full half rounded out by instinct. Without this basic element, common sense is undependable.

Within the last few centuries, such great emphasis has been placed upon reason that instinct has fallen into neglect. Analytic processes of judgment have been pushed to the forefront by scientific and statistical tendencies. We have extolled intelligence, quite unaware that instinct gives direction to thinking capacity. Edison, we say, has scientific and mechanical intelligence; Rodin and Whistler, possessed artistic understanding. Morgan and Rothschild financial sense; Lloyd George political astuteness. We have not, however, questioned what mental power differentiated these phases of intelligence. Instinct, which is at the root of all our capacities, has escaped serious consideration.

When shortly after leaving the shell, a partridge fledgling runs to cover at the first sign of danger, instinct is at work. When Mozart turns to the piano at the age of three from an impulse for music, when Euclid's small son works out geometric problems in the sand, having never before seen or heard of them, instinct is again in action. The new-born kid of the mountain goat climbs to the highest projection of the rocky peak, even if only a few hours old. The child of a South Sea Island diver takes to the water from the same motivation.

Instinct is the inherited trend of intelligence, the result of capacities and tendencies stored up in the ancestral blood streams. Its antecedents may be as obvious as the ability of a fish to swim, or they may be hidden in the alchemy of a beneficent combination of inherited tendencies. But whether it is the musical genius of Kreisler, the inventive skill of Mar-

coni, or the philosophic tendencies of a James, instincts culminating from scores of strains form the foundation upon which the superior intelligence rests and determines the direction of the thought.

A butterfly will not gain the homing sense of the pigeon in a thousand generations, nor the pigeon the honey-seeking tendency of the fluttering instinct. Cod will not take to streams as the salmon do, nor eels fail to leave the sea at the proper age. Instinct is the broad basement of adaptive power, guiding animal and vegetable life to its proper fruition. By its means the seed seeks the right soil, the caterpillar finds the proper food, and man the appropriate surrounding, associates and occupation. Intelligence is conscious and instinct unconscious adaptation.

To teach that instincts are brutal is to commit mental murder. They are animal forces, to be sure, and reach every level of expression, but to give a boy a beating for his instincts and then complain at his apathy, is like throwing gold into the sea and despairing at poverty. God, rather than our own stupidity, is usually blamed where such procedures are in process. Seashore remarks that "instinct is the unconscious association formed in the life of the species." It is, as Drever expresses it, "an innate, impelling force, guiding cognition, accompanied by interest and emotion and at least partly determining action. Back of instinct is an undifferentiated capacity to strive, which we may call the life impulse or animate, while the instincts themselves are so many differentiated elements through which the vital energy pours, the motor-mechanisms being the instruments of the instincts." Thus instincts are directors of native behavior in the world of primary expression. It was originally their rôle to guide,

protect and stimulate learning. The whole animal world depends upon instinct for its impulse to action; vigorous response and continued activity are contingent upon the contentment which the expression induces.

Psychologists reject the notion that instinct is infallible inborn knowledge. It is not perfect. Yet, instincts alone have saved the human race from extermination for, as Woodworth expresses it, "a fully organized instinct is one where the necessary preparatory reactions are linked up closely with the main reaction-tendencies so that once the main tendency is aroused to activity the preparatory reactions follow with great sureness."

For practical purposes, we limit human instincts to those which can be proved and traced, omitting exceptional abilities. Adding to the compilations of James, Preyer, Schneider, and earlier psychologists, Thorndike has offered a list in his *Original Nature of Man* which is generally accepted as including at least the more evident instincts.

Central among these powers the maternal instinct must be recorded, for upon it depends the life of the race. It is an instinct, however, which though exalted by sentimentalists is shared by the human race with the lowest forms of living things. Habitation closely follows the maternal instinct. James remarks that "to seek a sheltered nook open only on one side into which he may retire and be safe is in man quite as specific as in birds to build a nest." The fact that we look back at the dark and unhealthy cave-dwellings of our ancestors, where the hunter and his squaw lived with a litter of children in an unsanitary intimacy which bred diseases that only

jungle vigor could withstand, does not take from the cave the lure of having been "home."

Future generations will certainly look back at the modern habitation as an unhealthy breeder of mental and emotional pestilence, because of its enforced intimacies. Yet the instinct of habitation is such a driving power that man worships home in whatever form.

Gregariousness, that social instinct which draws men together for mutual protection, goes back to the very roots of animal life. It brings the pack of wolves or the school of herring together and closely relates to the instinct of habitation, since both are built upon the need for protection. The equally primordial instincts of migration, fighting and hunting, belong to most of the animal kingdom and are possessed in modified forms even by the vegetable kingdom. Hunting is only one phase of hunger and fighting of self-protection, while migration is indirectly accomplished by vegetables through seeds blown in the winds and burs stuck on the coat of animals and the clothing of man.

The instincts of acquisition and possession are kindred to those of collecting and hoarding. Upon them is built much of the wealth and most of the security in the world. Imitation is accepted by many psychologists as primary, and refuted by others, while manipulation is given a high rating among behaviorists and anthropologists who emphasize the constructive tendency in man from which the forces of civilization have sprung. In its positive aspects manipulation might be seen as the instinct of work, as contrasted with that of play. Various combinations of other minor instincts have been made, such as the instinct for adorment, clean-

liness, kindness, greed, tormenting and bullying, although these are in large measure either combinations of primary instincts or modified by emotional influences.

With regard to instincts and impulses as motive forces of individual and social activity, Professor William McDougall, of Harvard University, has made important researches. In his *Social Psychology* he presents a list of instincts and emotions in double harness:

The instinct of flight and the emotion of fear.
The instinct of repulsion and the emotion of disgust.
The instinct of curiosity and the emotion of wonder.
The instinct of pugnacity and the emotion of anger.
The negative instinct of self-abasement and the emotion of subjection.
The positive instinct of self-assertion and the emotion of elation.
The parental instinct and the tender emotion and the impulse to protect.

Following these primary instincts he names others which include gregariousness, acquisition, construction (or manipulation), imitation, play and habit, and those that prompt crawling and walking. In a later chapter he touches upon the instinctive bases of religion, quoting the statement of Jastrow that "the religious instinct, so far as it goes, is innate in man." Under the term "religious" should be included the supposed higher instincts with which metaphysics and philosophy have dealt, as forming the spiritual nature of man. Neither Jastrow nor McDougall are intentionally slighting these higher forces in dealing with spiritual tendencies under the head of a single instinct, but as men of science whose methods

are empirical, they make no classification of that which they have not so far investigated. One of the sad mistakes of spiritually minded people is underestimation of the efforts of science. In obedience to pragmatic standards, it leaves later generations to find proof of those forces with which the metaphysical and religiously minded are primarily concerned. Because we leave as an open question what the full measure of human instincts may be, we do not deny their possibility or probability. The force which guides the wild duck across thousands of miles of sea is certainly not the instinct of habitation, though love of some region may be the motive force. Habitation is the instinct which originally found or built a home, not the ability to return to it. Again, the instinct which guides even the pig back to its sty, making it capable of swimming rivers on its journey, or which directs a dog to his master, is not the instinct of habitation. It may, however, be an animal love which, in the human, belongs to the realm of the spiritual and in him comes under the general classification of religious instinct.

Curiously enough, the lists of instincts presented by the social psychologists seldom include those recognized by behaviorists, and students of the physiological aspects of the subject: such primitive instincts which appear at birth as nursing, sneezing, hiccoughing, yawning, crying and blinking, or those still more fundamental reactions to protect the face. Professor Watson describes an instinct as "a combination of congenital responses, unfolding serially under appropriate stimulation . . . each element in the pattern is conceivably a reflex."

The point of view of W. H. R. Rivers seems in the

large most sympathetic to this attitude as his discovery of the all-or-none law would bear out. He shows that a nerve impulse under instinctive action is always the same quite regardless of changes in the surroundings. That is, there is all or no response. Rivers simplifies instinct into three groups:

1. Self-preservation	appetite—hunger instincts danger instincts
2. Race-preservation	parental instincts sex instincts
3. Herd-instincts	suggestion sympathy intuition initiation

Although recognized by all psychologists as primary, approaches to the problem of the instincts have been varied indeed. A. G. Tansley, making instinct the very basis of his attitude states in *The New Psychology* that "the inherited instincts of man form the bases on which the whole of his mental activity is built up," and "as a result of the working of these instincts on the experience presented to the mind mental complexes are brought into being which determine the form of the further working of the instincts, and, indeed nearly the whole life of the mind. The remarkable complications and contradictions which the mind displays are due to the interactions of these complexes, which, always motivated by instinct, frequently interfere with and frustrate each other's activity."

In a concluding chapter Tansley shows that we

must learn the direct and indirect workings of the instincts if we are to overcome conflict, doubt, confusion and unstable-mindedness, and bring the mind into harmony with its environment. Man can never be freed of the action of his instincts for they are the very driving force of life itself. He can, however, "gain an ever-increasing knowledge of them and of their workings, direct and indirect in himself and in his fellowmen. And with the knowledge comes power, as objective knowledge always brings power, power not to abolish or deny his instincts, but to provide them with channels in which they can find their legitimate and necessary satisfaction, and can do useful work for himself and for the herd, for in the long run his interests cannot be divorced from the herd."

Dealing with the instincts in his *Chapters from Modern Psychology,* President James R. Angell of Yale rightly cautions against the idea that they are "set" forces.

> In the first place, the conception of the mind as a spiritual entity born into the world with perfect innocence, the "trailing clouds of glory" hypothesis, is not at all in keeping with the facts which modern biology and psychology present, provided this notion be taken to mean that the mind has no inherent predispositions. The mind, so far from appearing on the scene devoid of all specific traits, comes into being with certain perfectly definite tendencies already stamped into its every fibre. They find their physical counterparts and their physiological foundation in the reflex activities of the nervous system. These instincts are, to be sure, in no sense perfectly rigid dispositions to action. They present a very large degree of flexibility, but they are, for all that, none the less predetermined and none the less the basis of inclinations and prejudices which color the entire conscious life from birth to death.

An even more important warning is given by Stuart Paton in *Signs of Sanity*. Speaking of the common mistake of thinking of instinct as a separate animating force rather than as part of the whole life of the individual, he says:

> At this point a word of caution may be said in regard to the ordinary use of the term "instinct." Although it is very convenient to speak of fear, hunger, sex, herd and other reactions as if they were specific instincts, we must be very careful not to accept these artificial and rigid distinctions as corresponding with the actual conditions. This is one of the errors the Freudian psychology has committed. Dewey has pointed out that the treatment of sex by the psychoanalysts flagrantly exhibits both "the consequences of artificial simplification, and the transformation of social results into psychic causes." We must accustom ourselves to regard all these so-called specific instinctive reactions as responses of the entire organism, taking place in an environment that is constantly changing. The reactions involved in fear, hunger, sexual gratifications include the entire organism, and this is a point of great practical importance in making provision for the proper control of these activities.

All in all as we see instincts from varying points of view, it must appear that primary as they are, expression of them is always combined with other forces. No instinct in man appears alone, nor must we attribute any separate action to it. It is the whole man who acts, not a creature in pieces. We know that instinct is a complex disposition, formed of the forces that make it possible for us to perceive definite objects, of impulses which determine the flow of energy into whatever expressions compose instinctive activity. We recognize that an instinct once satisfied ceases to be a driving force in thought

or action, and that when the stream of instinct is dammed up little intelligence seeps through the dry bed of intellect. Just as many a small brook carries more water than a broad desert river, so intellect without instinct is only a stagnant creek.

The Darwin School believes that instinct was developed by the principle of natural selection, a thought which seems to relate it to the "directive consciousness" inherent in vegetable life; the "realm of mind-stuff" of Professor Clifford's researches. If instinct is so fundamental as this, Harvey O'Higgins' quotation of Doctor Reede that "If you succeed in actually sending one of your instincts to perdition, it takes you with it, via failure, neurosis, insanity, sickness" is certainly justified.

Instinct is not so much a part of our life as existent behind it, operative in countless ways through more complex actions and manifold expressions. Instincts are literally enmeshed in our desires, emotions and sentiments and involved in the will and imagination.

Some of the more conspicuous expressions of the herd-instinct, for example, such as patriotism, ostracism, conformity, obedience, conscience, custom and convention, are by no means simple expressions of gregariousness, and yet they are inseparable from it. Herd-instinct in its crude form is witnessed in the force which brings together the flocks of birds and a mob. It appears in a complex constructive form in the great social and political reforms and in its destructive manifestation in such activities as are carried on by censorship leagues. Tansley remarks: "It is well for us to realize that we constantly act like sheep, like monkeys, or like wolves, as well as in virtue of the same instinct many are ready to

die for their country and a few to live for it, or even for the human race."

To come down to the hard earth of every-day activities, from these necessary inquiries of science into the nature of instinct—we ask: "Well, what is instinct to me? How does it affect my bread and cake in tomorrow's sum of happiness and sorrow?"

If I ask myself the question: "What are my own dominant instincts?" and balance the conclusion with an equally full answer to: "What are the opportunities of my life?" the importance of instinct becomes oppressively clear. For here is the secret of most of the curious unvoiced unhappiness that trouble us all in secret. Miss Mawn, for example, was inexplicably unhappy—maternal instinct was destroying her by its restless urge. The solution did not require that she follow the customs of antiquity to satisfy this gripping impulse; a change from the matter-of-fact routine of statistics to the human nurture of a children's hospital met the question. Jonathan Peters did not have a bad boy—but one who famished for need of his fellows.

The striking discovery of modern research—that instinct cannot be disobeyed and health, sanity and happiness remain, is an immensely practical point in every human life.

If you are dominated by a love for home, you cannot take a job in China and not die of nostalgia. If the instinct for pugnacity is strong and the emotion of anger easily aroused—its repression will poison your blood, excite your glands, injure your health, confuse your mind. You must get a punching bag, or take to some active form of work that will make a harmless drainage for this energy.

If the instinct of self-abasement is strong in you,

seek employment—do not work in competitive fields —but refuse to work for one hour with dominating superiors. They will drive your sensitive nature into an early grave where another type might well bear up under the same situation. If you are naturally acquisitive, don't take to art or poetry or the ministry as a profession. If curiosity is strong in you, become a reporter or a detective, but avoid living in a suburban neighborhood.

Don't place yourself in situations where your instincts can be sent to perdition and take you with them. Because people do this—we have sickness, unhappiness, failure. An instinct given right expression invariably brings a sense of satisfaction and joy. If yours is to seek beauty, seek it—but refuse the urge of your life and life refuses you its bounty.

True success is the result of that spiritual arrogance in relation to the world's stupid precepts which says: "God gave me this instinct—I will find the right use for it, but no power on earth shall make me destroy it—and thus part of myself." Repression of instinct is a form of suicide. Judgment as to the right ways of expression is one of the primary lessons in intelligent living.

Refuse to place yourself where negative instincts can be aroused. If the instinct of repulsion and the emotion of disgust is quickened in you by the presence of some person or thing—leave it or him. You will serve no one nor anything by remaining. Stay, and in the end you will fail and have the years of misery for your reward. Depart—and time will justify your wisdom. Disobey instinct and it destroys you. Use it wisely and it gives you wisdom that sometimes seems magical. Instinct helped build

the Parthenon. It guided the painting of the Sistine Chapel; it empowered the elder Vanderbilt in making a fortune and Ford in making a car. Its use is success. Its abuse is animality. Its repression is failure. Intelligence is the structure; instinct the foundation of wisdom.

CHAPTER VIII

EMOTION

It was at the theater. Mr. Briar leaned forward in his seat, his pulse rapid, his breath coming in fitful gasps. His body swayed back and forth, he swallowed hard. Upon the stage the last act of *Blind Depths* was drawing to its close. It had pulled Mr. Briar's soul out of that thick convention which every one accepted as the man. Years of longing had leaped to meet the passion in the play. Loneliness, brooding sorrow, an engulfing craving for Helen swept over him. Fed by the drama, a sea of bitterness burst its dykes.

In the whirling oblivion a score of forgotten emotions were contending for mastery. There was blind rage, born twenty years before, when Helen had gone with Tom Farwell, anger held down through long years by the iron mask that made Mr. Briar's every-day image. It had been a double blow for Tom was his best friend. There was disgust, an overwhelming sense that moved in him irresistibly. He loathed the feeling of intrigue, the infidelity of broken troth and betrayed friendship. Most of all, he hated himself, because he knew that it was he who had failed. If he had been a different, a bigger and more understanding person he might have won her back. She had lived to regret it. She had whispered so to him on her death-bed a few years later. And there was fear, haunting, stark fear, that in the æons to come he might never find her again, that

she might be lost in the universe; all because of his churlish inadequacy in the hour of test.

Like livid demons these emotions tossed the poor body of Mr. Briar about. The fat lady in the next seat looked at him and sniffed, her wrinkled nose announced her displeasure. The man behind craned his head irritably to avoid Mr. Briar's moving figure. Why couldn't the fellow sit still? But these things mattered not at all to that sudden-born poet. His spirit was treading the thin, green edge between heaven and hell.

The heroine lifted her head. She smiled. She raised her lips. The lovers met in a kiss that abolished eternity. Mr. Briar sank into his seat with a sigh of wonder: a mounting sense of elation warmed his spirit like old wine. He closed his eyes and felt an almost holy touch upon his brow—brushing down his cheek. There was singing in his ears. She—she was there.

An infinite tenderness pulsed in Mr. Briar's heart as he left the theater. He bought a paper from a little urchin and forgot his change. The stream of humanity moved about him, chattering, worldly, weary: they were all celestial figures in a wedding march. They had been with him in his reawakening.

Strangest of all mysteries: the emotions that stir within the human heart, the battling, trembling, wounded feelings that sleep beneath the stiff masks of men's appearances. The seeming so belies the fact if measured by unseeing eyes. Deep down inside, how contrary the gamut of longings, dreamings, sensations from those shown to the world outside. Different, indeed, from those which we ourselves even know most of the time. Think of yourself for a moment.

There are childhood emotions, buried deep, almost successfully forgotten:—the black sense of subjection that adults heaped upon you. There were the times your soul stormed against a heavy-fingered world. Those failures to understand you—you laugh about them now, yet suddenly a book, a play, an event betrays you—old wounds still bleeding.

There were the injustices—your anger rises unawares at times and you try to feel ashamed of it, but you don't. And then there were those early tender emotions; the wholeheartedness of your love before the mantle of sophistication and unholy wisdom was wrapped about you. You know better now than to give yourself utterly to love—or you think you do. Once you were wise enough to know that it was the only way to bliss; once you dared, before fear sold youth for the empty values of maturity.

Take from a man, his intelligence, his will, his uttered principles, his apparent purposes, and leave emotion—most of the man is still there, most of what makes him do and be; live and wish to live. But, take emotion instead and not even an echo is left. Without it there is no desire, no urge to think, no will to be, no pulse in the body, no heart or principles or purpose. Emotion is the blood of the soul. Once lost, the spirit dies of anæmia and all its thoughts and motives with it. One sees men dying slowly in this way, as emotion ebbs out, is clogged or crushed down. Suddenly they snap, and the press notices call it "over-work."

The coldest, hardest man who mocks emotion and makes a fetish of the intellect nevertheless has so much of this strange, warm force imprisoned in him as to amaze—if suddenly destiny or a crisis tears off the mask—takes the soul unaware.

There is perhaps no aspect of human personality more unsatisfactorily treated by psychologists in general than emotion—if the opinions of the average man are any guide. The experience of opening the usual text book expecting to find an adequate picture of emotion is much like dropping into a refrigerating plant when dressed to visit a blast furnace.

Even the psychoanalytical picture is little better. Emotion in Freudian hands still keeps the algebraic X which ends their synonym for the word. It stirs a suspicion that it is as wild and terrible as Siegfried's dragon and that it made the original suggestion to the serpent who tempted Eve with the apple. An all-engulfing, cloying, thick, passionate vapor issues from the mouth of emotion when seen from this angle. The very air trembles with phallic symbols while blood drips from an August fog. It is a fervid, fuming, tumultuous picture.

Between the desiccated northern blast of psychology and the moist Stygian intimacy of psychoanalysis, there must be some safe and sane measure of the vibrant, human feeling with which the man in the street is familiar. He knows that without emotions life would be a hollow thing; and yet that they bring great capacity for suffering, making us human, gentle, tender and magnetic. It is these which bring us loneliness, solitude, and haunting fears. When repressed and congested we become as perverted as Scrooge, and as narrow and ignorant as the Puritans who burned the Salem witches. Animated by stirring emotion, we feel the impulses which made Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Browning and Lincoln. Yet emotions in their negative form produced Nero, Attila and Catherine de Medici. For emotions are

as capable of destructive as of constructive expression.

Think again of Mr. Briar's sensations at the play. In one short evening he ran the gamut of all the emotions we recognize as primary: fear, anger, disgust, wonder, elation, subjection and tenderness. Psychologists now place the major accent upon fear, while tender emotion is made to include all those glowing sensations that men since time was have felt in their hearts. The arrangement closely resembles Thirteenth Century Maps. Italy, France, Spain and the neighboring countries were once presented in somewhat distorted but nicely lettered detail; then came a casual mention of surrounding uncivilized regions which compose the rest of the world. So with tender emotion. Although it comprises the larger part of all feeling, it is placed at the end of the list like a least known area of barbarism. Yet tender emotion has literally filled the pages of fiction, drama and poetry. It gave romance its soul, and trembled in the songs of the troubadour. It is the very red blood in the spirit of love and inextricably involved with æsthetic emotion in the creation of beauty. Without passion art is dead. It chiseled the Winged Victory, painted fresco and canvas, composed symphony and song; it is the very flame of the human spirit. It lightens the eye, quickens the pulse and quivers like a tuned harp under the fingers of life.

Emotion is the psychic energy which bleeds in home-sickness and yearns for the touch of sympathetic hands. In its passion it feeds madness. Whenever and wherever the spirit is delirious with longing, tender emotion is in the thick of the psychic fray. Its warm breath quickens at the radiance of

a June morning, in a deeper way than wonder ever knew. Its feverish gasp comes at the height of experience with intensity far beyond any cold ecstasy of exaltation. Its sob is in the brooding of loneliness when the heart is so insulated from life that mere fear of physical injury or extinction is as nothing and cannot penetrate the blanket of misery about the soul.

Tender emotion nourishes love, but it is not love; that holy sentiment knows its own gamut of ecstasy and its pits of despair, but they are not those of tender emotion. Love necessitates at least a living object for its feeling; tender emotion can pall like the Monsoon in solitude. The very brain reels under its vaporous touch.

Æsthetic feeling is but a form of tender emotion and never found in passionless souls. Artists, sometimes, have been unable to stand or speak, literally numb from ecstasy after painting. Masterpieces in all the arts have sprung from the pitch of emotion. It is hard sometimes to have patience while science painfully discovers what musicians, poets, sculptors, writers have long known. There is more sound emotional psychology in Ibsen, Browning, Hugo, Barrie, Rodin, Wagner—in fact, wherever great expression is, than in all the textbooks combined. It is neither speculative nor unprovable, but rather so apparent that possibly it seems a little too simple and obvious to the mind searching for profundity.

As the sweep of feeling that comes in tender emotion and its intimate companions, joy and despair, is the greatest of positive sensations, so fear is the emotional negative. But fear has fewer subtle nuances. It is a livid being whose hypnotic power may stampede the soul as utterly as it grips a wild

deer in a ring of fire. The fingers of fear clutch at children left alone in the dark. They grip the throat of a mother who senses danger to her brood. Strong men know it in the face of death; the nervous feel it in high places,—upon the water—in crowded and in open spaces. Thunder, lightning, burglars and strangers, even snakes, bugs and mice are all capable of inspiring its stampede.

Fear of uncertainty, of strangers whose customs differ from our own goes back to the primary instinct of self-preservation. It is the terror which comes when we are outside our shell of routine. Fear and habit are invariably connected for "familiarity breeds contempt." We feel confidence in that which we know, and depend upon its power to protect us. We associate the stranger with possible attack from an enemy. Thus fear is a primitive pattern-reaction built on logical jungle terrors. Man has merely unintelligently carried it into modern life.

We get much light upon fear in the study of ancient custom and taboo. Wundt associates fear with totem and fetish, and in his studies of folk-psychology shows that terror literally grew up at disobedience to taboo or any failure to worship the totem. The impulse is connected with the mystical and the mysterious and involved with sickness, death and primitive ideas of the soul. Whenever they passed beyond a strict line of daily habit, primitive people were virtually stampeded, a condition common in all neurosis: terror commanded intelligence. Understanding of the element of habit in connection with fear has given center to the present technique in the control of this demon, for our modern neurotic terrors represent chiefly obedience to primitive

strains, as if some ignorant old ancestor had taken command of our minds.

Miss Lily Landon paints a picture of such neurotic obsessions. Since the age of three when a nurse closed her in a closet, she has had fear of dark, shut-in places. Subways, tunnels, narrow, dimly lighted streets at night, somber shadows in the woods, fill her with horror. But she is forced to travel. When her train is to pass through a long tunnel, Miss Lily's teeth chatter for hours beforehand. Her feet are cold, her face is white and set, fingers of ice move up and down her back. With all her will she restrains screams of wild anguish, and yet her intellect knows perfectly well that there is no more danger in the tunnel than when the train is speeding on the sunny track. Primordial depths in her, the wild, blind forces of the old lower brain have taken possession of her soul. Sunlight has become her totem—darkness her taboo.

However terrible such fear spasms may be, these objective fears, that torture many an apparently placid nature, are but part of the story. In popular parlance we have long limited fear to obvious frights at dogs, darkness and devils, but this is only its superficial aspect. There is subjective fear, that sense like a rising tide that creeps up and up as the stream of thought swirls closer and closer about the sense of some impending situation, or eddies in the backwater of some cavern of memory. Such fears are the more prevalent, doubts and anxieties depress millions, apprehensions and timidities imprison multitudes. Causeless, hidden fears thumb the backbone of most of us every time we pass over our little rim of habits into the unknown. Better a log of igno-

rance, we cry, than that mystical trust which trod the sea of Galilee.

Subjective apprehension is real fear, fed from the springs of terror, fear at the scimitar of fate about to descend. In the fog of inner uncertainty, doubt of life and God, through which desire drives the spirit, awestruck terror may come over the man. Men have died from such anguish as this. It is akin to that horror of the pit which kept primitive minds from "sailing off the edge of the world." It is the agony that dreams of dropping, dropping into bottomless space and darkness.

Fear is supposed to be connected with the instinct of flight. But this is true only of the objective aspects of fear; terror from thought causes, the memory and apprehension is as much connected with numbness, swooning, awe, subjection. Fear is the great negative sensation: an emotion connected with all the instincts. It is an opposite of elation, a negative of desire. Without the instinct for habitation and the desire for comfort and affluence there is no fear of privation and want. Without a tender emotion, we have no fear for the safety of our associates. When the instinct for self-preservation is gone, the fear of injury or death passes with it. Deprived of the lust for power, there is no fear of submission. This negative emotion has no separate existence of its own and is not truly a primary emotion. It is a parasite upon all primary instinct that sucks its life from each individual species. The various types often, as it were, belong to a basic desire. It is a disease upon that impulse, which suddenly appears to be the whole tree and if allowed to grow kills the parent stem.

Because fear develops so early and appears after

the most insignificant of infantile impressions—active in animals even more than in men—little note has been made of its purely derived character. It differs in this from all other emotions. Anger, wonder, disgust, elation, subjection and tenderness combine various instincts and depend upon the attention caused by desire. But even anger impells to action and subjection involves conditions. Fear is pure reaction, the negative of all instinct. Anger is our defense and subjection our acceptance of its domination.

Of other emotions, disgust carries its own definition from its prevalence in experience. It is induced by enforced contact with vapid goodness, cloying sentimentality, censorious morality, noxious odors, and the like.

Wonder possesses both positive and negative aspects. In its fineness it is produced by witnessing the glory of creation; a sensation better named awe. We feel it before a mountain, and when on the sea. It follows upon the sunrise and trembles beneath the Pleiades; it is expanding marvel. Wonder inverted is amazement. It comes from listening to suburban gossip, from the study of provincial opinion and general custom. Ultimately it arouses bewilderment at the prevalence of inanity, doubt of the soul when such vast evidences of Simian blood confront the spirit.

Anger needs no announcer. It arrives unceremoniously, produces confusion and at parting leaves the mind whirling. At its best it drives money-changers from the temple and comes not to bring peace, but a sword. It resembles the thunderstorm of a hot, July day and is equally useful. At its worst it perpetrates violence and commits murder. Its

general physiognomy, however, is so much better than that of hypocritical goodness that thought of it as in the Angel Gabriel is not inconceivable. As a cathartic, it has saved the souls of millions. Its repression has blighted as many more. It is harmless in the intelligent, and seldom found in entirely bad men.

Elation springs from the sense of power, usefulness, accomplishment, success. It follows sometimes when these are imagined as well as when they are achieved. It is akin to joy, that emotion given little place in lists offered by technical psychologies. Bergson writes of joy, "Nature has taken pains to give us notice every time this destiny (of right living) is accomplished; she has set up a sign which apprises us every time our activity is in full expansion; this sign is joy; . . . true joy . . . is always an emphatic sign of the triumph of life." Properly understood, the guidance in these words should bring revolution to many a philosophy.

The emotion of subjection moves hand in hand with the instinct of abasement. Parents consider it highly desirable in children and sometimes develop it until they produce vicarious souls, useful to run errands and do odd jobs about the home up to the age of ninety. It is the sense of yielding, preached by Victorian males as the highest virtue in woman, and, actually being a vice, it has served to turn the world upside down. Slavery, serfdom, militarism, prostitution and other criminal conditions are made possible by this emotion. It partakes in high degree of fear of the multitude, of authority, of life.

Of these two emotions, James says that much depends on "one's actual success or failure, and the good or bad actual

position one holds in the world. 'He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and said, "What a good boy am I!"' A man with a broadly extended empirical Ego, with powers that have uniformly brought him success, with place and wealth and friends and fame, is not likely to be visited by the morbid diffidences and doubts about himself which he had when he was a boy. 'Is not this great Babylon, which I have planted?' Whereas he who has made one blunder after another, and still lies in middle life among the failures at the foot of the hill, is liable to grow all sickled o'er with self-distrust, and to shrink from trials with which his powers can really cope."

"The emotions themselves of self-satisfaction and abasement are of a unique sort, each as worthy to be classed as a primitive emotional species as are, for example, rage or pain. Each has its own peculiar physiognomical expression. In self-satisfaction the extensor muscles are innervated, the eye is strong and glorious, the gait rolling and elastic, the nostril dilated, and a peculiar smile plays upon the lips. This whole complex of symptoms is seen in an exquisite way in lunatic asylums, which always contain some patients who are literally mad with conceit, and whose fatuous expression and absurdly strutting or swaggering gait is in tragic contrast with their lack of any valuable personal quality."

What is known as the James-Lange theory of emotion co-relates closely with the point of view of the behaviorists. James taught that bodily action such as weeping is essentially the emotion itself: that we feel sorry because we weep; discouraged because we sit in a slumped position, or elated when we take a bodily pose of vigor and happiness. This belief is not unqualifiedly accepted as a chief factor in the cause of emotion. We believe today that emotion is an inherited capacity, the expression of which is primarily determined by agreement or disagreement between the pattern of personality and the pattern of environment. When our tendencies

are stimulated by things or events which feed them, joyous emotion results. When the stimuli is negative, depressed sensations are the consequence.

The James-Lange theory, however, has certain elements of truth important in the practical study of behavior. If depressive emotion has started within us and we allow it to master physical activity so that we sit like a lump, the dejection rapidly increases. If, on the other hand, we meet emotion courageously and persistently maintain a poised and healthful attitude, the condition of melancholy passes, as will other types of emotion. The man whose habit-formation has grown into morbidness will be incapable of joy as a result of the happiest of events until he breaks through his habit shell. The James-Lange theory, then, measures the intensification, not the production of emotion.

Driven by the worries and weariness of everyday living most of us are interested in emotion only because a pressure of swaying feeling continually disturbs us. All sorrow and misery may be reduced to emotional states, and there are few subjects which concern us more than finding a way out of sadness back to joy.

Experience shows that the pressure of undrained wounded emotion plays a great part in creating fatigue, nervousness and worry even in youthful days. Injured feelings have, as it were, short-circuited the spontaneous energy of childhood. When harsh contacts react upon the emotions, the whole glandular system is excited, creating thyroid intoxication and adrenal stimulation. Doctor Cannon of Harvard has presented conclusive evidence of this physical reaction, based upon important researches.

Watson reduces all emotions to hereditary pattern-reactions, and shows that they create changes in bodily mechanism affecting not only brain and nerves but the endocrine glands and smooth muscles. From this point of view we gain a picture of the possible effects of generations of fear reactions upon man's physical organism. Our own susceptibilities, therefore, may be bred in the bone, a reactive tendency to which we ignorantly respond.

Undrained, wounded feelings may color the whole point of view toward life. We meet a man whose expression is sad. Mr. Andrews, let us call him. His eyes have lost that look of exhilarating hope and buoyancy that was his as a child. He speaks of the world in morbid, melancholy terms. His voice is sad, his attitude uncertain and illogical. Wells of brooding feeling, repressed anger, lonely tenderness, restless fears, any or all of these are in hidden tumult in his breast. In all states of emotion, imagination functions and memory has strong influence. We become angry more quickly when memory of past experience acts as a stimulator or imagination pictures the consequences; vivifies our senses of cause and effect. We have little disgust and no sense of wonder except where all of the mental faculties have come into play. Elation and subjection in particular require memory and imagination.

The central problem in dealing with emotional conditions is overcoming the spiritual lassitude which they engender. When involved in any disturbance of the feelings or repressed by fears and worries, the average person is driven chiefly by desire for vicarious cure. He is in much the same frame of mind as the child in the dark crying for its mother. The little one has no thought of overcoming his

timidity himself and facing the facts of a situation. Under pressure of his stampede he lies down and shrieks for maternal protection. It is this dependent attitude which stands in the way of self-realization in adult emotional pressure. It is the problem that must be dealt with by the consulting psychologist and it is equally an obstacle in personal efforts for self-development. So long as the individual is actually vicarious in his attitude little can be done for him and he can do even less for himself. Psychology is not a new kind of magic. It is a means by which the individual can, if he will, face the facts of his life and master them.

An excellent procedure in personal analysis is what is called the act of light and darkness. We bury, in dark corners of memory, the experiences in youth which hurt the feelings and were not understood. When they are brought up to the surface and weighed and measured by the power of reason, understanding comes upon them. This surrounds the circumstances as it were with light and they pass back to the mind no longer capable of throwing gloom over the nature.

A dramatic way of accomplishing this act of illumination is to picture oneself vividly in the form, appearance and state of mind of the time when the early wounds were experienced. In the early life of Mr. Andrews, for example, came a series of unhappy events which he failed at the time to understand, and regarding his own part of which his conscience is not entirely clear. He is told to permit himself as a boy to come to himself as a man and talk the matter over, just as he might discuss a similar situation with his son. Little Andrews, at the age of seven, then comes in fancy to middle-aged

Mr. Andrews' knee who goes quietly and penetratingly over the events of that seventh year. Again, a little later on, Andrews, the lad of twelve, is permitted to bring his youthful misunderstanding, or maybe later experiences of seventeen or eighteen. Mr. Andrews goes into every detail of the boyhood difficulty and gives to his juvenile self just such advice as he, mature and thoughtful man, would offer a nephew placed in the same circumstances.

This is one of the most successful and powerful forms of drainage, a potent means of removing from the unconscious, emotional residue which may be disturbing the life. It is literally a means of talking with the self, though it must be remembered that the inner mind is a symbol-thinking personality. It does not readily respond to abstract theory but literally soaks up the dramatized conversation between the image of itself in youth and the conscious mind of maturity. The writer has seen veritable miracles of release and self-realization come from this simple process of meditation.

We seldom experience primary emotions in the pure or unmixed forms in which they are manifest in animals. Most of our emotional states are a result of the compounding of a number of primary or simple emotions. In Michael Angelo's drawing of The Lost Soul for his painting of Hell he has compounded five emotions in the expression of the face: fear, anger, jealousy, awe, and despair which combine into the dominant mood of hate.

In discussing this subject, William McDougall points out that this compounding of primary emotions is due chiefly to the existence of sentiments from which the more complex emotional processes are generated. The term sentiment was formerly

related as a general name for all feelings and emotions. A. F. Shand, however, has made a new use of the word which McDougall believes will be adopted by other psychologists. He defines sentiment as an organized system of emotional dispositions centered about the idea of some object or class of objects that excite them. A man gains a hatred for secret societies. It is not a simple, primary feeling. Experience with some such organization, its members, its regalia, its predatory tactics, has built up thoughts, memories, evidences, convictions in the man's mind. About these mental forces masses of brooding emotion are gathered. His hate, a complicated feeling, results from the combination.

Although regarded by earlier students as emotions, love and hate fall clearly into the class of sentiments. Hate is a complex emotion of anger, fear, disgust: love includes beside tender feeling in the presence of the beloved objects sorrow at absence or loss, fear of their danger and gratitude to others who bestow favors upon them. One may love or hate a man when he is not in present thought and when one is not experiencing emotion of any kind. Love and hate are not merely emotions but enduring tendencies to sense certain feelings when the loved or hated object comes to mind. We can reduce most of our actions to love and hate and see even the ethical contrast between saint and criminal in these terms.

Sentiment is determined by experience: it is not inherited but develops in each human being. It might be called a process of civilizing the emotions, directing and organizing them. If it were not for the sentiments, human relations and conduct would

be chaotic and unstable, and action would follow the immediate prompting of every emotion.

A man, for example, may be of such an emotional nature that he is responsively inclined toward many types of human beings, or so volatile that emotions like anger and disgust are easily quickened in him by unpleasant experience, but if the sentiment of love is strong in him, emotional expression is automatically guided. Love for mankind as a whole will sublimate his anger and disgust into compassion and discernment. Love for some one individual will remove the desire for casual emotional responses towards others.

Thus the sentiments are the central forces of every individual. They are the meeting of the streams of emotion into a veritable river out of which flows the will of the life. If the emotions harmonize and constructive forms of feeling dominate, the ruling will becomes of love and a man's days flow on to finer and better things. If the emotions are in conflict, are dominated by destructive feelings, the will is of hate and the waters of life become a cataract, a tumultuous uproar of disturbances. Here is the foundation on which the personality of the human being is built.

In this discovery of compounded emotion there is an explanation of the enigma of genius, for genius is a creature of emotion, however unapparent the fact may be in some instances. As sentiment is a direct expression of combined emotion, so a mood is the indirect result. A mood is a dominant feeling, a unit of emotion, even as a chord of music is a unit of notes creating a dominant sound. Genius possesses this mood-making capacity, this ability to fuse emotion into a complex vibration.

No factor of individuality has been more misunderstood than mood. In fact, moods have taken on a negative significance in our vernacular, usually implying unhappy or unpleasant states of mind. And yet all the great dramas, poems, paintings, music, and even most of the great inventions, discoveries and executive schemes have been the result of a mood. Few men have ever achieved any great undertaking who have not first sat and mulled upon the work or the plan before them, mixing thought, emotion and desire as a chemist mingles elements.

Mood is thus the womb of creativeness, and where its conceptive processes are absent, expression remains but a lifeless imitation. The very power to produce depends upon emotional as much as upon mental concentration, which is but another name for mood. This quality of absorption is as necessary to an Edison or an Emerson as is intelligence itself.

There are those endowed with emotion who give little evidence of its influence, for, like thought, it must be focussed to be of use. It was the emotional concentration of Bernhardt, of Booth, of Sir Henry Irving and not the amount of their emotion that gave them expressive power. Browning may not have possessed more wealth of feeling than many of the lesser poets, but rather a greater directive capacity. As there are literally thousands of diffused minds where mental energy leaks off in myriad vacillations, so there are legions whose emotional power is idly disseminated.

Conservation and direction of emotional flow is as essential to happiness as concentration of the thought processes. If a consulting psychologist, meeting hundreds of human problems, were to state as strongly as he feels it the part undrained and

brooding emotion plays in the troubles of human life, everyone would call it an exaggeration. But it would not then convey the extent of the actual truth. The power, intelligence, and happiness of literally millions of human lives are compromised by this condition. A positive fear of emotional naturalness has been bred in Americans by the diseased teachings of our Puritan ancestors, and we are today still paying the price for this social perversion. Time will come when men will look back at the psychic charnel-house of many a provincial home as we look back today at the plague-ridden past, and yet pestilence seemed as ordinary and as inevitable once upon a time as loneliness, despair, cynicism, expedience seem to most of us today. It is only a matter of point of view. The diseases of antiquity were largely physical—ours are dominantly psychical. One cannot touch pent-up emotion as he can a sore on a hand, but it is there nevertheless: an ulcer on the spirit, and this is the reason for so much unhappiness.

CHAPTER IX

LOVE AND HATE

THERE is no theme which occupies our thoughts more than love. Not only is it in ever-present demonstration in our parks, on ferries and buses, in day's outings and at pleasure resorts, but most of our plays, moving pictures and stories are built around it.

Libraries tell of repeated requests for "nice, domestic love stories"; editors know that their magazines must have heart interest; producers lure millions nightly where they present screen plays of passion. The most tattered and disreputable old tramp may be discovered by the freight-yard master reading a stray novel of heart-throbs as avidly as a romantic maiden of the smart set. To old and young, rich and poor, successful or unhappy, in whatever walk of life, love inspires never-ending interest; it is only the sophisticated small boy and the excessively he-man who is bored by discussion of it.

There are, of course, superficial natures who lack the capacity for emotion and egotists who are able only to love themselves, but they are a minority. The great common mass of men and women have a hunger for the understanding, companionship and stability of a mate relationship. That they fail to find it, often, may prove that our scheme of social life is impossible, or that human beings are frail, but it does not show that the urge is lacking. The difficulty lies in the rare honesty with which actual love desires are faced and admitted. Miss Ursula

Winters, after fifty years "in maiden meditation, fancy free," still insists that she has always wanted a home of her own: a husband and children, and it was true in a measure, but in a very small one. The record of her inner life revealed that she was actually living in phantasy: worshiping an ideal lover who never could become humanly impatient or forgetful. She was enjoying so morbidly her romantic dream with its delightful self-pity at the tragedy of a lover's absence that every active motive tended away from attraction of a living mate. Surrounded by a thousand worthy companions her secret emotion would still have steered her through the throng and back to the bliss of a melancholy dream. For the coming of love is not a matter of chance; it is the result of motive. The life that is directed in its deepest thought toward true companionship seldom ends up on the rocks of solitude. So rarely, however, is it possible for the expression of love to approximate the phantasy image that many withdraw from the actual in their search for the ideal, a method that never achieves.

It is only within recent years that a clear grasp of love has been gained. This insight came out of behaviorism and psychoanalysis rather than from inductive or speculative fields of thought. We know today that it is instinctive, emotional and physiological.

Because love is studied from a biological point of view, however, this does not imply limitation of its spiritual quality, for beyond these primary areas stretches a vast continent of the unknown which future generations will uncover, and with which poetry and drama has largely dealt. Every psychologist knows that the love-image, like the self-image,

is unconquerable. Baffled, defeated, torn, it rises again, endlessly seeking for that completion of the self which alone comes from true mating.

We have had the greatest superficiality in our attitude toward love, and from our forced deductions built strange biases and curious perverted beliefs; nor are they much better today than in olden times. An examination of ancient records brings startling revelations as to the ideas then held. There have always been attempts to legislate love in one form or another, but the beliefs of right and wrong have changed in every age. It is quite possible that future generations will look at our present customs with almost as much horror as we now look at the ancients.

The primary law of love, both parental and mate love, is that of contact. We respond in relation to our hereditary pattern. Love cannot be coerced or made, or even intensified by the will; nor can it be decreased or restrained without devastation. It exists as the primary, driving urge between kindred spirits. It may be found in families as the result of blood ties, and it just as well may not and cannot be, where dissimilarity exists.

In family and friendship relations the contact may resemble an arch, but in the true mate relation the whole circle is necessary. Ordinarily, in human life we expect any types to mix. Suppose we held the same point of view in the mixing of chemicals? We know that an explosion would result. This happens in human life where incompatible natures are brought together.

An illuminating article on George Meredith by May Harris, published in the *Sewanee Review*, September, 1923, brings out the forces in his life

which made him the great psychologist that he was. His marriage, at twenty-one, to a widow, nine years his senior, and of a brilliant and complex personality, was a most unhappy one. After they separated, the shadow of the episode dominated his days. Nevertheless, so profound was Meredith's belief in human nature and so deep his charity of soul, that he was able to detach himself from his bitterness and disappointment to find in his story an epitome of men and women and love. He presents his case—and hers, in the sequence of sonnets, *Modern Love*. Without prejudice, he sets forth the problem from the woman's point of view as well as that of the man. Miss Harris says: "No profounder study of unhappy married life has ever been written than this poem. There is bitterness for the man and for the woman in equal measure, and there is sharp and stirring insight of the spiritual content such experience rudely shatters."

Few are honest in facing the facts of an unsatisfactory relation before entering into it. It was not so with Florence Nightingale. Fronted with the narrow horrors of a Victorian marriage, she wrote: "I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him; I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would *not* find it in his life. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events. . . ."

Love cannot be approached by a conventional heart, nor understood by the captious. Who shall say, for instance, how far life was flung forward by George Eliot, whose "illegitimate" husband was certainly her inspiration.

For centuries we have spoken of love as blind. Today we know that love is not blind, but that mankind is. Love is the most seeing force in all creation, possessing an immediacy and depth of penetration beyond conception. Man, on the other hand, because of his stupidity, ignorance and dead weight of precepts and biases, is unable to see and reason with the swiftness and persistence of love's penetration. Hence he has blamed love for his inability to understand its workings, and for the inevitable devastation which comes when he resists its power.

The cleavage of love is not a matter of character, not a matter of moral worth or of brains and ability; it exists far beyond superficial and insignificant measures, dominated only by the actuality of its desire. In her poem called *Faults,* Sara Teasdale has voiced this law of love, this sight beyond sense which cares nothing for reasons:

> They came to tell your faults to me,
> They named them over one by one;
> I laughed aloud when they were done,
> I knew them all so well before,—
> Oh; they were blind, too blind to see
> Your faults had made me love you more.

On all sides we see hundreds of pseudo-love relations within blood ties which have no integrity in spirit. The child does not love his father or mother for their intelligence, or hate them because of low moral or social worth. He loves where agreement exists, where the pattern or design of their natures is harmonious to his. The unity then produces an environment in which his own nature expands and blossoms like a seed in the proper soil. On the other hand, where discord and contradiction inhere in the

basic hereditary reactions, endeavors to coerce affection merely produce hate. It is one of the great tragedies of life that mothers and daughters, fathers and sons may remain strangers, or worse, warring and antagonistic personalities. The blood tie exists, but it is like an elastic band and snaps when stretched beyond its strength.

The ingratitude of James or Ethel who have years of devotion lavished upon them, tender nurture, education, everything that fond parents could supply, is a well-known theme in life and literature. In contrast, when, to the sense of kinship, real congeniality is added, blood ties may create satisfying and enduring relationships. The love of father and son as portrayed by H. G. Wells in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* or son and mother in Barrie's beautiful and tender portrait of *Margaret Ogilvie,* show rare and touching high spots in human contacts. Deep down in every human being there lies a desire to experience the sense of understanding, protection, and comradeship, the feeling of anchorage that true family life can give.

So, too, with mate-love. No matter how blatantly materialistic he may be, in every boy's heart is a vision of "an ideal she," often, to be sure, impossible, but one whom his spirit adores. A similar dream exists in the soul of a girl, a young Lochinvar-image, a romantic figure by which, in the depths of herself, she measures all who come before her of marriageable age. Normally these pictures do not reach consciousness until young manhood and young womanhood and they will, if permitted, grow out of their period of soap-bubble phantasy into iridescent realities and prove a pattern-guide for preference, determining the integrity of the love relation. Unfortu-

nately, young love's dream is a kind of fairy tale, all too soon spoiled by adult cynicism and interference. The trouble with almost all love relations lies directly in the attitude of the adult world and because of the rare attempts to educate and develop the finer qualities.

The average man longs for protection and comfort, conscious that he is emotionally the weaker sex. He seeks again the solace and vicarious peace of maternal nurture; even in extreme cases the complete surrounding comfort which was his in his mother's womb. This conception is not as phantastic as it seems at first sight. "There is nothing in the world," Jung explains, "that so completely enfolds us as the mother. When the neurotic complains that the world has no understanding, he says indirectly that he misses his mother." Here is an immensely important truth affecting all love relations. Because of the dual factor, the dominant position of the mother and the unsatisfactory nature of civilization, two forces control the lives of most men.

First of all, they possess a feeling of inferiority toward woman, the result of their early relation to the exalted mother. They spent years where the figure of a woman was the supreme power in their lives and this impression never passes. But they cannot live their lives admitting this state of mind and maintain themselves in the interplay of social contacts. Thus to hide the sense of dependence all men create a masquerade of masculine egotism, a pose of superiority and arrogance, which is used as a foil in the treatment of all women, a manner which most modern women are whimsically familiar with in their male associates.

Until a man becomes spiritually mature, this im-

pulse is his dominant emotional tendency, particularly in the marriage relation. Comfort, nurture and protection are the secret desires of his heart, but he will not admit them under torture for the revelation of his hidden feeling would unmask his camouflage, pierce the secret of his superiority pose and show him as he is. Byron, who knew much about passion but less about love than anyone who ever tried to write about it, said:

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

This seems true because for so many generations women have been specialized to their sex functions. Their objective life has been dependent upon man as much as were their subjective natures. Looking at the matter impartially, however, who shall say that men suffer less than they from the devastation of their love life? They may have developed a thousand more superficial distractions, but underneath, both sexes are equal in their capacity to suffer.

In most love relations there is a masked racial and sex warfare, the age-old struggle of the dominant sex against submergence. The dominators use the direct means; the dominated the indirect means of accomplishing their purposes. We see this battle going on everywhere about us. It has ruined many intimate relations which might have been saved could the inherited competition have been faced and understood. For woman also possesses a dual urge. First, to escape the invective of man's egotistical masquerade, to pierce his arrogance and discover him for what he is. She is peculiarly adept and persistent in this purpose, bound one way or another to

get at the actual of male nature. Thus in many a marriage relation a continual, hidden warfare goes on between the protectiveness of the man and the feministic self-consciousness of the modern woman. This struggle, however, is not new, for woman has always persistently determined to win man as her companion, sometimes as her slave. Second, woman is endowed with a strong nurture sense, a maternalism which includes her mate and would protect him as she would her own child. Her method is indirect, masked and hidden because of the prevalent social attitudes and beliefs of recent centuries. Her impulses are often in conflict because of the "Man's-State" as the Vaertings call it in *The Dominant Sex* that has ruled since the days of the matriarchate. Her relation to him is no longer primary, no longer that of the she-wolf and her male companion. Basically, she would seek her mate and desire half the time his protection and the other half to mother him, but man's pose of superiority interferes. To be mothered wounds his dignity—to mate requires equality. He refuses both.

There are age-old social factors troubling love, nor will marriage be normal until its customs are purged of pretense. The mate-wish most of all has come in for much abuse: the right of human love has not been recognized in many centuries. Neglect of the simple law that love is not a matter of determination or decision has made a world of bitter loneliness. Love cannot be pursued, or bought, or coerced, or even invited. When it comes, it is a God-given impulse, the greatest present life brings. When it does not come, there is no real answer. For no man, woman or child can will to love another and succeed in doing it. Least of all can love be

forced in marriage, and if the marriage is not a mate relation there is no hope of its endurance or integrity. Even our religious and moral leaders have desecrated love, in their endeavors to sanctify the home. They have reduced it to an economic or social basis. So long as this perversion of the central urge of human life is possible, we shall find no answer for the conditions that brood over human destiny.

Equally perverted is the so-called "varietism"—that experimentation in sex license—glorified by extremists at the other end of the line as free love. Frequently, of course, this is a reaction by rebellious spirits against personal domination and rigid custom rather than a mode of expression which satisfies the deeper aspirations of men and women. But, like all anarchy, it leads only to chaos and heaps sorrows—where love has integrity—upon those it deprives of the right to protect each other.

Yet there are often problems which seem only to be met by some breaking of social sanctions. A new biography of *Victor Hugo: His Work and Love,* by Lieutenant Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, gives the story of Hugo and Juliette Drouet. For fifty years Juliette was the stabilizing genius of Hugo's life. Madame Hugo was wife in name, but she did not love her husband and they remained indifferent to each other. Juliette, on the other hand, was his guide, governor and mate. It was she, according to his biographer, who made Hugo, who stood by him in every trial and episode of that stormy career. She was the personification of fidelity, and although Hugo was far from perfect in their relationship, they remain two of the great lovers of history.

Such relations have invariably come in for cen-

sorious criticism as have all breakings over of the moral code. The trouble is, spiritually inclined leaders offer no solution—and seldom comprehend the situation. They placidly enunciate their own objections, even when these ignore the facts.

Incapacity to grasp a point of view out of the range of early training is typified by Marie Antoinette's remark when told of the starving mob: "If they have no bread, why don't they eat cake!" We hear just this sort of reasoning in the mouths of many moralists when told of the passionate loneliness of men and women.

H. L. Mencken, in the introduction to his *In Defense of Women,* remarks: "So with the question of sex specifically. I have read literally hundreds of volumes upon it and uncountable numbers of pamphlets, handbills and inflammatory wall-cards, and yet it leaves the primary problem unsolved, which is to say, the problem as to what is to be done about the conflict between the celibacy enforced upon millions by civilization, and the appetites implanted in all by God. In the main, it counsels yielding to celibacy, which is exactly as sensible as advising a dog to forget its fleas."

We shall not raise man to higher levels by dodging the salient problems of his life. We shall lift civilization when we face them squarely, seeking the highest solutions but meeting the lowliest problems.

One important factor of sex we today understand: A central cause of infidelity in later life lies in the constant seeking for the realization of a hidden image continually stirring within the heart. It finds counterfeits to be sure, in most instances, but the impulse is rooted in a deep integrity. The individual is driven by undrained puberty dreams, which

have started the habit of seeking and which keep up the tendency long after some conventional or materialistic pseudo-love relation has taken possession of the life. These immature images and vague yearnings are capable of exerting terrific force upon our destiny. We do not hesitate today to say that the central cause of unhappiness goes back to the social attitude, to wrong early training and is not often the responsibility of those who are blamed. Love cannot become an untarnished and constructive force until it is placed in a sanctuary above all material and economic limitations and recognized as the union of those whose patterns of self are in harmony.

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious,* Jung says: "It is difficult to imagine that this world has become too poor to offer an object for the love of human atoms, nor can the world and its objects be held accountable for this lack. It offers boundless opportunities for everyone. It is rather the incapacity to love which robs mankind of his possibilities. The world is empty to him alone who does not understand how to direct his libido towards objects and to render them alive and beautiful to himself: for beauty does not indeed lie in things, but in the feeling to them."

It has become increasingly clear that in so far as we possess within ourselves infantile fixations and repressions which dwarf emotional growth, the love relation becomes relatively impossible. Here we find the seat of that pitiful condition of human loneliness which so blocks the lives of individuals. No human being is lonely except in relation to congestions within himself, standing in the way of his capacity for love.

The world is empty to him alone who does not

know how to get below the masquerade which shrouds his environment in a cold fog of unrealities and keeps him in the solitude of his own hard confines. The world is oppressive and incompatible to him who does not penetrate into the actualities of human relation through the camouflage which fear has flung around living things. On the outside all is isolation, a world separated and divided against itself. On the inside, it is warm and intimate, forever freed from the cold pretense and bitter loneliness which delights only the cynical and the censorious. It is this lesson which must be cried up and down our Main Streets and on our Boulevards; spoken from our crowded corners by the Five and Ten and on our lonely prairies, if happiness, which all the world is seeking, is to be found.

There is no subject which has such a body of cynicism wrapped about it as love—and marriage. To be frankly in love and happily married seems bourgeois. From the crude jokes of comic journals to the brilliant irony of high comedy runs the thread of doubt and pessimism. Those who can't see the failure of marriage as a matter of humor point to our divorce statistics, which for 1922 showed one divorce for every 7.6 marriages. Figures of course can be used to prove almost anything, but it may be that in this tendency to divorce we have a hopeful rather than a depressing symptom. It may be that human beings are becoming willing to face the fact of a mistake, and instead of spending their days in despair and devastation, will no longer put up with anything except reality in the love relation.

What are the forces that make for unhappy marriages? From the outside they are legion: environment, mothers-in-law, poverty, wealth, the terrific

speed of modern social life, ambition, childlessness and the whole gamut of reasons given in a divorce court; discordant habits, desertion, brutality. From the inside, there is generally but one cause. The natures are not basically harmonious. The much-abused word compatibility covers a world of varying attributes.

Some psychologists say that love is a matter of the unconscious and not of the conscious mind. We hear that Arthur Price is going to marry Bertha Pearson, and we think it very unsuitable and wonder what on earth they find in each other. We see only the gaunt homeliness of the woman, or the strident assertiveness of the man. Actually, however, Arthur and Bertha may have found that rare and indescribable something which unites them, a harmony that a comely little lady and a charming young gallant might spend their whole lives seeking.

Those whose work has brought them in touch with the intimate aspects of life know that the love problem can be reduced to a few simple equations.

Foremost is the misery from attempts to mix temperaments that will not merge or coöperate; such mistakes exist both in marriage and in consanguine relations.

Close upon it comes the incapacity to see another's point of view, but on the other hand the capacity to spot his faults and repressions clearly; hence to make him discard his own gamut of weaknesses and mass of inhibitions and take on one's own. Husbands and wives play this battledore and shuttlecock interminably, but it is even a more common game with parents. The central idea of most parent relations is to superimpose all the personal biases, ignorances and failings on the child, and the average

adult is not happy until this is accomplished. If the child accepts them he has "been brought up"; if he refuses these spurious influences, he is disobedient.

The third great destroyer of love is disapproval. Humiliation and criticism are scimitars which attack the body of love. The life blood of emotion wastes away under the "for your own good" incisions which are "justified" by intimacy. A family unit cannot stay together if its parts do not agree without being made over.

A still more violent form of emotional disease is puritanical judgment, a condition breeding barriers and inducing isolation. There is perhaps no more bitter or terrible aspect of civilization than the gray horror of loneliness which it wraps around many human lives, shutting love from them as completely as a starving man sinks into slow death in the desert. Nor are there any murderers more loathsome than they who kill the soul of solitude-driven spirits by censorious condemnation of impulsive breakings-over of the hard line of social sanction. I would rather live with a thousand cutthroats than with one of those sanctimonious hypocrites who put the scarlet letter upon Hester. In the eyes of God there are many supposedly blessed who are not fit to wash the feet of their victims.

The pity of it does not come in the few flagrant cases, but in the legion who live with another's condemnation of them buried in their hearts because of some early act for which they feel spiritually judged. Unthinking acceptance of rigid standards of society and its mouthings of morality, rather than compassion, has withered many a spirit, a tragedy which unnecessarily shuts the door of future happiness.

In the failure of love, such influences are prevail-

ing causes, but the period of injury may have been in childhood. It is often a direct result of parental domination or early mental difficulties. Disappointed wives have a way of clinging to their sons to make up for their famished love. Indeed, extreme parental devotion is a public announcement of marriage failure: children become abnormal objects of wounded affection. And they, when their turn comes to marry, find the mental picture and cloying influence of mother or father standing like a sullen sentinel in the way of happiness. It is unfortunate but true that parental devotion is one of the greatest single causes of divorce and marriage unhappiness.

There are states of mind which directly prevent the fulfillment of the mate-wish, and until they are removed from the thought processes either by self-realization or the surgeon's knife of analytic psychology, happiness is impossible. Early influences which distort the basic nature, forcing interests and attentions where none are inherent, tend to produce conditions where a masked and restless hate hides under the appearances of love. Indeed, the sentiments of love and hate may create a drama within the personality that fairly devastates the life. This soul-tragedy is known as ambivalence. The villain of hate pursues the heroine of love through every act. As soon as tender emotions arise, a smirking, mocking antipathy creeps in from the underbrush: moods of ennui, aversion, discontent and confusion result. Under the influence of ambivalence phantastic moods develop which would destroy the purest love relation ever brought in the train of destiny. Until the disease is cured an enduring emotion is impossible. In order to love we must return to the

integrity of ourselves, unafraid of actualities. Charlotte Corday, whom Lamartine called the Angel of Assassination, when asked who inspired her to such bitter hatred, answered: "I did not need any inspiration, my own hatred was strong enough . . . deeds are not well executed when they do not come from one's own heart." The capacity to love greatly and to hate greatly runs always hand in hand. He who cannot do both can do neither.

The solution of most love tangles resolves itself into a study of character types. Intimate contacts between basic opposites is impossible: the fixed mind is antagonistic toward the one possessing a plastic thought-process. The liberalist is anathema to the rigidist; even if one is a child and the other a parent, or if the battle is between husbands and wives. The big heart and the little mind cannot keep house together. The interpreter and the literalist can never be friends; there is no common ground between the critical and the intuitive. The imitative hates the creative; when the materialist is forced upon the society of the idealist it poisons both their souls.

Externalists, strangely enough, debate these laws of intimacy: they would reduce all love to expedience; social precepts, creeds, circumstances, position, wealth, duty, propinquity and legal contracts; to anything, but its own integrity. But both God and the true lover know better.

Youth senses instinctively that never in all time will the sympathetic and the exactive temperament agree. It knows that expressive and secretive natures are natural enemies. By innate consciousness, like seeks like until adults interfere; and all the rules, laws, precepts, artificial standards and mock duties will not in the end keep apart those who have recog-

nized in each other that indescribable mixture of qualities which they love.

There is no more practical move in pondering on problems of love than to sit down honestly to balance out one's own character and then that of the other person involved—sweetheart, husband or wife, mother or father, son or daughter, brother or sister—it matters not how intimate. Is your nature dominantly in agreement with his? Is his nature built on your type or level? If not, then in endeavoring to coerce intimacy you are only heading for the perdition of misery and despair. It is an old platitude, but true, that never in all eternity will oil and water mix—and stay mixed. You may shake them together into a mass of apparently homogeneous bubbles, but you must keep on shaking to keep the mixture extant, and that is all that many a hopeless intimate relation is: a desperately confused endeavor to fuse ingredients that separate by natural process the moment life is allowed to take its true course.

Individuals do not classify as on one side or the other of the following list. Each combines both parts of it. Compatibility, however, is built where the same relative type and degree of mixture is found. A person, for example, may be objective and constructive, imitative and receptive, deliberate and liberal, but if these are the high spots in his nature, he cannot function with a type that accents the opposites of these measures.

objective	subjective
analytic	synthetic
inductive	deductive
critical	intuitive
executive	constructive
materialistic	idealistic

imitative	creative
combative	receptive
statistical	impressional
exactive	sympathetic
deliberative	impulsive
secretive	expressive
conventional	natural
rigid	liberal
censorious	compassionate
sex passive	sex active
reserved	outgoing

Experience teaches that a nature under influences that bolster it up to appear as if it belonged to one type will revert to itself in the end, as surely as water gravitates to its own level. It teaches that all attempts to force conflicting types into intimate relationships fail. Advantageousness merits nothing. The only true basis of enduring relation is adaptation, and this is a very different force. Expediency is the whittling of a square peg to fit the round hole of environment. Adaptation is the oiling of the peg when its own square environment is found after it has refused the unsuitable round variety. A whittled peg loses part of itself and that is a beginning of the process of extinction, a form of partial suicide.

The records of human life, viewed unflinchingly, teach certain truths as absolute as the law of gravitation. Foremost among them is the all-or-none law of love: It requires utter allegiance and fidelity, or in the end it will crumble and disappear.

CHAPTER X

INSISTENT DESIRES

A VISIT to a modern book-store is an edifying experience. It seems as if all the world is seeking knowledge of human nature. There are literally hundreds of volumes on the subject of the self; its analysis, its handicaps, its fears, achievements and potentialities. The books run the whole gamut from William James' rare little volume *On Vital Reserves* to lurid announcements of world mastery and the conquest of success. Certified recipes are given; how to know yourself, use or abuse your powers, build yourself into a master of men. Power is pictured on the cover jackets, literally oozing from the human being. We are all seen as human dynamos.

There are so many aspects to this subject that it seems like a dizzy picture puzzle. And yet, there are always two or three pieces which fitted together form a beginning of the design. For instance, we might reduce the matter to desire since all writers agree that no man has power where inclination is lacking. What we hate to do is done poorly; where interest is, power grows. A lust for living swells the muscles of the athlete. The leopard's love for meat builds strength in him to capture it. The painter produces pictures because he famishes without the world of beauty. We imagine what we desire and follow this secret picturing.

Yet there is more to it than this. With what do

we desire, and why? What is the source of power in its simplest terms? What must we release in order to possess it?

Of one fact about ourselves we are perfectly aware; our spirits are driven by ceaseless yearnings which spring from some vast fountain within our being. They come with the insistence of a tidal wave, a tumultuous flood sweeping the spirit. They are alive in infancy. The new-born child yearns to its mother, not alone because of food, but from urge for contact with that body of which it was once a part. The grown child yearns for its mate with the same insistent energy, to merge in that union which brings happiness.

The infant strives also for its independence. There is a drive for separated and single existence. From the moment he is born his soul feels the urge of his ego and clamors for all that will satisfy his craving.

In common even with the vegetables, we may reduce primary impulse to hunger. Where we do not hunger there is no seeking for food—and thus nothing to sustain life. For man and the higher vertebrates this does not stop with mere material food. We have an urge for experience, for love, for sensation, for being. It is the driving force of every impulse. It is the dynamic center of instinct. It functions in the simple act of eating a banana, in the desires that impelled Napoleon to war, and lured Goethe to poetic endeavor. It may be an appetite for onions, or craving for truth; but without it there is no love in our hearts and no wish in our souls. It is the center of the will and the basis of thought; the simple and primary impulse of animate existence.

Psychologists describe this primary urge accord-

ing to their approach. With Freud it is seen in its sexual aspect and known as the "libido." With Jung it takes the trend of the intention and is known as "the wish." Woodworth uses the term "the drive," Bergson "élan-vital," and McDougall finds all action "purposive." These are but varying definitions and modifications of the still deeper hunger which lies beneath and beyond them. A cabbage hardly has purpose in the sense that we understand the word, but it possesses instinctive hunger. A century plant seeks food but has little drive and its "élan-vital" is hardly a sparkling and effervescent thing. These terms imply a certain amount of consciousness and describe hunger on some of its planes of action. They do not relate the soul-hunger of Shelley for the world of beauty to the simple sex drive of the cooney scurrying across the prairie in search of its mate, or to that reaching urge that sends the roots of the giant elm through the soil seeking food. It is hunger alone that all the world feels.

This native impulse flows on every level from the carnal to the spiritual; it has run in the blood-streams of our ancestors. We quicken or retard the flow as we expand and grow, or contract and obstruct the varying levels of expression. It is the same urge which animates the libido of Freud, with its sexual manifestation, and the creative instinct of a Michael Angelo.

It is one of the strange mysteries that it has taken man so many centuries to appreciate the importance of hunger. In its broadest sense, it is the most precious force in human life. Without it the human being amounts to little, and his will is without force and void. He becomes the mere shadow of a man.

Hunger is the driving power which builds him a sturdy body, develops a strong mind, and endows a consuming spirit. Hunger begins at dawn and still drives at midnight. It is that which God gave us for the yearn of being, soul-hunger, mind-hunger, heart-hunger, body-hunger—forever. Its nature is elemental, the urge in our amœboid cells, the power that flung our evolution up the long line of the ages.

It was hunger which led Jesus out of Bethlehem, a hunger to help the world become a place of spiritual possibilities. It was hunger that quickened Aristotle, moved Socrates to hunt for truth, and held Plato in such a spell of discipleship that he gave the world the inimitable Dialogues. It was hunger that animated the Crusaders and later sent that strange army of children upon its journey to the Holy Land. It was still another form of hunger that carried Cæsar across the Rubicon and, centuries later, started Columbus on his voyage to the New World. Hunger for life, hunger for beauty, hunger for truth, as well as hunger for the sustaining food of man's physical body has moved the world.

A man starving in the fastnesses of Alaskan snow sees, in his mind, food, warmth, companionship, comfort. They glow like high lights in a vivid picture. On his screen of purpose he sees himself at his journey's end. Even in the delirium of fatigue this image guides his famished body.

The hunger of love flashes like an invincible electric current through the brain and very bones of a mother, battling through fire or flood to save her child. Human or wolf, the impulse releases energies beyond belief. Men have been known to move huge weights, bend steel bars, tear mighty gates from their hinges under the impulse of this strange power.

Without it they are as nothing—impotent, incapable, devoid of vigor, weak in the face of destiny. This is the simple secret of power, of will, of vitality; the psychic force that gives energy to the instincts, impulse to the emotions, integrity to the sentiments.

The pale and ænemic attitude of thin, ascetic souls, whose appetite is gone, the faint-hearted inertia which some call spirituality and others know as vapidness, pictures the absence of hunger upon every plane of life. Call it whatever name we choose, it is this consuming spirit which has quickened man toward God. The powers may be spiritual, they may be mental, of the feelings, of the body, but whatever the manifestation all are lifeless without this animating spirit.

It is pitiful that the importance of this central urge has not been understood, for abnegation of the hungers within men has caused the multitude of sick, the legion of the frail, the nervous, fearful, neurotic and insane. Physical and spiritual malnutrition gives us the lassitude which men miscall laziness, inertia, cynicism, melancholia, and stupidity.

In our common vernacular, we know hunger under many names. Where our sympathies are involved it becomes *lure,* that strange force which endows interest. We are instinctively drawn to people, to fields of thought, to types of experience. A Peary feels lured to the Arctic; a Stanley to darkest Africa; Steinmetz to electricity; Romeo to Juliet. Sympathy is but evidence of this lure, the pull on our spirits toward all that comes to interest and absorb our hearts and minds.

As a result, we give these things our attention and fill our minds with associated images, drawn out of the contacts they inspire. Where our feelings are

deeply touched we use the word longing, but the impulse is the same. We have merely codified an interest into an ambition, and given direction to our intentions and purposes. Continued long enough all these tendencies become habits and affect the reflex pattern of our physical organism; a circle that only carries us back to the primary hunger.

Named according to the field of expression, all hungers are made evident in the forms of desire: longing, lure, interest, are all involved. Hunger is the spirit; instinct the guide, and desire the body of all purposes.

The conspicuous fact about desire is its derived or modified nature. As thousands of centuries passed before hunger took on the expressions of the instinct, through the pattern of reactions or habit forms of the natural world, so centuries of jungle and communal life have modified instincts into the impulses we know in our life today. Great formative reactions, ways of growing, being, doing, thinking, wishing, have played and interplayed upon all existence. Hence the present action of a desire bears all the molding wrought upon it by the fingers of time. It is instinct, enormously modified by the patterns of the ages.

To further clarify, we might say that life may be reduced to two simple forces: hunger and pattern; hunger as the urge of creation, and pattern as its formative influence. Through century after century the drama between these powers has carved the face of nature: forming hills, forest, streams. As it colored the life of the mastodon, so it still moves on Main Street, in the character of the most prosaic individual. It shaped Billy's being and Nellie's nature. It made Socrates and Babe Ruth. It deter-

mines the destiny of the Presidential candidate, and the formative development of that long line of evolution which brought the Piltdown Man to his feet. But for hunger, the urge to advance, there could have been no life. But for the mold, the confines of form, there could have been no existence.

Yet between these two primary forces conflict has always existed. It remains unabated today, and of it we are painfully aware. It takes no explanation, for example, to make us conscious of the struggle for independence, or the lust for power. We do not need education to teach us of the battle for comfort or to trials of love. These urgings are burning and alive, we know their difficulties. The man with the hoe and the scholar with the pen feel them from birth. We need no science to expound upon self-preservation, or to lure us to amusement. The poet fights as bitterly for self-expression as any Dempsey.

Yet there is a vast difference between the way we fight and the struggle of the molecule. This difference lies in the modification of hunger into the habit forms of instinct, and instinct again into the mold of desire.

THE SENSES OR INHERENT DESIRES

Which if frustrated beyond a certain degree produce neurosis, psychosis, failure, prostration and disease

1. Self-preservation	Food Clothing Shelter
2. Independence	Privacy Power Expansion
3. Self-expression	Experience Opportunity Ideation

4. Security	Permanence Protection Reliability
5. Equality	Identity Position Respect
6. Comfort	Ease Tranquillity Affluence
7. Relaxation	Rest Sleep Leisure
8. Joy	Play Pleasure Contentment
9. Entertainment	Variety Sensation Motion
10. Appreciation	Attention Honor Adulation
11. Intimacy	Contact Demonstration Possession
12. Companionship	Coöperation Loyalty Devotion
13. Compassion	Leniency Mercy Forgiveness
14. Equity	Justice Credit Vindication
15. Understanding	Sympathy Tolerance Comprehension

These primary desires are the basic motive-forces of all human behavior. Their varied forms are determined by the amount and constructiveness of liberated expression as against the measure of constriction and repression which the present form of living has thrown around them. Behavior is a direct evidence of their focus or emphasis. Success is the result of their unity, failure the sum of their conflict. When a desire is directed, released and flowing freely it tends to grow and increase, instinct reaches out insistently, persistently; when it is misdirected or restricted it causes pressure and misery, and either a cessation of life or else that battle of the ages, the survival of the fittest, which still dominantly describes the every-day world.

When the root of a tree comes up against the rock, it must press against the rock, bend itself and reach around in its seeking for further nourishment, or else it must turn back upon itself and limit the growth and expansion of the plant which it sustains. In this simple act the whole drama of life is personified; it is the balance between expansion and stagnation; between growth and ultimate death. A seed planted upon thin soil and surrounded by rocks and sand must ultimately die. Rocks and sand are an inevitable repression of its life. Its battle is one of hunger against confinement, and the answer to its growth is alone determined as to whether it can find a way through the restraining barrier into some nourishing soil beyond. So is the life and behavior of a human plant determined by its soil and its restrictions. Too often the human plant is like a seed sown in a flower-pot which sets the limits of life. The only hope is to break the restraint of the hard-baked clay, the conventionalized mold and get the

roots out to natural soil, where growth is possible. The struggle is between hunger and repression, between the basic desires and the blind and ignorant restrictions of environment.

There is one psychological fact relatively certain: science might argue with a man in the street that someone or all of this list of desires, which have appeared again and again in our every-day experience, are not the formative motives of individual life. John Doe would go on like Tennyson's brook, unchanged and unconvinced. He *feels* them, whatever theory *thinks*. He knows them because he wants them and this is a wisdom deeper than that of all scholasticism. The need for security in life, in love, in vocation, bears upon Mabel as much as on William. It is a basic and actual force in our days. The urge for equality, whether classified or not, is common knowledge. It belongs to the psychology of age-old thought and is part of our common vernacular. So with each desire. They are the things for which men argue in the market-places and about which they squabble in the home; the forces that make or mar friendship, that bind or unloose domestic relations. Men may know little of "co-relations of co-efficients"; they seldom struggle over "creative imagination" or "apperception"; even disagreements in memory and judgment have rarely shaken the world. But the battle for independence, for self-justification, for companionship, and for understanding, for sympathy and pleasure has been perpetual. The cry for mercy and forgiveness; the demand for security and protection is age-old. They are part of the endless search for permanence and peace upon which man's life depends. They are the urgings which have sprung

from the right to food, clothing and shelter; they inhere in the very idea of self-preservation. They are companions to love, independence and expansion which, if frustrated in their fulfillment, produce the conflicts which lead to disease and despair, stupidity and sorrow. He who allows them to become imprisoned from that moment begins to die.

The conspicuous fact about all desires is their social nature. Not one of them can actually be satisfied when the human being is alone. We may be as independent by ourselves as a flapper on a floating ice-cake, but who cares to be? We can seek self-preservation, to be sure, on a lonely island in the South Seas and indulge our appetite for clams and oysters in the solitude of the surging waters. But few of us desire life with an actual clam. We might amuse ourselves in such a tropical paradise watching the cocoanuts fall, and find self-expression in cursing Fate. But even swearing serves no good end unless there is someone to reprimand us for it. Essentially every basic impulse within us depends for its very being on our life in the herd.

For this reason society is the alembic of the individual, the only true key to his being. Introspection will not serve. In the caverns of self-consciousness only the echoes of a man are heard. Intelligence quotients will not explain us, for mere convention steps into a laboratory. We live in our desires among our fellows, hurting and being hurt, hating and being hated, acting and acted upon.

Examination of the records of failure, quarrels and riots, unhappiness, sickness and suicide, neurosis and insanity, seem conclusive evidence that where a sufficient number of these basic desires are not satisfied, upheaval results. It may be personal, it

may be social, or both; the devastation may be mental, emotional or physical; but in some form or other, serious troubles develop.

Just what measure of deprivation of his desires the human being can endure, no one knows. Individuals undoubtedly differ as to the degree and variety of loss they can sustain. The self-centered may rise above a limitation of the more impersonal desires because their very egocentricity makes them unaware of much which passes on outside of themselves. Thus they care less whether or not they receive compassion from others with its measure of leniency, mercy and forgiveness. They take it for granted where it is lacking. In the same way, equality and companionship might not be so important to such individuals since they subsist more within themselves than do other natures. They would emphasize, however, self-preservation and independence. Loss of the sense of security invariably precipitates such a type into neurosis. He suffers tortures if deprived of relaxation with its elements of sleep, rest and leisure; comfort he essentially demands; ease, tranquillity and affluence are the very aims of his thought.

A social nature, on the other hand, can very well get along with some lack of comfort; his thought being less on himself than on the events going on in life. To him human relations are paramount. He can make shift with great imperfections in food, clothing and shelter; even his privacy, power and chance to expand can be in a measure limited—provided self-expression is not entailed and he has companionship and understanding in his difficulties.

The contrast is even more marked between the subjective and objective modifications. The subjec-

tive nature needs self-preservation, but he seeks food, clothing and shelter mainly that he may carry on his train of thought. He will complain little at a lack of material privacy; limitations of physical power; the trials of social expansion, provided no one interferes with his mental privacy, limit his intellectual power, or the expansions of his ideals and interests.

So we might progress with each of the character differences and find them accentuating varying degrees and combinations of the inherent desires. As individuals we each possess our singular arrangement. When that design is satisfied, happiness results; when it is limited, we sorrow.

Abundant satisfaction of the desires that we do not personally seek means little or nothing to us; but may delight our neighbors. Only when the pattern of bounties produced by environment and brought by our associates agrees with the personal needs of our desire-plan is compatibility established, and contentment achieved. And this is true in our contacts with others, as much as with inanimate surroundings. Husbands, wives, parents, families, friends, may bring us armfuls of benefactions, but they mean nothing to us unless they are of the variety which satisfy in fair measure the scheme of desires in our hearts. Otherwise, we cannot enjoy their gifts or even permanently endure their society.

If deprived of sufficient satisfaction of our desire-scale, we sicken and sometimes die from malnutrition, and here is the true explanation of melancholy, and one of the causes of neurosis and insanity which torture individuals. Beyond a certain point of insufficiency in desire achievement, life becomes impossible. Thus, one of the most im-

portant experiences in life is to determine clearly and fully, the desires necessary to an individual life, and to assert the basic right to seek those desires with all the vigor of heart, mind and spirit.

There is no phase of individual needs that has come in for more condemnation than the desires. The doctrine of the Fall of Man, with its picture of the human being born good, but thereafter sinful, has colored our thought; and men have taken for granted that their impulses were basically evil.

We can hardly conceive a more horrible, more destructive, or a more ghastly picture to place before the human being, nor one so calculated to make him the wicked creature he was said to be. If there is anything in hetero- and auto-suggestion, the surest means of making a man evil is to give him an evil picture of himself to live up to. Thereafter, every day, in every way, he certainly will become worse and worse. For mankind has for centuries been made susceptible to negative suggestion by the abundance of such influences he has received. Not one man in a hundred may become better and better by an affirmative thought; but the ninety-nine respond quickly enough to any suggestion which tends to make them worse and worse. The mere, "don't, don't, don't," of the average parent would be enough to cause this, had not the same habit existed socially for at least four hundred thousand years.

Thus desire has been turned into a negative thing by absolute neglect of man's possibilities, and by continued repetition of his negative potentialities. We have only to watch modern business practice, and examine the bulk of our social customs to observe that we still act as if man's purposes were evil.

That in fact, they frequently are, does not prove it to be their essential nature. It merely demonstrates the perverted influence which negative social teachings and suggestion has exerted upon them.

The early moralists were unable to see that their logic either implied a God who had created human beings so capable of viciousness that it was equivalent to having made them so, or else that the very conception of the Divine as All Powerful was undermined. If we accept the idea that there is any devil-force strong enough to win man toward evil against God's effort to win him toward goodness, we have conceived a power stronger than God himself, and this is tantamount to saying that there is no God, since limited capacity and the Divine are incompatible ideas.

The point of view of modern science is more truly religious than this older ecclesiasticism. It puts no such limitation upon the Infinite. It conceives God as having created in man a force forever tending upward, forever advancing to higher and higher possibilities. The story of the Garden of Eden, as interpreted by those who hold the psychological point of view, is no longer as a mere physical picture, but as a symbol of that capacity within man to decide between the positive and the negative circle of his life. This element of choice, so long discussed by philosophers, is now recognized as the gift which more than all others makes man human. It is, in short, the direct product of the new or upper brain, with its power to imagine and deliberate. In so far as we have been given power to reason, intelligence to decide upon our action, we are given capacity to rise or fall by our own will. We are not puppets upon a hearth rug, nor unconscious

brutes driven by mere instinct. The possibility of self-determination is ours. Human desires in their integrity impel us upward as easily as downward. No man was ever yet driven by his motives against his actual intelligent decision. Understanding, not will, is the ruling principle that endows man with humanity, and distinguishes him from the brute.

With this deeper concept, modern thought sees no need to condemn human impulses. We have no wild cave-man within us more powerful than all our reason, nor are we filled with horrible tendencies for which we must blush with shame. We do possess yearning powers of emotion, and of desire, which pull as readily toward the brute as they push upward toward the spiritual, obedient to the thought and imagination of the individual. Love is blind, we say, and yet "God is love." As a man loves in his heart, so wills he, it is true; but as he "thinketh in his heart, so is he." The will is secondary to the understanding. It is an urging, infinite potentiality; its expression toward goodness or evil is measured, not by itself, but by the thinking power of the mind. Intelligence is the instrument of salvation.

The history of man is indeed a proof of our new understanding. Granting that will is a motive principle, if man were actually the evil creature defined by the doctrine of Original Sin, and dominated by brute instincts, he could not have pressed forward, and would be worse today and not better than his Palæolithic forbears.

We have only to watch the races of children; hear their day-dreams; see the look of promise and aspiration, and then compare this sunshine of spirit with the stormy frowns and cynicism of later years,

to realize how joy turns into despair. Again, in the outgoing spontaneity and unsophistication of youth, where sharp practice is rare indeed, we realize how cynicism and scheming cautiousness wrap themselves around normal inclinations. The dead weight of experience springs from wrong-minded teachings which negate affirmative capacities, and turn them into destructive forces. Thus the self-expression and activities of the average man are far removed from his normal possibilities, and this is why we mistakenly reason that human nature is a brutal thing.

The decision as to whether human desires are good or evil, or neither good nor evil, but simple potentialities, subject to thought, lies at the very basis of present-day teaching. The individual who holds them as evil must inevitably refuse the essentials of psychology. He belongs to a group which cannot comprehend the evolutionary tendency within human nature, but must regard man as static and therefore lifeless as a crystal. The person who conceives the desires as all good, belongs to the metaphysical type who has no conception of the real drama of life, but finds salvation by merely affirming goodness. Scientific thought stands midway between these extremes. It sees the will as an electric energy capable of creating the current of activity, but knows that imagination and judgment are the determinators of expression. As these forces are good or bad—so is the life-trend.

The whole philosophic battle of the ages is in these differences of opinion. That neither of the older views has ever brought man peace or salvation is evident from the prevalence of unhappiness,

of agnosticism, of neurosis and psychosis, and of physical disease.

Among the disparagement of human desires, the ascetic attitude toward the physical hungers has been the most incongruous or absurd. Just why an individual should not enjoy a healthy satisfaction and still possess spiritual responsiveness, no one has ever explained; yet through many centuries warfare against the natural bodily cravings has been bitterly waged. If we were not intended to enjoy them, then why did God endow us with these gifts? The same attitude has been carried over toward all other hungers. For centuries, the craving for beauty was considered an evil thing which must be restrained. Wonderful frescoes of the Renaissance were whitewashed, and walls made bare and ugly. Ten thousand Greek statues, many of that consummate period of the Winged Victory and the Venus de Milo, were burned to lime outside the wall of Athens, by men whose creed made hatred of beauty a virtue. The same tendency appears again and again among neurotic ascetics in our own time. Its basis is egotism. Beauty may possess one, and carry him out of himself into heights of exaltation and expansion. The self-loving ascetic would destroy it because of its capacity to command his spirit. This was why the Puritans put the ban upon music—the violin in particular—as part of religious ceremony. Its influence would eventually have made them human.

There is no point that needs more complete understanding than the hunger element in man's nature. Every form of physical disease, of neurosis and psychosis, of senility and stupidity, boils itself down to some constriction or perversion of hunger,

either in the personal life or in that of the ancestors; and when physical, emotional, and mental hungers are recognized, liberated and directed, as the spiral center of man's evolving destiny, the very heart will have been taken out of his struggle and sorrow. Disease may then pass from the earth, and ease take its place. Live and evil are really the same word. Evil is the negative expression of live, the thought —shall we say—spelled backwards. We avoid evil by learning to live, and living involves growth and expansion, not suppression; and this is as true of man as of a cabbage.

To determine that life shall hereafter be guided by the deliberate thought and self-directive reason of the upper brain and never hereafter be stampeded by the animal tendencies of the lower brain is the quintessence of self-critical judgment. This platform of the re-educational principle, once firmly established in the mind, inspires the individual to study the mystery of his days and the enigma of himself so that he shall know that each act is thereafter part of a forward moving effort. The determination seems simple enough, but is so only if we constantly remember that self-critical judgment easily sinks into old-fashioned rigidity where self-control is used in place of self-reliance. Self-critical judgment is far from being synonymous with the old procedure, of throwing a picture of the self, as it were, a conventional image, upon the screen of thought and thereupon coercing the nature into the preconceived groove. Self-critical judgment is an objective, not a subjective procedure. It views the given situation impersonally and asks itself "what is the best that I can do at this moment?" It holds no artificial standards and hard creeds as means of

pressure upon the soul. It does not cudgel the spirit into goodness with the rule of right and wrong as the world conceives them. The act is rather one of deep meditation and quiet self-determination, a seeking and following of the deeper ideals.

CHAPTER XI

WILL AND IMAGINATION

THERE is one bitter complaint on the lips of patients troubled with neurasthenia: they are weary of being told to use their wills. Friends say: "Why, you can go on the water, just will yourself to do it." The family tells them: "You don't need to be afraid of the dark, or high places, or cats, or snakes; just use your will." The husband says to his nervous wife: "Control yourself, my dear, you don't need to fear burglars, use your will." Or as commonly, a cold, self-possessed wife tries to reason the neurosis out of her apparently sturdy mate, with the words: "Come, come, you are a man; you can make yourself be calm in crowds. Why, I don't mind anything at all; there is no danger of fire or an accident. Use your will." And the poor man might as well insist that the mountain come to him as it was said to have come to Mahomet. He knows it can't be done.

A sick will is more painful than gallstones; for it wounds the vanity of the soul. Wherever neurosis has taken root, the life blood of the will is being sucked dry and volition can no more be used than a river in a July drought may be made to turn a water-wheel. The potentialities are there. The river-bed may be large enough, but the current for the time being has gone from that stream.

In the common vernacular, will is spoken of as if it were a psychic muscle, which, like the biceps, can

be exercised and developed into a powerful and combative instrument. To read the magazine advertisements on will power, one would think that a few hours of training taken painlessly to records on the phonograph, is all the average person requires. Only the initial effort of will, the determination to buy the book which reveals the secret, take the correspondence course or become a pupil of Monsieur X, is necessary. After that, in forty-eight hours the receding jaw becomes firm, the half-open lips are closed to register virile determination.

The picture is entirely wrong. Any conception of will that treats it as a separated, or shall we say, insulated organ, merely operating upon other forces in the body is erroneous. Today it is believed that volition is the total expression of the impulsive energies of the human being, and thus inseparable from instinct, desire, emotion, sentiment, interest and the deliberative processes which lead to determination.

The will is best described as a river flowing into the sea of action. It is formed from the many motive tributaries which rise from the great springs of impulse. This attitude both agrees and disagrees with those who say there is no will apart from the mental powers. There is no Mississippi apart from the waters of the Missouri, the Ohio and all the countless, minor streams, rills and rivulets that pour into it; and yet none will deny that the Mississippi exists, and practical men are little likely to make the same mistake regarding the will. The will *is,* from the very fact that it unites the primary forces and the union is something different from its separated elements. An orange does not exist apart from the skin, rind, juice, seeds and pulp of which it is composed, but the combination of these elements cre-

ates something that is more than the parts in themselves. The will is equally different from all of the elements which inhere in it.

The new attitude toward the will virtually reduces the process to what psychologists define as conation, which is really the whole series of elements that enter into the will, the wishes, the interests, the attention—all that produces the urging thought. The dominant instincts and the personal gamut of emotion seek expression and create in the mind the kind of images which quicken their impulsive trends, becoming insistent stimulators. It is here that wisdom may, and should enter; not to pervert and destroy, but to guide and direct in the choice and liberation of ideas that are suitable stimuli to the will, and tend to happiness and success.

From this point of view an all new aspect is given to the idea of will. Since it represents the sum total of individual motives it should not, indeed, cannot be restrained. We may put a dam across the Niagara River and for a time, if our engineering achievement is upon a great enough scale, hold back the waters, but they will inevitably flow over the top of our structure and pile down into the same old river-bed. We can, however, sluice-off the stream into countless ditches; in other words, we can divert the river from its channel. The diverting of a natural waterway, however, is also a perverting of it, as far as its integrity as a stream is concerned. This is actually true of all methods of will control. The principle is antagonistic to the basic doctrine of reliance and self-development, destroying the beauty of the nature just as surely as sluicing of the waters would ruin Niagara Falls.

The conception of will as combining all the mo-

tive trends of the psychic has brought the dynamic note into modern psychology. The inherent motives flow on every level of being, from the carnal to the spiritual; just as they flowed in the blood-stream of our ancestors. We can direct or diffuse the currents as we release or decrease the waters. We can dredge the channels and dike up the low places, allowing the tide to come in its normal levels, but only by developing along natural lines is accomplished that sure reliance upon which permanent achievement must stand. Jules Payot in his splendid book *The Education of the Will,* writes: "If we do not know ourselves we become the sport of circumstance, of suggestion and erroneous belief and give it (circumstance) a direction which does violence to our fundamental tendencies."

From this point of view, there is no more important factor in the study of the will than the mass of memories and early influences which have determined the habits—the attitude of mind and characteristic inhibitions. Volitional power is many times dammed up—and its course perverted by abnormal beliefs and strange senses of duty, or driven back by the juggernaut of fear. In the actual we will according to our convictions and ideals; we obey unconscious but nevertheless potent plans of action. If these are vague and chaotic, activity will be diffused. If concrete and clear, it may be both positive as well as negative. The will of the criminal, for instance, is as much built upon his scheme of life as is the will of a Lincoln: upon all that each has experienced. The whole volitional trend is, then, affected by the memory. Early impressions come into active being before all trends of the will are determined; thus the will is intimately involved in emotional states.

It is possible, in other words, to have inherited a strong will whose action is so interfered with and misdirected by turbid areas of undrained emotion and rebellious misunderstanding, that volitional expression is vitiated.

Where such blockage exists, it is usually found at the meeting point of the streams of desire. The repression might be pictured as a great dam across the point of emergence. As a result, the waters which were intended to flow into the river of the will are disseminated and produce a swamp of vacillation which becomes a soggy area of quicksand and mud within the human mind. From this sodden swamp the streams of energy soak off in countless little rivulets, some to the east, some to the west, and are wasted away. The current of the will is then only a thin stream through a dry bed. It possesses no power to turn the wheels of personal industry. The attention flags, the alertness is low and the power of association is tinged with all manner of negative feelings, so that a discolored mass of material comes out of life experience to further clog the memory and make cynical the spirit. The personality becomes dissociated; that is, the mind is diffused and vague; the vigor and the charm have gone out of life. With such a condition once started masses of perverted material grow up to dwarf the perception and later experience is seen through the vapors that rise from the fermenting areas of misunderstood early experience. Life appears as a series of distorted images, as abnormal as when an object is seen through heat or fog. The point of view or apperceptive basis is extreme, and every personal wound only adds to the confusion.

It is here that the new therapeutic methods enter.

The old principle of coercion can not and never did meet such situations. We must approach them as we would an engineering problem. Frankly facing the congestion, the blockages must be dynamited; memory cleared of its débris, the mind opened to new mental attitudes; the life given new aims. Release of the hidden energies and increase of the will is not a process of strange magic, but a series of steps as tangible and logical as draining a marsh and dredging flotsam and jetsam from a waterway.

Misunderstanding regarding the will has come from the influence upon it of belief and prejudice. Artificial ideas as to the integrity of personal expression have done much to dig wrong channels and induce vacillation.

John L. Sullivan, of pugilistic fame, certainly possessed a strong will. So did FitzSimmons. Their prize fights were tests of will, as well as of skill and brawn. But let us suppose that someone had possessed the power to insist that Sullivan take up poetry for a profession, and use his will to make himself write beautiful sonnets. Or equally, suppose FitzSimmons had been told that he must become a master of the violin and strive to be a rival of Ysaye. Outside pressure or fear of consequences could conceivably have started both men to digging sluiceways from the stream of will so that some portion of it would have flowed into poetic and musical effort.

What would have been the result? Loss of athletic power, certainly; failure in the prize ring if the pseudo activity had been long continued; but would either have achieved in a superimposed occupation? Certainly not; for the instinctive trends, the emotions, motives, images and desires of Sulli-

van and FitzSimmons did not flow in the direction of poem writing and violin playing.

Loss of will power comes from every deflection of effort away from the inherent ends of the individual mixture of instincts, motives, emotions and desires; nor can father, mother, teacher, or the individual himself change the native course of the will one iota without injuring the will. Useful mills and water-wheels may be built along the river-bed where natural falls and rapids lie and made to serve the life, but unless the waters are returned to the bed of the stream it loses as a whole its integrity and power. The will flows according to the laws of the character combination of the individual and normally in no other way.

The subjective thinker with native mechanical interests cannot permanently direct his will to peanut-growing or art embroidery. The instinctive horseman in whose fingers a bridle rein is as delicate an instrument as a bow in the hands of Kreisler, cannot use his will to develop the same magic in some other field. He may, to be sure, possess a number of faculties if his type is versatile; but the topography of his character, whatever it may be, determines first and always the course and volume of his volition power. The channel may be improved; the waters used in many practical ways; but its native integrity is part of his individuality, related to his personality, fundamental to his temperament. It is created by the natural springs, brooks, rills and valleys of the selfhood and cannot be modified without injury to his actual capacities. The life-course may be developed and strengthened only if its wholeness is maintained.

There is more to it than this. Actually most of us are somewhat versatile. There is one thing we

can do best; one major way we can live, love and lengthen our days, but there are also many minor possibilities of expression. In other words, while the background of our characters, where rise the springs of desire, are rock-hewn cliffs and deep-cut valleys, the topography changes as the river of will reaches the sea of action. There are currents from the springs of instinct; others from the fountains of emotion; we may possess divergent purposes, forces in conflict. As a result, the flow of effort may flood across the lowlands of every-day situations in differing directions. Examination, judgment as to the dominant tendencies and decision as to the right course, become necessary.

This brings us to the problem of deliberation and choice, that supreme gift of human intelligence. Obviously, progress is made and the will strong only where the streams of motive of which it is composed are working in harmony, and the ultimate activity is guided by considered thought. Determination, therefore, is the highest expression of volition but it is colored by forces beyond and above the power of the will.

This question of determination has, however, been strangely misunderstood. The common teaching that the right courses of action can be chosen, and then the will coerced to desire them, is a good deal like the efforts of some of the old military leaders who demanded that captives believe in Christianity or they would be killed. In *Ariel,* André Maurois describes Dr. Keate, headmaster of Eton, as a terrible little man who considered the flogging block a necessary station on the road to perfection and who ended his sermon on the Sixth Beatitude by

saying, "Now boys, be pure in heart, for if not, I'll flog you until you are."

Dr. Keate's ideas were along the line that each is master of his own soul; a teaching that is the rarest nonsense in the eyes of the intelligent psychologist. To master your spirit can only mean to control it in obedience to other people's ideas, to deny its integrity and permit its subjection to external influences. The will-power system of living is an heirloom of savagery, a brutal way from beginning to end. For civilized human beings the only rational method is critical self-direction. The character of individuals as of nations is developed only by guidance of innate powers through the faculties of the understanding. The soul guides the will, and is not mastered by it, which is only another way of saying that the soul may direct itself with wisdom; for if the will is a union of all primary forces, it can be but a union of the soul's energies.

Since the will may be directed but cannot be restrained or wisely subserved without loss to its energy, its training would be in the direction of stimulating the imagination and suggesting right mental attitudes rather than in coercive repression. Every effort should be made to liberate the will by digging out the springs of the great wishes, by releasing the interests, by quickening the images, by unleashing the instincts and sustaining physical energy. The maximum power created by these motive centers insures the fullest flow of the will. The process is safe, however, only when constructive imagination stands as a sure and guiding force at the union between will and action.

Our decisions must, however, depend upon the natural tendencies and not upon external influences,

for true deliberation is not a pattern-obeying choice of desire. We betake ourselves to a goal because we wish it, but neither force nor persuasion can make us seek a desire. In place of coercion, then, we must emphasize the deliberate accenting and freeing of certain desires (the better and constructive ones) until the powers of our natures no longer flow in wrong or negative directions. And in this act reason enters most significantly.

The new technique of self-reliance is first a matter of analysis: a clearing and freeing of the will; and second, a matter of right direction. Once volition is restored to its integrity, and in all cases where it has been maintained at normal strength, imagination is the potent factor utterly superseding that ignorant remnant of savagery—self-control. It is upon self-reliance that intelligent procedure depends. Indeed, where true guidance and strong will have existed it is found to have been largely because of right mental images.

Popular interest in autosuggestion, brought to the front by M. Coué, gave a new emphasis to imagination. Its importance had never been minimized by psychologists, but the Coué system dramatized to the average person the factor of imagination as a primary determinator of accomplishment. In fact, in some instances, the pendulum seemed to swing so far that will was given no place at all. This, of course, is not the true balance, and explains most of the failures of the Coué system; for just as the will is blind without imagination, so is imagination powerless without the will.

Mental images, it is true, are the eyes of volition; our activity follows these visualizations. We do that which we conceive doing. We act according to

the stimulus and interest which imagination has quickened within us. But a released and strongly flowing will must follow the guiding images else there is no power to energize achievement.

Some decades ago, imagination was relegated to children and poets as a term almost synonymous with fancy. Little of its power to shape the thought and action even of materialists was then understood. Today we know that whatever a man's belief, and quite apart from his quotient of cold reason, imagination determines the quality and trend of his thought. As a man imagines in his heart, so he ultimately becomes. The pictures on the screen of his mind may flicker and grow dim, but they as certainly prophesy his future as an architectural plan proclaims the structure to be built according to its design.

An image in the mind is the germ which carries strains of tendency as formative as those of the ancestral lines. The power is as determinative as that of environment. Indeed, we now divide the casual forces of individual life-experience into three parts: One, inherited capacities; two, environmental surroundings; three, imaginal influence.

Upon the third, or image-germ, rests the power to modify or improve heritage, to meet and control environment. According to its guiding stimulus the will of the life is directed. Abraham Lincoln was born in a little log cabin. In the eyes of scientific measurement nothing in his inherited strains could have been called promising. Certainly, his environment left much to be desired, but the Divine fire of constructive imagery moved in his brain; he saw himself becoming educated; he pictured his life unfolding and expanding. The pulsing words of many

a classic beat in his brain. He wandered the seas with Ulysses and toiled the night with poets and philosophers. He recognized himself as one who sought the company of great thinkers. The image became as certain as an inventor's vision of the machine he is creating. It took form in the matrix of thought, even as Rodin's statues shaped themselves. Lincoln literally painted his life upon the canvas of his soul, and with brushes of intense desire filled in the action, color and direction which imagination unfolded.

So, too, with every human being, whether one of the great or among the failures, a leader or a criminal. The trend of life has been given by the films of phantasy, the plans, dreams, hopes, wishes, pictures, which drafted the life and conceived its form.

Will obeys the imagination in the most fear-wrought neurotic as well as in Hercules. As a man plans in his heart, so be becomes. The material, the bricks and timber of his nature, are inherited. The building site is given by environment. The design of the house, its usefulness, success and beauty, are measured by the mental images, to which the individual may give determinative trend. As long as a man pictures himself as a failure, he will fail. As long as he calls an image of sickness before his gaze, his responsive organism will obey the pattern in his mind. If the plan of life is negative, he certainly must either build on outlines of despair or else patch his days together with no method of guidance, which amounts to the same thing. The actual image in the self is invincible, nor can a single motive strain escape its domination. The inner picture of today creates and recreates the man of tomorrow.

It is in this formative power of imagination that

the secret of sudden conversion and miraculous cure resides. There are shrines in Europe to which literally thousands have gone; lame, halt, blind and diseased, to depart as changed men and women. What transpired? Intense belief in the efficiency of the shrine to heal took possession of the hitherto negative imagination. The formative life picture was given new direction. The eyes of the mind were turned from a symbol of gloom toward a vision of life. The hope of expansion abolished the destructive destiny and, as a result, the heart-beat quickened, the nervous tension relaxed, the breathing quieted; a picture of the self, as a well and strong person, became the pattern for future effort and action. Every amœboid cell felt the new impulse, and nature in so far as was physically possible obeyed the quickening. She could not grow a new leg if it were gone; she could not transform in a moment the organic condition, but function, metabolism, nervous energy, glandular activity, mental processes, all that could respond, obeyed a regenerated impulse and moved toward a transformed destiny. The human being had faced forward.

The individual who has experienced such a release finds all life transformed and himself in a new relation to it; nor is the miracle true only in bodily relations. As men are sick or well, first of all as a result of the way they have lived, and as this has followed the guiding images of the thought, so men are good or bad, strong or weak, brave or fearful, sane or insane, largely in obedience to the image-trend.

It may take years to pervert an imagination so as to cause the results we know as the final and evident conditions, repeated pictures must have

passed over the screen of thought before an action which we call moral or immoral, good or evil, brilliant or stupid, results. Nevertheless, the action has only obeyed the repeated impulses of the imaged desires. A young man does not become a libertine unless years of sex phantasy have pictured promiscuity; the anarchist does not kill a president until imagination has slowly painted its blood-smeared picture, and so confused rational thought that normal will is impossible. Behind the greatest and the most insignificant experiences of life the mental image has been at work. Its perversion builds life on a distorted pattern; its repression blights the power as plants put into a cellar. Negative imagination is the builder of the dungeon of despair. A positive and affirmative picturing possesses miraculous power to transform.

Imagination is often divided into five types: motor, impulsive, sentimental, intellectual and sensuous, each creating its own form of action. Useful as are these classifications, they do not vivify imaginative differences. The earlier divisions of creative, constructive, reproductive and processive are more useful and directly relate to living organisms rather than to a theoretical figure.

Creative imagination produces artistic expression and conceives new form; inventive power results from constructive imagery, a seeing of new relations. Reproductive picturing is realistic, endowing capacity to recall experience and portray life. Processive imagination sees methods and systems, endowing executive ability.

Imagination is also both visual and oral. The musician and poet hear melodies in their minds, even as the sculptor and the engineer see form.

Judgment, feeling and will obey these distinctions of inner picturing. As the type of imagination, so the variations of the thought and the trend of the will.

Most fundamental of all is the positive and negative classification of imagination, for this measures in the broad sense health or sickness. Neurosis and psychosis may be reduced to a diseased mental picturing; tendencies to evil are equally forms of negative imagery. The contrast of positive and negative lies behind progress or degeneration.

Once the formative power of the mental image is understood and its influence on the will is recognized, the old ideas of volition become as archaic and lifeless as savage totem poles and superstitious taboo.

In balancing our volitional powers, an evaluation of varying elements of which they are composed, is of great assistance. It serves also to help find the type of will, for it is recognized that whatever the power of volition may be, the varieties of expression differ. Lieutenant Maugham's type of volition is a far different force from that of Morgan, Marconi or Maude Adams.

States Combining Thought and Emotion with Will

Volitional Powers

- persistence .....
- endurance .....
- firmness .....
- decision .....
- deliberation .....
- fixedness .....
- control .....
- leadership .....

resolution .....
courage .....
determination .....
self-discipline .....
resolution .....
perseverance .....
calmness .....

Thus for practical purposes we may divide the will into a number of distinct expressions. These are useful only for applied study and are not attempts at separate divisions of volitional power. It is merely a simple fact that because of the close connection of will and imagination volitional expression tends to be of distinctly different types. The artist, for instance, who lives on beans and rice for two years that he may paint pictures, possesses a very different sort of will from the prize fighter able to summon himself to intense action for a short period, but who is possibly unable to carry on any enduring effort. The ideal will of the artist is empowered by the intensity of his yearn for beauty, the images of art are in his mind. The physical will in the prize fighter is temporal and ephemeral in comparison, and yet may be infinitely stronger for momentary expression because of his intense urge to physical achievement. It was a spiritual will which carried Jesus to the cross, and a moral will animating Jeanne d'Arc.

We can further understand these divisions if we remember that the will is a union of the psychic forces of the nature, a gathering of currents into a stream. If the course of imagination is emotional, so must the will be. If the stream is intellectual, that quality will dominate the whole volitional ac-

tivity. The pictures in the mind, the longings in the heart, measure the trend of the expression.

THE WILL

1. Spiritual will .....
2. Ideal will .....
3. Moral will .....
4. Intellectual will .....
5. Emotional will .....
6. Physical or active will .....
7. Material or temporal will.....

A veritable new philosophy is to be found in the rapidly developing understanding of will, one easily misjudged by casual and prejudiced critics. It is hard for those reared in the old school of precept and coercion to believe that the will is not a separate attribute which can be bullied or punished, but that it is an expression of the whole person. It is distressing to abolish the idea of self-control and place self-reliance in its stead. The discarding of repression seems wild indeed until it is realized that self-reliance does not imply an anarchistic "free-will," but rather the inner guidance of intelligent choice, in place of unthinking obedience to external standards and inherited precepts. Actually, however, self-control is inseparable from the act of living in apprehension of one sort or another, for the killing of desire leaves only fear. Repress a positive and you have a negative.

Perhaps, most difficult of all, is the new emphasis upon the power of ideas as a factor both in will and in the development of character. Jules Payot remarks: "Morality . . . does not need to link its fate to such a hazardous theory as free-will; morality

needs only liberty. . . . All that is necessary to establish the possibility of liberty is that our imagination shall be capable of conceiving a plan of life to be realized." This thought closely relates to the researches of Ribot, who proved that when there is no joy following a sensation, an idea remains inert; that when happy sensibility is diminished a man may become incapable of even lifting his hand to write his name. The power of the will therefore depends upon the animating impulse of live interests which free the individual and by the same act direct his life.

Reduced to simplicities, the trouble with the will of lives where conflict or failure exists lies in the negative images—in control of the guiding thought. The point of view is pessimistic. The inner attitude might then be worded "Every day, in every way, I'm getting worse and worse." It is an unconscious affirmation, a downward-looking attitude which possesses a powerful influence over the life. This very negative process may be turned about so as to become a constructive procedure. Such affirmation, however, requires also a use of wisdom. One might affirm repeatedly that he would become a Caruso and if he did not possess the genius and voice of the great singer end with no more beauty in song than a street peddler. There are those, however, who have splendid gifts, but repeatedly affirm their absence and who thus lose the very opportunity to express themselves. If affirmation is used as a constructive process in connection with a knowledge of possibilities, it can go far toward empowering the will and building a forward-looking attitude.

Affirmation in its simplicity is the art of facing in a new and better direction. When the writer was

a little boy, his father explained to him, "You can look toward light, or you can look toward darkness. If you look toward light, you will go toward light; if you look toward darkness, that will certainly be the trend of your footsteps. You must always remember, when you find yourself turned in the wrong direction, to stop and say firmly, 'I can, if I will, go toward the light. I will turn, here and now, and go in that better direction!' "

This is affirmation of a constructive and rational type. It brings a veritable transformation in the habit of the self—a liberation of the will if really desired, persistently practiced and intelligently carried out.

CHAPTER XII

IMPELLING MOTIVES

THE dominant impulses of the individual are as important to progress as engines to transatlantic liners. Without motive power, drifting is inevitable. It is equally essential that all the driving forces propel in the same direction. Many a man's starboard turbines are pushing forward with his port engines backing up, while he remains quite unaware of the cause of his trouble.

An engaging young business man went to Dr. Ess demanding to be shown "how to make a million." He had been reading the advertisements of "bunk psychology," and was informed that he had gone to the wrong sort of consultant. The serious psychologist is not engaged in making millionaires.

"You mean you can't help me?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, I didn't say that. Simply, neither I nor any man can teach you how to become rich. That is on the knees of the gods. But are you sure you want wealth, that it is the real motive force of your life?"

The answer was an emphatic affirmative.

"Very well, we'll see how your engines are running, for some progress is inevitable if all of you is driving in the same direction."

A series of carefully planned questions began, while Dr. Ess took notes. Presently a rather graphic picture appeared of the young man's past five years, revealing three-quarters of the motive power directed

toward scattered interests; club life, yachting trips, golf, bridge parties, the theater, little dinners, dancing, reading on the lounge, smoking by the open fire, day-dreaming, uncertain sleep and prayers that some lucky fluke would bring a fortune. A little over twenty per cent of thought and attention was turned toward useful effort, which could conceivably merit the reward of wealth; or even toward an endeavor to get riches whether they were deserved or not.

"You don't want good fortune," the young man was told. "You want a good time. Your course is laid on pleasure and not the reality principle. You are trying to bluff success into coming your way. You are perfectly willing to sweat fixing up a racy cruiser, or in the evolutions of a dance, but not in achievement. Now that is all right, it is no one's place to criticize you if you prefer the life of a grasshopper. But don't pretend to yourself that you want to be an ant, and don't expect to achieve an ant's storehouse. You go the way your actual motives drive you and gain what they win. So far your real desire is for fun."

An examination of the life-impulse, if actually and conscientiously carried out, can be—ought to be—a revolutionary experience; a real getting back to the first principles of effort. Nor is it limited to the achievement of a career. The record of a Mr. Louis Nash is a case in point. After five or six unhappy adventures in love, he visited a psychoanalyst of the conservative type to find out what was the matter. The inner story, as it unfolded, was a revelation in motives. Visions of marriage and a home had not dominated the secret emotions of Nash, but instead were years of hidden dreams

which might conceivably have motivated to the ultimate possession of a harem, or a life as promiscuous as that of the first French Directorate. At no point did the emotional trend incline toward monogamous fidelity.

Yet intellectually and in moral convictions the young man's conscious thought was laid on the straight course of conventional domesticity. The possession of a pleasant, well-conducted home, a gracious wife and two or three children, seemed to him desirable. The picture, however, was superimposed, an imitation of his own family life and that of his friends. Inwardly it had no reality. He toyed with the idea, but actually, in his love relations, there was neither stability nor purpose. Hence he was trying to move in two directions and succeeding in neither.

The dominant tendencies of the individual spring from the imaginative activity and strength of his motive centers. In Nash the sex-wish, that driving impulse of all sensual types, was exceptionally strong. The young business man, on the other hand, was obeying the dominant purpose of comfort. Whatever the type of life, however complex the experience, the propelling force reduces to a relation and dominance of the motive centers which result from a union of will and imagination.

MOTIVE CENTERS

Wishes	ego-wish	herd-wish
	sex-wish	life-wish
Images	self-image	mate-image
	mother-image	father-image

Interests	love of action love of knowledge love of beauty love of service and utility	
Purposes	possession comfort development actuality	 pleasure principle reality principle
Systems	brain nerves	glands organs

Once the habit is formed of classifying imagination and will upon this simple scale of centers, our tendencies are easily clarified. The dynamic wishes of man are the ego-wish, or the urge to be; the sex-wish, or the impulse for love; the herd-wish, or the longing for society; and the life-wish, or the lust for experience. From these central springs flow the streams of desire, the zeal for independence and self-preservation, the longing for home, the yearn for sympathy and comradeship, a craving for joy and accomplishment, and the myriad animating forces which we shall later see in the gamut of experience.

In all great competitors, egotists, rulers, dominators, world conquerors, the ego-wish is extremely active. Its expression may have been physical, emotional, intellectual or even spiritual, but the impulse was primary. Lytton Strachey, speaking of Florence Nightingale, wrote: "She would think of nothing but how to satisfy that singular craving of hers, to be doing something. As if there was not plenty to do in any case in the ordinary way at home.

There was the china to look after and there was her father to be read to after dinner. Mrs. Nightingale could not understand it; and then one day her perplexity was changed to consternation and alarm; Florence announced her extreme desire to go to Salisbury Hospital for several months as a nurse . . . the whole scheme was brushed summarily aside as preposterous, and Mrs. Nightingale, after the first shock of terror, was able to settle down again more or less comfortably to her embroidery. But Florence, who was now twenty-five, and felt that the dream of her life had been shattered, came near to desperation."

Savonarola was a spiritual leader, but it was the force of his ego that drove him to action. Whistler, an artist of artists, painted as much that he might admire his own masterpieces as to produce beauty. Woodrow Wilson, a moral leader, possessed an invincible ego-urge which separated him from his fellows and made coöperation difficult or impossible. And so we might progress to intellectual types like Bernard Shaw, emotional natures like Mary, Queen of Scots, to men of action like Ludendorf, or women of prominence in the world of sport, like Suzanne Lenglen, and find in each instance where extreme individuality is evident an ego-wish as the center of action.

In contrast, the herd-wish seems to be a finer impulse than that which springs from ego-exaltation. But this is only appearance. On the higher levels of expression all motives are equal. The herd-wish has stimulated action from the consummate example of Jesus through the religious and social reforms of history to the last patriotic impulse of a weary Red Cross nurse, or an over-worked doctor. It has

driven through the soul of such differing revolutionists as Mazzini and Lenine, inspired those like Plato or More who dreamed of Utopia and quickened the hearts of many whose social ideas are anathema to lovers of the status quo. But it is also the impulse that draws an idle and curious crowd, packs a dance hall, builds a city slum or makes little Rachel Goldstein lonely over on First Avenue. Mark Twain, in *Tom Sawyer,* gives a vivid picture of the herd-impulse at work:

> "It is to swear, to stand by one another, and never tell the gang's secrets, even if you're chopped all to flinder and to kill anybody and all his family that hurts one of the gang."
>
> "That's gay, that's mighty gay, Tom, I tell you."
>
> "Well, I bet it is, and all that swearing's got to be done at midnight in the lonesomest, awfullest place you can find—a ha'nted house is the best, but they're all ripped up now."
>
> "Well, midnight's good, anyway, Tom."
>
> "Yes, so it is, and you've got to swear on a coffin and sign it with blood."
>
> "Now that's something like."

The herd-wish may be merely the gang spirit of riotous youth, or it may inspire deathless allegiance to the principle of liberty, equality and fraternity. From the glorious efforts of Jane Addams to the intoxicated friendliness of a Bowery sot, the herd-impulse is directing the motivation.

The sex-wish speaks for itself and seldom needs explaining. It dominates some people to such a degree that they seem like driven animals; it plays some part in all lives and is a devastating and ruinous influence in far too many. Less of it would have liberated the genius of Oscar Wilde, modified the affairs of Henry the Eighth and made them both

more acceptable members of society. More of it would give censorious moralists a little of the compassion which Jesus showed the Magdalene, and a little less critical tongue than they usually possess.

Although harmonizing of the ego-, mate- and herd-wish is fundamental in the solution of social and personal life, it is not more primary than an understanding of the life-wish; the desire for experience and fulness of being. The life-wish is the seat of that restless lust which lies at the heart of progress and culture. It endows the impulse for adventure; courts experience, seeks variety, delights in motion, craves action, worships athletics. It sent Drake to the Spanish Main and Boone into the primeval forests. It often sweeps all three of the other wishes aside so that less of the average ego-impulse appears; only a casual herd-yearn develops and little sex-interest influences the life. The self is poured into physical energy and revels in nature.

The mere ego-wish could never have conquered forest and stream, harnessed rivers nor built skyscrapers. The herd-wish has no creative impulse. It stimulates men to coöperative endeavor, but it does not give the incentive to achieve, nor to conquer the organic world. From the life-wish, mechanics, art, science, and all that deals with the world of substance, have sprung. It was this impetus which surged in Aristotle's brain and made him long to hear the music of the spheres. It drove the Phœnicians far across the sea and sent the Roman armies through primeval forests. It quickens in our blood when we think of the achievement of invention; it empowered Marconi to toil through years for radio.

If the life-wish is suppressed, the other motives cannot remain normal, nor can they adequately ex-

press the nature. Health requires a sense of liberty in the universe, and this primary law has perhaps been the least understood. The dogmas of the ages have sought to bind man to one environment, one place, one condition, and to maintain the status quo. It was refusal of the life-wish that made New England farmers cut down the first telephone poles. A misunderstanding of it has caused conservatism, that very pride of rigidist minds, that backward impulsion which hates every advance and change in human life, just because it means something new and different to which the self must become adjusted. Yet the life-wish is not all sober. It sends us to the theater, and makes us enjoy laughter; it sends us strolling through the woods, and gives a love of hill and valley, lake and stream.

The heart of the life-wish is the sense of gladness at being alive and part of the all-surrounding nature.

The herd-wish is the sense of joy at being part of the all-surrounding humanity.

The sex-wish is the sense of happiness at being part of a dual love-union.

The ego-wish is the sense of delight in the powers endowed in the self. Expansion and direction of these capacities build life into ever greater expression.

The dominating desire of the individual has been likened to the engine which drives an ocean liner through the sea. As in building the ship, however, other forces come into play. Accomplishment and happiness depend in large measure upon the clarity and activity of the images which, so to speak, form the architectural plan of human life. We grow and act according to our images of the self, the mate, the mother and the father. Fortunate

indeed is the man or woman who possesses a vivid picture of what he wants to be, and of the type of partner he desires in marriage. A life motivated by one or both of these guiding principles experiences little of the haphazard activity conspicuous when, for example, a carpenter builds a house without a preliminary design. When their determinative assistance is lacking the career or the marriage experience, or both, are uncertain activities. Vacillation is probable, usually inevitable.

Experience has taught that nature endows both the self-image and the mate-image in childhood but, normally, they are covered up during the earlier years by the mother- and the father-image. The child has the same worship of his parents that primitive people possessed for their ancestors. They are his symbol of God. Too many times parents try to play the part of Agrippina who was described as "a wicked woman but a devoted mother." Her violations of chastity were notorious. Better by far that Nero had never felt any of her devotion, than that his image of goodness built upon her maternal presence should have ended by making him fiddle tyrannically while Rome burned.

As has happened at other times in history when injury to the parental image causes a turning against the parent, Nero had his mother killed by hired assassins. But Agrippina had killed Nero's soul years before. Ravishingly beautiful she was at once his infant symbol of God and his adult example of licentiousness.

In a boy, the father-image obscures the self-picture and the mother-image the picture of his ideal "she." In a girl the inverse process appears. The mother-image obscures in childhood her ideal of

herself, and the father-image takes the place of her young Lochinvar. These parental images in the course of nature should become separated from those of the self and the ideal of the love-relation, so that by seven, the self-image should begin to appear and by puberty both the self- and mate-images be partially formed. By maturity clear, strong outlines of the selfhood as a director in the career and of the preferred type of sweetheart as a guide to marriage should exist in the mind. The father- and mother-image should have become changed to those of a normal love-relation between adults, bound by blood ties.

But such good fortune is not always the case, as many a life failure and many a divorce has proved. Far too often because of possessive or dominating parents, or through some loss or shock in the early life, the father- or mother-image still obscures the self- or mate-image even in maturity.

Arthur Ross, a conspicuous figure in one of our smaller cities, is a case in point. Arthur's father was a famous reform Mayor. He was known everywhere for his large black hat and his generous habit of offering his constituents chewing gum in lieu of cigars. He was a large, virile, genial, objective sort of man who plowed his way through the mazes of ward politics, cleaned up the civic slums and became the idol of hundreds of citizens.

Arthur was a replica of his mother, a faded little creature whose face was screwed into a maze of anxious wrinkles. His father was his hero, however, and his imitation of "Dad" was pitiful. He justified every opinion with the preface, "my father thinks"—"Dad says"—or "You know my father is—." His slight figure was topped by the twin of

his father's famous black hat, he had an obviously affected hail fellow manner, and he even distributed chewing gum. He was so insistent upon attempting a public career that his father appointed him to a minor office, which he was not able to hold, although he tried to run it with the virility and force which his parent manifested as Mayor.

His whole motivation sprang from ambition to be like his father, and not ten per cent of his nature was cut from the same block. From kilson to topsail Arthur had inherited from his maternal grandfather a nature no more suited for politics than polar bears for the tropics; yet his mentality was good, and had his own self-image been free to guide him, his type of thought and field of effort could have accomplished much in a mechanical pursuit such as his grandfather had followed.

There is no more important help to the motivation of the life than the strength, activity and clarity of the pristine images, for they are the source of ambitions and affections, which filter year by year into the very heart of each of us, determining the mood of the life. Upon their harmony, marriage, family life and worship must forever rest. Where the four images are free and untarnished, standing by themselves and unconfused, the single soul builds itself a normal, healthy life. Where the pictures have been obscured in a mass of blurred shadows, emotional chaos is inevitable.

When the hunger in a man's spirit is an intellectual thing such as animates a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Spenser, or a Huxley, and becomes what we know as the lure of a person's life, the urge to thought and comprehension becomes the ruling principle. There is a lust for truth and insight, the yearn to

penetrate the mysteries of creation. This is one of four impulses that rise out of the subterranean reservoir of the great interests; the urge for action, for knowledge, for beauty and for service. It is these which have built the world we know as civilization. It is these that have fed and guided the mind, and made it the strange and wonderful instrument of intelligence. William James has taught us that without the interests there is no mental activity; they bring initiative, stimulate thought, and endow intellectuality.

Innate in many men, and dominant even in childhood is the desire to run a motor car, sail a boat, build an engine. Roosevelt typified the love of action, even as Isadora Duncan gave it objective expression. The tendency directs the life of all who live in the world of things, and love the very act of doing and accomplishing. It is the hunger for motion, one of the most primary of all human urging. Parents are oppressively familiar with it in the young, but it is equally manifest in what Emerson called the "doer" type even to old age. It is perhaps best exemplified in contrasts, for there are two types where this impulse is distinctly absent. One is the lazy or inert nature, and the other is the subjective, intellectual type that loves to think of doing, but dislikes bodily activity.

In contrast to action, the lure of knowledge bowed the heads of such men as Kant and Bergson through the silent hours of the night, and led them to bore into the world of reason. It is far more common than generally supposed, and by no means confined to those popularly designated as "high brows." It is this curious hunger which questions at the age of six. "Why, why, why?" If allowed to develop this

impulse so quickens the brain as to produce a high level of intelligence. We have not recognized, however, that the love of knowledge if over-stimulated in a type where such tendencies are not native can become a contradictory or injurious influence.

One of the most tragic figures at an eastern college was a man whose father had determined to make a scholar of him. By the aid of tutors and secretaries the poor soul had managed to scrape his way through to a degree of bachelor of arts. Not satisfied with this, however, the father held as a condition of inheritance that the degree of doctor of philosophy must be won. The man was always to be seen in the college library, books piled high about him, a tutor at his side. From his face had gone the joy of living; he seemed like a mere machine operated by a force outside himself. Yet he was by no means dull or stupid. It was merely that love of knowledge was not native to him; his type was one that required activity and adventure.

A superimposing of the art impulse, the love of beauty, is even a more common mistake and has thrown many a life into cross-purposes. Only the patient heavens are aware of the number of unexpressive and practical minded souls who take up singing, violin, painting, writing, or attempt to produce poems and plays. New York alone boasts of ten thousand registered artists, but little art. Yet, love of art tinged Raphael's brush with wonder, and mixed passion with the notes of Wagner. It wrought the temples of Greece and wove the meters of Shelley.

As an actual driving impulse, the love of beauty is an unyielding mistress. Many a man has lived on rye bread in a garret for the mere privilege of push-

ing color over a canvas, and in such instances, whatever the result, the flame is as fervid as ever burned in a Rossetti. The same impulse motivates the musician, the poet, the craftsman, the architect, the dramatist. To them, all in life seems unimportant compared to the urge for beauty. Keats wrote:

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty
> That is all ye know on earth,
> And all ye need to know.

As a flame, however, the urge for beauty is no more consuming than the spirit that has harnessed steam and leased electricity to the service of men. Quest of the useful and of service has guided many a toiling inventor and wrought the economics which has flung the girdle of commerce around the world. Its expression is varied. It stirred Father Damien who went to live and die with the lepers. It animated Pasteur, Arnold Toynbee, Charles Kingsley, Henry George, Ghandi. It operates in the impulse to manufacture shoelaces and plumbers' supplies, to sell peanuts and suburban plots, as well as in medicine, the law, social service and politics. At its highest it is an almost holy motive; at its least it gives a good shoe shine and a careful haircut. It motivates all coöperative impulse and, without it, few who work with or among men merit or achieve success.

Had the young business men whose history opened this chapter possessed a real urge for service rather than a dominant desire for entertainment, a million might not have resulted, but success would have been his; for a live impulse is more potent even than brains.

That charming old negro spiritual about heaven: "You must come in at the door," which repeats and explains that there isn't any way around, or under, or over, but just through it, emphasizes the truth about achievement in relation to human motives. Unless we obey some dominant motive which sends us in one definite direction, confusion or stagnation result; we do not go ahead. Even the wrong use of a motive accomplishes more than conflicting impulses. A pirate ship or a bootlegger's hootch boat sails the high seas through a storm as well as a hospital steamer, provided the crew and engines are in united operation. A designated course is necessary. So, too, with human life. There may be a score of active motives, but one must dominate, the rest must coöperate—not mutiny.

The concluding group of purposes, the urge to possess, the craving for comfort, the prompting for development and the liking for actuality, which control individual action prove that centralization more than high aim determines achievement. Without purpose there is no personal activity. That which we do comes directly or indirectly from the real intentions of our natures. It is modified, to be sure, by the longings in our hearts and affected by the lure of our interests. Thus purposes, which come into contact with the every-day world, are not the primary expressions of our inborn hunger, nor the direct fulfillment of our longings. Our ambitions are conspicuously modified by the surroundings of the life and the things that we have known and done. Yet, after all, it is purpose which measures the way a human life works out. If we are seeking first of all to possess money, things, husbands, wives, position, a dominant self-centeredness grows up in

the character. It may animate a devoted mother in nurture of her child; but it also gave Scrooge his miserly purposes. It has piled up many fortunes, but has also collected beautiful paintings, gathered rare volumes, laid out entrancing gardens, created homes. He whose actual motive is to possess will achieve possession, provided the urge transcends other motives in the directive impulse. Luck is first of all the good fortune of having a dominant aim.

There have been three primary points of view toward comfort and pleasure. The ascetic has seen all comfort and pleasure as evil, and made them the antonyms of spirituality. Savonarola, Cromwell, the Puritans, and all their ilk were brethren of this view. At the other extreme stood the hedonists, exemplified by the Cyrenaics and other Greek philosophers, and later by the Chevaliers, with their philosophy of libertinism. Their doctrine of "eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die" and the justification of present indulgence on the theory "you'll be a long time dead," is familiar. Wine, women, and song became their motto. Between these two extremes there has been little or no opportunity for education and intelligent understanding of comfort and pleasure.

Actually, enjoyment and relaxation are as necessary to health and normality as fresh air and sunshine, and rightly handled are as harmless as laughter. They are, moreover, part of real spirituality. A true understanding of them free from the smugness of convention is typified by the time when Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller went to the theater together to see a French ballet. Being years before the days of modern dress, pink legs were looked upon by most New England eyes

with horror. Not so by the great seer and his guest. At the height of the pas seule Emerson remarked fervently: "Margaret, that is poetry." "No, Ralph," she answered, "it is religion." And both were right.

Love of comfort may combine with other motives, but it may easily conflict with them. If we are dominated by what Freud calls the pleasure-principle, we refuse all experiences which do not lead to this selfish end. If, however, our conduct is motivated by an urge for development, we build forward and onward into greater power and usefulness. If we are prompted by that thirst for actuality which Emerson describes as the desire of a man to reach the bedrock of what *is,* by what Freud calls the reality-principle, a widely different trend is given to the experience.

It is the relation and coöperation of motive centers which determine success—not mere singleness of impulse. The desire for possession may run a close second to development, indeed may become a means to that end, when turned toward subjective interests. On the other hand, both the love of comfort and the urge for development may contend for possession and leave the individual with little in his purse. There is many a threadbare seeker for truth at three-score and ten; there are even more whose lives have been spent in the delight of ease with little thought given to the later days. Even the urge to actuality, which has led many a man to give his life in scientific experiment, combines well with the desire for possession if rightly balanced. Undirected, the tendency may run riot and guide the life into years of speculative and pseudo-idealistic effort.

Following the urge for possession, many a

Scrooge has put the thumb-screws on all his associates, but as many more like Midas have found that when all turned to gold nothing was left.

One would suppose that the urge for development upon which so much of human worth has depended, would have been cherished by humanity, but such is not the case. Even within the memory of most adults, press and pulpit have indulged in violent tirades against the education of woman, and the extension of equal rights to them; against intellectual opportunities for the poor; against the advancement of the multitude. Through past centuries intense effort has persisted in keeping development away from ordinary men. Their incentive has been ever crushed by society. Men were once imprisoned for possessing the Bible. They are still punished for their opinions. Yet the impulse for development cannot be crushed. It rises again and again to lead a Jacob Riis, a Booker Washington, and a multitude of lesser men who have risen, not to affluence but to culture, through this force of effort. Yet these men were not lacking in a sense of pleasure—they simply possessed it in due relation to their motive center.

Nor were those whose urge for actuality, who lived to cut the veil of mystery from life, to see, understand, or describe it, the Darwins of science, the Dickens and Balzacs of literature, the Hogarths and the Messoniers of art, the Ingersolls of ethics, the Patrick Henrys of politics, devoid of the comfort-impulse. Their motives were also gathered to a point rather than scattered or in conflict. And this concentration of desire is one of the primary lessons of the new psychology.

Personal achievement is impossible save where the motives of the life are working in harmony.

Happiness in love is impossible unless the mate-image is liberated and matured, forming the motive-guide in marriage.

Contentment in life is impossible except when the actual desires are determining its activity; disappointment inevitably follows when self-deception as to the ruling will is confusing the effort. And this unfortunately is an amazingly common situation. It is always true of the individual who "doesn't know what he wants to do"—"has no idea what kind of person he could love"—"is not sure of his aim in life."

The simplest contrast in motives is outlined by Freud in the difference between the pleasure principle and the reality principle. Nell Gwynne gave herself over to pleasure. It was the very spirit of the court of King Charles. George Eliot possessed a passion for the reality principle and was not to be deceived even by conventions in the way of actual love. Between these extremes most of the world moves.

One of the most important processes in sound mental hygiene is the act of visualization; it is part of the technique of self-realization. The more vividly we see a past experience as if we were back in every phase of the old surrounding, the more completely we make the subjective process a stage, as it were, upon which the events are reënacted, the more we accomplish in freeing the self. This is the retrospective use of the method, but visualization is a dual activity. The more completely we picture the new event, the changed attitude, the better form of life, the more powerfully it reacts upon our motive

forces. It is possible to so stimulate the mind by visualization of a desired experience or form of life that the sensitive imagination begins to shape itself as if it had already been through the experience. A form of preparatory training is thus put into action which literally tends to create the ideal desired.

Part of the technique of modern psychotherapy is to suggest to the individual that he spend half an hour every day in absolute quiet, visualizing the changes he desires in his own nature, the liberation of his forces and the ideals which he wishes to accomplish. This is not an artificial but a natural procedure, discovered by man but originated by nature. For what are the ego-images deeply formed in the mind of the child and forever stirring and guiding him through youth but a form of visualization? The picture of self is the veritable energizer of ambition. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks that no man ever achieved greatness in art without an ideal picture before him of the type of man and the type of work which he would achieve and become.

CHAPTER XIII

SHELLS OF HABIT

YEARS ago well below decks on a cattle-boat I met an English remittance man. Money from home had long since ceased; for some twenty-odd years he had knocked about the scarred face of the earth as sailor, longshoreman, tramp, lumberjack, circus rider, and what not. We sat on the hay and talked, while cattle bellowed and the line gale piled brine over the dingy vessel.

My friend's associates had been of the roughest scum life produces, gangs of foul-mouthed, grammarless slingers of broken English. Yet his vocabulary was as choice as that of an Oxford tutor; his speech as clear and exact as when he was fresh from Eton. Years of wild life had left no mark upon his manner, his cleanliness, his polish. Habit, deeply bred, had done its work.

Early in the trip he handed me a little box, harmless looking enough. I was not to give it back to him unless necessity demanded. It did. When urge for the drug came upon him he acted like a savage, ready to kill me if necessary to get his package back. Habit was again doing its work; a bitter, vicious habit, gnawing into his vitals.

Toward the end of the voyage it became my task to go up into the forecastle to make some twenty cattlemen—gaunt brutes from the Black Sea region—sign the Customs paper as to the amount of tobacco they possessed. Years of fear had taught

them to sign nothing for, in the near East, it might be liberty at stake. They refused. Not until the second mate and I drove them into the corner with pitchforks was the Customs sheet sufficiently blotted with ink, and, I fear, blood. Yet they knew well enough what the paper was about and its harmlessness. Habit, deeply graven into them as Turk-hounded children, was again at work.

From one point of view habits might be painted as mighty Genii who hold the poor victim in their grasp. Some are good powers who protect their slaves and guide them into useful ways; others are evil villains, who drive their ever-sinking creatures like hunted animals. In neither case is the individual free. Be the serfdom as pure as that of a nunnery, or as devastating as a chain gang, the imprisonment is equal. The effect somewhat resembles the control of Svengali over Trilby. It may lead to beautiful singing or to any sort of domination, but it is an obsession of the present intelligence by the past experience, and evidences the animal forces in human nature. Even the finest habits in the world are of this enslaving character and if instilled by others may destroy the individual as completely as the taking of drugs.

A little woman oppressed by haunting fears came to the office of Dr. Ess. She was deathly pale; her hands trembled. A look of wild terror stared from her eyes. Asked to explain the special agitation, she turned to the clock. Her appointment had been for the hour of ten; it was then ten-twelve. Her soul had been devastated all the morning by a slow-moving train; she knew she would be late.

Told soothingly that it was quite all right, she accepted a chair, sitting bolt upright and nervously

brushing imaginary dust from her skirt. Invited to relax, she shuddered. No, no, she did not wish to sit back, she was quite all right as she was. Actually she *could* not sit back, nor could she do a score of other perfectly natural things. An efficient mother had attended to the matter years before. A schedule of "good habits," punctuality, industry, sitting erect, neatness, cleanliness, politeness, had all been insisted upon with firmness and persistence; exact obedience in each of them had been demanded and swift punishment followed whenever the least infringement of the schedule had appeared. The little lady—Miss Price—we will call her, was now a punctuality addict. Her soul was ridden by the demon of time. Years of useless industry deprived her of ever having a chance to rest. She was locked in the chain gang of those forever keeping at something,—anything, everything—until her poor jangled brain and nerves were fairly shrieking to be given a breathing space. Worst of all, in a world of dirt and soot, Miss Price's soul was literally focussed in breathless anticipation of the first fleck of dust that might land anywhere on or near her. A naturally brilliant mind was imprisoned in a jail of "good habits."

There are other sorts of good habit victims, those in particular in whose hearts are impulses and desires about which habit has drawn a camouflage of sanctity, leaving their inner lives to be wrecked by conflict, and making them destroyers of the world about them by their hypocrisy. There are legions of "good" people of this species who would be far different except for habit, and who turn legions more away from the path of truth by their hollow example. There are others whose habits are destroying

great gifts, men and women born for culture, art, music, literature, science, whose "good" habits of material routine and physical detail are short-circuiting mental power.

No one who has watched the struggles of a drunkard to overcome his habit doubts that this mental function can become a motive power in life. Although not a primary motivation but a derived condition, habit is capable of exerting an utterly determinative grip upon the individual. The longer a stream flows in a certain bed, the deeper channel it cuts for itself. Those who have passed through a canyon or a flume and studied the worn rocks, have gained some conception of the power capable of wearing away granite walls and eating its cleavage into the very body of the earth. Habit is the groove which action has made wherever it has long endured. It exists as much in the world of nature as in the character of man. It comes from the pattern-making principle of all activity, but it is absolutely non-existent except where force has been at work. There is no habit apart from a course of action. There is no pattern without powers that have created it. Thus habit is a resultant condition rather than a determinative energy. Habits are river-beds, in themselves passive things and utterly incapable of influencing the individual, except as he yields to them.

Whoever has climbed the walls of a canyon, however, knows the difficulty of getting out of these furrows on the face of nature. And the same is true of habit. The task can be accomplished only when it is recognized that it is a groove and not an active force.

Psychologists speak of the instincts as having lit-

erally saved human life. They are great primary habit reactions in the stream of consciousness, conveyors of the inherent intelligence deeply imbued in all living things. It is not instinct as such that teaches the child to reach for its mother's breasts; it is an impulse from the springs of inherent knowing, moving on the age-old path of mammillar habit, which in itself is the instinct; a racial pattern reaction.

From this point of view, habit becomes intimately related to instinct, and as such has great beneficent power. Woodworth in *Dynamic Psychology* writes:

> An acquired mode of activity becomes by repetition habitual, and the more frequently it is repeated the more powerful becomes the habit as a source of impulse or motive power. Few habits can equal in this respect the principal instincts; and habits are in a sense derived from, and secondary to, instincts; for, in the absence of instincts, no thought and no action could ever be achieved or repeated, and so no habits of thought or action could be formed. Habits are formed only in the service of the instincts. . . .
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> "We may say, then, that directly or indirectly the instincts are the prime movers of all human activity; by the conative or impulsive force of some instinct (or of some habit derived from an instinct), every train of thought, however cold and passionless it may seem, is borne along towards its end, and every bodily activity is initiated and sustained. The instinctive impulses determine the ends of all activities and supply the driving power by which all mental activities are sustained; and all the complex intellectual apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but a means towards these ends, is but the instrument by which these impulses seek their satisfactions, while pleasure and pain do but serve to guide them in their choice of means. . . . Take away these instinctive dispositions with their powerful impulses, and the

organism would become incapable of activity of any kind; it would lie inert and motionless like a wonderful clockwork whose mainspring had been removed or a steam-engine whose fires had been drawn.

From this angle, the importance of habit can hardly be exaggerated. Woodworth is speaking, however, of primary habit, closely connected with the basic and essential expression of human nature; habit self-directed and liberated by the inherent tendencies of the individual. This is a far cry from the superimposed secondary or customary habits, such as punctuality, industry, neatness, which little Miss Price's mother had graven into her. Such secondary patterns are necessary in themselves if acquired by the intelligent effort and personal desire of the individual, and they are beneficent when engendered in infancy through parental appeal to the intelligence, but certainly dangerous and destructive when bred by coercive procedure.

Without primary habit life would be impossible. Imagine a chauffeur in a crowded New York street having to decide upon each occasion upon what pedal his foot would go, how his hands would move; in other words, the pattern reaction of driving in traffic. By night he would be a nervous wreck. Habit performs these services for him, automatically, and thus saves the mind for other uses. Its purpose is to carry the undercurrent of action, that intelligence may be saved the unnecessary effort even as memory carries the undercurrent of thought so that all that we have experienced does not swamp us at one moment. Stuart H. Rowe says in *Habit Formation,* "Nature has provided plants, animals and man with many ways of adjusting themselves to

their environment, but only animals and man organize their experiences so as to make them of use in future situations."

As an automatic action in the form of skill, as a means of storing up the values of repeated experience so that progress in a routine action becomes reduced to least effort, habit serves its true end. Habit, indeed, might be defined as organic memory: nerves, glands, organs, having once passed through an experience take to repeating the process more easily, whether that process is good or bad. The nerves remember their previous action. Habit, however, possesses no power to change with shifting conditions. The old hook-and-ladder horse who, in after years, is sold for buggy work, races to the fire when he hears the gong. The old subaltern, years out of service, stops short in the street when a small boy calls "halt." During the war a German spy masqueraded on the English front as a lost American officer. He acted his part well, with the exception that he handled his knife and fork in the European fashion—a little by-play of habit which brought him to an early grave. Such situations typify the blind nature of this quality. Could intelligence have been a complete guide the spy might have succeeded.

We have spoken of instinct as the foundation and intelligence as the structure of intellect. Habit bears the same relation in rational activity. It is the foundation of behavior, but only the foundation; judgment and reason are the structure, and without them habit above the level of mechanical activity becomes idiotic. It is this kind of idiocy which breeds the strange biases of prejudices, creeds, totems, taboos, which make life a custom-ridden

thing. Progress has always been blocked by custom which, in most cases, is a direct product of fear. Through the sense of familiarity a social habit once formed gives to unthinking minds a certain feeling of security. If dread of the new and the strange is upon such a mind it must inevitably refuse even improvements it is intelligent enough to understand. Taylor informs us that the Dyacks of Borneo when shown our modern V-cut method of felling a tree or chopping a log refused to use it, although admitting its advantages. Not only this, but they fixed a fine upon anyone adopting the method. A large part of modern life is only to be explained by a recognition that our present civilization is hardly once removed from that of the Dyacks, and that it is filled with thousands of people with this same status quo loving type of mind. This condition in the individual, or in society, is habit regression, and produces much of the neurosis that haunts modern life.

Slavery to habit is the neurotic attitude to which all restriction may be reduced, both for the herd and for the individual. The Tennessee mountaineer objects to the "foreigner" from along the Mississippi waterfront. He does not feel comfortable in his society. In a more primitive age he would have quietly killed the man to rid the region of a disturbing alien presence. Forced to bear such intrusion he himself seeks the privacy of back shed or woods. His children, however, who have become familiar with the "foreigner" do not comprehend why he seems strange to the parent. Usage has removed their habit reaction. The woodsmen's grandchildren who have possibly left the state may lump all Tennesseeans, mountaineers, and river-bottom dwellers as

one; our own still broader, cosmopolitan thought makes them Southerners, Americans, Anglo-Saxons. The circle of habit expands continuously with the growth of understanding.

A Tennessee mountaineer and a London Cockney wrecked together among South Sea savages would become brothers, one in blood, in purpose, in thought and feeling. Faced with the danger of *actual* strangeness they would abolish the habit phantom of strangeness. Both foreigners in a distant land they would not be aliens to each other.

A savage and a white man thrown together in a lion-infested jungle become blood-brothers against a common foe. They are both *men*. Widening the circle still further, a wolf faced with the dangers of a fearful storm has been known to seek shelter with a man. They are both mammals, blood brothers in the face of the ravages of the organic world. Pressure of threatening death has cut the Gordian knot of habit and phantom fear is destroyed. It took centuries in their trailing of man's footsteps for the dog and cat who now blink so placidly before the fire to outgrow the dread which the wolf and lion still feel for it. Terror of the unknown beyond familiar shores held primitive people for thousands of years on their own land. As the fears increased they produced taboos and arbitrary confines were drawn beyond which they could not and would not go. Travel by water if not in the ring of habit became strange, a thing of fear. Water was the "unknown" and hence it inspired awe.

When we actually understand the part which the human brain plays in thought and action, a profound shock comes in regard to the destructive force of

rigid habit-formations and social pattern precepts. Actually our fixed habit reactions tend to call only the primitive element of the mind into function. Even the flea can be trained to routine experience. In psychological laboratories some kinds of mice have learned to go through a little blue-colored door instead of a red one, because it suggests food to them and they have always found it there. The behavior of the lower animals is uncompromising and stereotyped, largely because they possess only the "old brain." Inflexible and stereotyped training from repeated admonitions stimulates reactions only in this lower brain. The process is exactly that of training any fish, flesh or fowl below the level of the higher vertebrates; its influence places man exactly on a par with these simpler types.

Science has proved that the old brain is the organism which directs a great per cent of our automatic responses and primitive impulses, sensory and nervous reflexes, as well as some of the simpler inhibitory processes. At the same time it has no actual self-conscious thinking power. It can do no more than guide and protect an animal under average conditions through sense-awareness and inherited habit-reactions. Once we recognize, therefore, that habit is physiological and largely in the field of the lower brain, the dangers of habit building on a negative path become clear. Early environment which sets destructive pattern reaction in motion is actually the starting of the individual on a devolution back toward pæleolithic savagery. Thus is the criminal brought into being. By the very law of habit, which is never stationary, the individual moves to ever lower levels of action. A single tendency

may remain through a lifetime, but each negative habit inclines to propagate a new one, just a little worse than itself. The man who persistently tells obscene stories and questionable jokes is likely to gradually lose his sense of what is decent humor, his idea of fun becomes ever more gross and sooner or later he seeks foul-mouthed associates. Each series of reactions breeds acceptance of the neighboring type, until those become set and new patterns are in process of annexation. The negative path thus sweeps on and on, closing the life doors to other experiences and environments.

The positive path is equally productive of new habit formations. Each mass of affirmative habits creates sensitivity to the level above: nerves, glands and brain have become used to certain requirements and accept ever higher attenuations.

These two habit tendencies are, however, merely automatic, evolutionary processes; blind instinctive trends unless guided by intelligence. They may, moreover, take both courses in different areas of the nature. Oscar Wilde, for example, followed in the intellectual realm a habit formation moving ever upward to finer degrees of culture. Emotionally his pattern reactions moved continually downward toward barbaric levels of passional experience. The two inclinations remained long in conflict, but in the climax one inevitably gave way sweeping the whole man for a time in the downward current.

Conflict between habit tendencies, particularly spiritual and material impulses, or intellectual and emotional reactions, is not an uncommon condition in individuals. Gripping sex habits fasten themselves upon otherwise culture-seeking natures, pre-

cipitating fearful inner combats. The strife may last for years, one group of habits pulling against the other. In the end must come an armistice and a new alignment, or else one side sweeps the other to defeat and the nature moves in a unified direction, forward or backward as the case may be.

When habits are thus in conflict they tend to endure without change, and it is upon such set conditions that our common idea of them is built. In its integrity, however, habit is always an evolving process, tending either upward or downward. Habit, unfolding and in a continual state of flux, is never dangerous. Set habit is a synonym for the beginning of death.

The only solution to these blind habit-warfares is intelligence, and if this is actually in command, habit loses power. We realize now that there is little use trying to break old habits. The nature focussed upon its sins and striving with them, seldom gains a victory. Usually the pursuit of old habits merely leads the soul downward in an endeavor to encompass them. Mastery comes by building so many new good habits that the balance of power and focus of attention is successfully thrown to the constructive side of the trouble. On this subject Stuart Paton says, in *Signs of Sanity*:

> Young people in particular should be told what they can do and relatively little attention should be drawn to what they can't do. The relation and effect of inhibitions in causing various kinds of intemperance, alcoholic as well as Bolshevistic, will cover one of the most tragic and surprising chapters in human history. So many of our sins are those of omission, the result of unfortunate inhibitions, and are neither easily recognized nor easily remedied. We need in

the interests of society to correct our entire theory of inhibitions, in order to remove a great many stumbling blocks from the paths leading to personal success and rational social adjustments.

A long misunderstood factor in relation to habit is that it possesses no power of response to moral appeal. Coercion, Puritan-fashion, leads to the same puerility that marks the failure of all such attempts through history. Character becomes a mere negation, improving in no particular, merely waiting for the evil of inhibition to be withdrawn, at which time it is as likely to go to the dogs as anywhere else.

Dependence upon the personal and social shell of habit and refusal to pass outside of it is a mental disease. Conservatism, materialism, neurosis, insanity, criminality and all other forms of mental perversion are its varying results. The lower brain has taken command of the upper brain. There are but two measures of habit-evolution: the intellectual and the physical. Full understanding of action and reaction, the appeal to judgment and reason, creates a desire to avoid consequences, and achieve more successful and practical ends.

The old idea that new activities are limited to certain age periods is certainly passing. Sir William Osler was placed in the curious position of having his own ring of habit changed, and his mind grow for decades after the limit which he had set as the point beyond which no man could change his thought and character. More than one old dog has been taught new tricks. De Morgan, who wrote his first book after sixty, does not stand alone as an instance of achievement in a new field late in life. Examples

are myriad: Frances Trollope, mother of Anthony, was over fifty and "stone broke" when she wrote her first book, which was followed by more than one hundred and fifteen volumes before she died; a very fair output indeed for the later years. Senescence is not a necessary stage as a prelude to the grave. Our active, versatile, splendid young-old men and women in their nineties are only those fortunate souls who were unwilling to become victims of routine thought and action. We might define as neurotic the belief that habit can serve in place of effort. It is only fear of getting out of the ring of habit which grew up in childhood.

While the mature individual may strive for good habits in himself, there is nothing more dangerous than for parents to indulge the same process with their children, unless they understand the newer methods of mental hygiene. Insistence on routine-habit formation based on pattern precept is a command to the child's old brain centers, tending to make him function as a mere hereditary organism and not as a thinking human being.

External stimuli toward habit formation is a direct appeal to the animal brain starting the tendency to unthinking habit activity, which may end in a negative condition. In every case it is imprisonment of the individual's freedom of choice, and a lowering of that self-directive power upon which future success and development depends.

Personal effort to create good habits is an appeal from the upper brain to the lower brain, command of animal reflex on the part of human intelligence. Habit training from external sources, however, has no such element of mental guidance, but is directly

physical. In place of this archaic method, parents should endeavor to develop the child's thinking power, his command by intelligence; his understanding. Only as the child becomes a self-aware and self-directing personality can he build his own habits, and establish the right relation in his mind.

Habit made subservient to self-directive intelligence achieves moreover the only type of pattern reaction which is desirable; that is, evolving or unfolding habit. Open or fluid habits are constructive; set habits are dangerous, and even the finest of them lead inevitably to stagnation.

Plato tells us that the art of Egypt did not change for a period of thousands of years, because of the habit-forming rules of the land. A rigid code lay upon the soul of the people and they could not become mature. If it becomes stationary, the best habit in the world tends to block progress when its time comes to give way to the better form. The tools of antiquity were good; those of today are better. The tools of tomorrow will be better still. The best habit is a bad one if it becomes immovable.

The devastation of society, because of habit rigidity, has been a terrible thing for centuries. Under the name of custom, social habits have locked-stepped civilization until whole races have become entombed in stagnation.

Ancient Chinese moral law gives an ideal picture of the destructive influence of good, bad and indifferent training built upon pattern precepts. The stagnation of China through centuries forms an admirable example of its results in the individual. It portrays for us the injury that our adult associates brought on many of us in youth. It explains, as

does no other factor of modern psychology, what goes on in the mind in cases of neurotic disturbance. Neurosis and psychosis are well described as a conflict between the habit formations of the old brain, of the self-conscious thought processes of the new brain; between our reasoning minds and those reactions created by ancestry and environment.

Emphasis upon release from old habits touches every aspect of therapeutic procedure. It should be strongly emphasized that the technique of the new psychology is not a corrective process, but a veritable method of re-creation. In the old days of road-building provincial engineers spent their time in hauling loads of clay and sand endeavoring to keep in order the winding up and down hill thoroughfares which followed the original Indian trails. This process was carried on for many years. Nature did everything in her power to make the effort difficult. Every rain gutted out the hilly highways, stones and thank-you-marms appeared. The winter frosts heaved the ground into hummocks; the spring rains turned the lower levels into pools; the small brooks flooded into the deeply worn ruts and made them impassable rivers of mud.

Modern engineering spends no time in an endeavor to repair these hopelessly winding lanes. The new technique of road-building consists in surveying out a straight, broad highway to the ultimate destination. Modern apparatus is then used to speed the process of building to the distant goal. This, in the field of habit-building, is the technique of the new psychology. We are taught to visualize the new goal of expanded and normal selfhood and then to build straight to that goal—using the old

roads to haul the material for our development, but ignoring them as inefficient trails the moment a new highway becomes opened. Even at fourscore and ten a miracle of expansion is possible when the new mechanics of soul-building comes into play.

CHAPTER XIV

INTELLIGENCE AND UNDERSTANDING

In studying the conscious attributes of the mind, we are approaching a much debated field. So many points of view have been brought forward and insisted upon that one's brain becomes dizzy in following the endlessly different aspects. It would seem that man must be a strange creature indeed—a many-headed hydra with a contrasting intelligence quotient in every skull. To get anywhere at all and avoid drowning in the sea of information we must simplify as much as possible, for after all, rigid terminology is not of so much importance as penetrating insight; words are only symbols of thought.

Necessarily there is a difference between the emphasis of scientific research and that of applied psychology in a study of the conscious mind. Science is concerned with discovery of structure; the relation of all that produces thought and feeling. In applied effort, processes which come into action on the street, in the office, in the home are inevitably stressed. The two approaches differ in accent for practical endeavor must always be more general than the exhaustive researches of the laboratory. The following list deals only with those factors of the mind which are of unmistakable importance in every-day human activity:

Interest and attention.
Alertness and observation.

Perception and selection.
Association and memory.
Ideation and imagination.
Discrimination and judgment.
Calculation and reason.
Intellection and intelligence.
Habit and motor-coördination.

In general terms, a normal process of thought begins wherever interest directs the attention, and alertness leads to persistent and accurate observation. Without the use of the senses—sight, hearing, and touch, in particular—man could have had no information; no material with which to think. The foundations of knowledge are composed of the masses of impressions which have passed into the mind since amœba days. Before deduction or reorganization was possible, sufficient stimulus from the outside world was essential.

In the character of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Conan Doyle has given us a very symbol of the power of attention; accurate because it clarifies the fact that attention is not a mere looking, but an active seeing, which relates thought to observation. Holmes' keen senses are shown as clearly stimulated by driving interest in his work, and, here again, Doyle is psychologically true. Where there is no interest, all sense impressions are casual, half-hearted, inadequate. Spontaneous, inherent interest following the fundamental bent of the mind is the very backbone of receptive and perceptive power, and no influence on earth can go against this law of individual mentality and produce success; a truth which educators are at last beginning to understand. Recognizing that the mental processes of individuals differ—yet are classifiable into groups, Dr. Jung has coined the

terms extravert and introvert to mark centrifugal and centrepital mental processes: those who respond to outward and those who turn to inward interests.

The extravert type is easily alert, inclined to seek information through all his senses. The introvert cares far less for what goes on about him and, so long as his emotions lock him into an egocentric shell, no amount of effort, appeal or experience will give him sense keenness. This is singularly true of the subjective introvert, whose mental process begins and ends within himself and his inner sensations.

The opposite process dominates the life of the objective extravert. He sees, hears, touches, supremely; but fails to think about the sensed material. Many of the conventional police inspectors whom Doyle describes were of this variety, and seemed to Holmes stupid indeed. He, himself, exemplifies the subjective extravert; one who combines the inner process of deduction and reacts to his sense impressions.

The mental practices of perception and selection are built on the same background of sense awareness. They are part of the process of impression, but affected in high degree by the mental habit of comparison with previously received material. We should not know by seeing that ice is cold and fire hot, if we had not touched such objects at an earlier time. We could not comprehend blue had we not slowly related it to other colors. If a shiny surface were always smooth, or our fingers had never felt roughness, we should have but one term and no understanding of the condition. Perception and selection are forms of differentiation and depend upon

the processes of association and memory for their accuracy.

A scientific man like Louis Agassiz exemplifies in high degree these powers of selection and perception. We can picture him with a new sea-shell, a strange insect or an unknown reptile in his hand, relating each minute attribute that his eyes observe and his touch feels to the whole mass of memory material stored away by the patient research of the years.

But for this process of comparison with a living background of knowledge his eyes would lose their perceptive power; his touch be numb to the subtle differences. He perceives, selects and classifies in relation to his strongly retentive mind.

Great differences in character appear because of varying endowments of perceptive and selected powers. The memory backgrounds which permit such niceties of impression differ as radically as crystal water and thick mud, nor can we form any accurate idea of a human being until we have made at least an approximate evaluation of him in terms of those mental powers. It is here that inductive psychology has contributed mightily to human study, and where both psychoanalysis and behaviorism fall down. No true character picture of Agassiz, as a scientist of vast mental power, is given when we only describe him as an active, subjective extravert of the analytic type, with a sanguine-nervous organism. But the moment we speak of him as endowed with exceptional power of attention, capacity for impelling interest, a minutely selective mind with the keenest of perception built on unusual retentive powers, a real image of Agassiz arises. He typifies for us that supreme power of association

which, by seeing clearly, by sensing relations with loving care, was able to store knowledge away in such order that each object and experience appeared as marked and indexed in his chambers of memory.

So much power of the mind, so great a measure of character, is involved in the gift of association that it almost seems as if individuals could be sufficiently classified by how well they related their thought material. The prejudiced, biased or stupid mind invariably possesses a distortion in the association process. The neurotic is mentally sick, largely because the association process has become perverted. Association is like a receiving clerk in a warehouse who handles over all the objects that come into the establishment; sees what they are, and how they relate to all that has been before received. As the facts become known it is then his business to tag them and send them to the proper department.

But suppose he is lazy, careless, inefficient, prejudiced, egotistical, set in his methods, or conducting a mischievous sabotage. In what condition would the warehouse be in ten years? How could the goods be located again if the P's and the H's were mixed with the X's instead of in order. Some system there must be, even if P C B and V are filed together; there is some letter sense in the sound similarity; P and X bear no relation. It is the work of association to learn all the facts so that the best and most efficient relations are built in the memory systems of the mind.

Yet association is not to blame if properly gathered material does not come to it. The senses and the interest and attention, perception and selection, must have first done their part and done it well.

Poorly seen material is like a small part of an object—a fragment—which cannot be identified and related. Association can do nothing with it. How Sherlock Holmes hated this sort of quarter-seeing; one-tenth attended hearing, hasty and careless touching. He knew it was worse than no sense impressions at all because it led to misjudgments and false conclusions.

Even the best file clerk is helpless if other employees have created a clutter of partial records, undated letters, undesignated reports, stupid conclusions, half-seen data and poorly-heard information. No sensible relation of nonsensical material is possible, yet this sort of heterogeneous mass is passed to many a weary mind to record. Is it any wonder that it fails as an instrument? The very process of remembrance requires first of all adequately-received information before normal associations are possible.

Again, memory requires emotional poise and impersonality. When Coleridge was in a state of fretful tension or brooding because of some old unhappiness, he filed his associations away in hastily-gathered bundles without any regard to their coherent relation. Because of his state of confusion and pain from emotional pressure or fear he buried them so deeply that he himself could never find them. Memories of unhappy emotional experience are invariably repressed in this manner, and "poor memory" is the result.

The whole worth and activity of the character is affected by this state of mind; indeed, here is the factor which determines in high degree the very trend of a human life. For in practical psychology there is no measure of character more fundamental

than the point of view of the individual, and this is determined by the quality and condition of the material in the mind. Is it an orderly, connected arrangement of thoughts and experiences? Then judgment is possible; the character tends to be honest, careful, coöperative, able to see it as the wisest way. Is the mind littered with a mass of confused, contradictory, incorrect impressions? Then any sort of queer perversion is possible from insanity or neurosis to stupidity or crime.

That the association process and the condition of memory is a primary measure of the mind is further clear because upon retentiveness both ideation and imagination depend. Ideation might be called the ability to so arrange the messages received by perception, related by association, and stored in the areas of memory, that adequate conceptions are formed in the mind; natural and consistent grasp, in other words, of the material of thought. An idea is a unit of impressions formed in obedience to the laws of natural relation. The process is never clear and vivid without the assistance of imagination.

An Alexander Bell gets the idea of a telephone. A Wilson gets the idea of a League of Nations. What has happened? Whether the whole of each idea was original or not is unimportant in considering the processes. Each must have first pictured situations, conditions, objects and actions, have seen some relation between the parts and a way of making the parts move or fit together in obedience to the relation. Men differ greatly in their power of idea-making, as well as in the type of ideas they conceive. A Rostand sees the human and dramatic relations about him; a Steinmetz the organic and mechanical aspects; an Einstein the mathematical

principles in the Nth degrees of relativity. The method of ideation does not so greatly differ as the temperamental choice of thought-material; the mind in each case has merely taken up differing threads of reasoning. No ideas result, however, until imagination has visualized the parts and the relations of parts which are assembled. The images may result from sense impressions or from associated material in the memory or from both. Hence the whole activity of attending, of relating and retaining with precision and accuracy is involved in the ability to create or to understand ideas.

The experience of balancing out, as best one can, the idea-making and idea-grasping power of ten of one's associates, soon proves the importance of this approach to the question of character, and assists greatly in defining types.

Subjective natures tend to form ideas and often use the material which objective individuals gather for them. The former may see vivid mental images, the latter clear material facts.

The measure of imagination is singularly important to idea-making. By the graphic power of imagination, visual and oral definition is given to an idea, but the process requires keen observation to be adequate or accurate. A great change comes over the process of thought, for example, with regard to China, after one has seen a moving picture made in that Oriental land. If he has also heard a phonograph record of Chinese conversation, seen some books written in the picture language, and handled their silks and ornaments, still more vividness is added to his mental imagery. The world of memory becomes clarified and the associations more perfectly organized.

Imagination is the habit of projecting just such a series of moving pictures on the screen of inner thought during a process of reading, listening, or when studying a subject. It is also the releasing of a series of phonograph records to induce aural vividness. Again, it is the habit of feeling over the facts of a subject with the fingers of the mind, a kind of inner touching of the material as it is being associated and passed into the memory. It is the habit of making vivid and actual every variety of impression received, so that no vague conceptions are permitted within the memory area.

There are great differences in imaginative power, and some natures are so endowed as to be relatively imaginative types. We cannot define the poet Keats without thinking of him as imaginative. The character of Stevenson came so under the influence of his mental imagery that it colored every attribute of his thought. In a singular way it is hard to think of him as objective or subjective, an introvert or an extravert, for at alternate moments he was all of them—but never unimaginative.

Imagination as a process is a method of re-using memory material from previous experience, and it continually goes over substances in the storehouse of the mind and builds better and more adequate relations. Retentiveness is increased. Imagination relates both to the inward and the outward world and develops continuity between memory and actuality. It is essential to adequate understanding. Without it discrimination and judgment are uncertain factors.

Discrimination is the art of mental definition, a means by which nicety appears in the thought. It is a method of arranging the parts and details of a

mental image so that the way the lines and contours fit together and their precise shapes and textures are understood. We discriminate the components of character by relating to graphic mental imagery all that we have previously known of human beings, by fitting the observed elements of the individual before us into the various remembered varieties of human pattern until, by trial and error, the definite combinations are discovered. Discrimination is, therefore, essential to judgment.

Judgment is the mental process of determining the quality and worth of each element in a mental picture which has been previously discriminated, and of balancing the resultant values on the scales of reason; weighing them in comparison with all that has been previously understood as to measures of integrity, importance and proportion. It is a mental quality which reaches into every aspect of life and permits us to determine truth from error, depth from superficiality, power from weakness, goodness from evil. It is the preëminent quality of human intelligence, that force which more than any other differentiates the mind of man from that of the lower animals. In its very essence it is a deliberative process, the consummate endowment of the two great cerebral hemispheres which compose the upper brain. Calculation and reason are but parts of the process of judgment, methods merely by which it is achieved. Impersonality is essential to its adequate functioning and logic a primary expression of the process. Judgment uses every instrumentality of the mind.

Individuals differ enormously in the power of judgment. There are few who have ever reached such high levels in this faculty as Socrates, and that father of Greek wisdom, Aristotle. We associate

the idea of judgment with men who meditate before they speak; who trace over in their minds all the rational lines of thought, and balance relation against relation. It is a primary measure of character, and without it as a term great men would be quite unclassifiable. How can we describe Spencer, Darwin, Newton, or, to use a different realm, great strategic types like Lee or Foch, except in terms of judgment? Rothschild, after Waterloo, exhibited financial judgment; Wagner exemplifies musical judgment, Whistler, artistic judgment. Engineering judgment built the Eiffel tower; architecture from the days of the Parthenon, up the long line of Brunnellesche, Giotto, Sir Christopher Wren, to the American Stanford White, is as much a matter of judgment as of the sense of beauty. A balancing out of the endowment of this faculty in oneself, or in studying others, is a prime essential of practical psychology.

Differences in the type of judgment depend on contrast in the mental process. Its individual expression may depend upon the mathematical procedure of adding two and two together for the resultant four; it may depend upon inspirational penetration into facts; it may use the intuitive process which touches the mental object and feels it over until its parts are understood. It may go back through the ages of inherited capacity and depend upon instinct as its guide, but whatever the singular combination of mental faculties, judgment, in its essence, weighs and measures for the single purpose of determining quality, quantity and worth. Out of it spring intellection, intelligence and understanding.

Intellection is the ability to see principles, laws and systems, and the material which has passed

through a process of judgment. Intelligence is the ability to adapt the processes of judgment to the actualities of life. Understanding, by far the greatest of these three powers, is the capacity to see beyond the thought values of intellect and intelligence down into the emotional potentialities which inhere in all forms of actuality, and up into the spiritual attributes from which life has sprung. It is the power to relate these primary and broader tendencies to the decisions of the judgment. This sympathetic process rounds the world of thought into a fullness of comprehension which equals the variety and depth of life itself. On the level of awareness, sensation exists at one end of the mental process, understanding at the other; the procedures between determine the mentality of the individual and the habits and coördinations of his conscious activity.

Understanding is the rarest of mental qualities and, in this day and age, the least used and appreciated. Even apparently intelligent minds ignore it, and because insight is too often limited to material desire they set the limits of mentality at the lower level of intelligence. Yet intelligence is but a third of understanding, and endows the mind only with factors of obvious efficiency. Intelligence never yet endowed wisdom, which is the true fount of understanding.

We cannot well measure deeply endowed characters if we have only their intelligence to judge them by. Emerson, for example, was not so conspicuous for intelligence, in comparison with many other men of his age who might quite well have passed with as high a mark in the mental tests. But in his understanding, Emerson rises like a Goliath above the multitudes of puritanical New Englanders, and only

the rare few who were his associates in the fabulous forties approached him.

Voltaire, though a great character, may well typify a man with an exceptionally high intelligence quotient, and in comparison a rather limited understanding. Speaking of Voltaire, Gamaliel Bradford writes:

> He was a destroyer by his own confession, say these excellent conservatives, "je suis grand démolisseur," and what place has a struggling, battling, laboriously constructing world for destroyers? When they are destroyers of genius they are all the more damnable. Voltaire was a mere negative, a minus quantity with a terrible force of invection, which dragged thousands of high and fine souls, who might have been constructive over to the negative side.

Undoubtedly, in sheer intellectual keenness, Voltaire would have far exceeded Emerson, but in mental scope he is dwarfed in comparison.

Morley, in the biography of Voltaire, puts perfectly the limitations of the type of reasoner who would harness the human mind to the plow of materialism and deny to it any Pegasus forces whatever. "Voltaire," he said, "discourages and depresses the liberal play of intelligence, the cheerful energizing of reason, the bright and many-sided worship of fancy and imagination. Human nature, happily for us, ever presses against this system and that and forces ways of escape for itself into freedom and life. The scientific reason urgently seeks instruments and a voice; the creative imagination unconsciously takes form to itself in manifold ways of all of which the emotions can give good account to the understanding."

Morley has here vividly portrayed the difference

between a man with a high intelligence quotient, and a man with something more than this mere vertical measure of mentality. Human thought would be a poor, thin stream indeed if it were only the product of such a valuation.

The contrast between intelligence and understanding comes vividly to mind when we think of figures like Moses, Pythagoras, Plato, Lincoln, Bergson, as opposed to excellent minds lacking their depth of thought. If we drop the word understanding from our terminology, how shall we designate the difference between such mental powers as these leaders possessed and the capacity of the two young men, Leopold and Loeb, who killed the Franks boy? Their act has been partly explained by science on the ground that they were mental prodigies, and certainly there is every evidence that they possessed exceptionally high intelligence quotients, and might easily have exceeded either Emerson or Lincoln in straight brain power. But none will credit them with understanding. Even apart from moral values, there is a difference in the depth, breadth, and type of their thought. It is probable that in examinations made of the mentalities of Leopold and Loeb, remarkably high ratings were found in alertness, while excellent measures of attention and association would surely appear. Memory and even cold logical reason might be fairly well represented, but emotion, compassion and certain aspects of judgment would certainly fall into very low measures. It is just such cases as that of these two boys that throw graphic light on the limitations of the term Intelligence.

There is no more useful and important work than that of measuring intelligence as it is done by ex-

perimental psychology, but great advance will be made when it looks toward a broadening of inquiry into the study of the whole mind. The quotient used in schools and universities is a verticle measure only—many points up from a theoretic zero showing the mental age level. Understanding is a measure on the horizontal plane as well, or even better a seeing of the mind in its whole spherical terms.

Full understanding is measured by the height, length, breadth, depth and balance of the thought, starting from the center of the self, a measure, shall we say, reaching out in every direction. Understanding marks how far the self has expanded toward the sphere of wisdom.

Since the days of antiquity, scientific inquiry, in an endeavor to bring life within its present measure of comprehension, has tended to lower life to its own level, to set limits as to what facts it will admit to exist. It has marked a confine, shall we say, which it calls facts. All knowledge that comes outside of this artificial simplification is termed unsound. It is this attitude that has dropped the terms "understanding" and "wisdom" from the language of human study. Is it possibly for this reason that intelligence is so often used as the limit of mental power?

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious,* Jung remarks:

> The modern culture-creating mind is incessantly occupied in stripping off all subjectivity from the experience and in finding those formulas which bring nature and her forces to the best and most fitting expression. It would be an absurd and entirely unjustified self-glorification if we were to assume that we are more energetic or more intelligent than the ancients—our materials for knowledge have increased, but

not our intellectual capacity. For this reason we become immediately as obstinate and unsusceptible in regard to new ideas as people in the darkest ages of antiquity. Our knowledge has increased, but not our wisdom. The main point of our interest is displaced wholly into material reality.

Dr. Jung clarifies here the difference in the aim of understanding and intelligence when he says that our knowledge has increased but not our wisdom, and that the main point of our interest is displaced wholly by material reality. The end and aim of intelligence is to know how to treat material reality, its highest capacity is adaptation to life in a very physical world. The capacity of wisdom is the understanding of that which creates life, the non-material, which belongs to the unseen forces of the spirit. Psychologists have admitted the excellent intelligence of Leopold and Loeb. Posterity knows the wisdom of Lincoln and Socrates. The distinction classifies the difference in value between these terms of mental power.

CHAPTER XV

THE SCREEN OF MISCONCEPTION

THERE is an aspect of the mind that is so important as to seem almost at the center of suffering; both personal and social. It has certainly affected the whole of human history. And yet it is but rarely dwelt upon. This is the physical and psychical screen which stands between every man's receptivity and truth: his personal obstruction.

Not a human being lives who is free from this intimate limitation. It is as if a type of limited impression were stamped upon his receptive nature —not indelibly but in a way that is utterly determinative during each step in his expansion.

The nature of every aspect of life, from the greatest event of the years to the least unconscious reflex, is measured by the design of this receptivity-screen: the mesh of its holes: their size, shape and fixity, shall we say, through which all information and experience must pass. Upon its character depends the personal point of view: the breadth of mind, the scope of information, the depth of vision and even the profounder aspects of unconscious affections.

We all know the importance of mental attitudes. We are familiar with hypersensitive natures, pesssimistic souls, credulous and obtuse minds, as well as those painfully personal people who measure life only by comforts. Stiff-minded scholars, slovenly domestic-mentalities, and smart little brains that gloat over their ability to count pebbles, are all about

us. What we have not realized is the extent to which such comprehensions color every atom of the thought, feeling, will, memory of these individuals: the immense mental differences in relation to life.

Nor has it been sufficiently emphasized that the imperfection of every man's truth-receiving apparatus is first hereditary and second environmental and in both phases physical, volitional, emotional, mental, moral and spiritual in nature. It is, indeed, a very network of all these planes of activity. Every impression that is received must filter through each level and be affected by it before it reaches that area of the mind where it is retained.

Upon the physical plane all the organs of response come into play, from the end organs of the nervous system, the senses, the glands, up to the brain. The health, vigor, efficiency of each one of these plays its part in the normality of the power to receive true impressions from life. Eyes, ears, glands, brain, any part of the body out of order in some measure modifies the comprehension and colors all thoughts, ideas, beliefs, feelings stored away in memory.

So, too, with the character of the will: the energy with which the person goes out to meet life; or again, the emotional sympathy of the response: the sensitivity. Most of all, the mental concentration and the alertness of the receiving stations in the mind itself come into the process; all these make a filament through which every impression that comes must pass.

Still more fundamental is the fact that all information once received forms a background upon which later impressions are judged. Hence, where casual and effortless living has permitted the whole receiving apparatus to fall to low tone, masses of

distorted material that have gained access to the mind begin the process of mental perversion. This latter condition, which involves memory and is environmental in type, is immensely determinative and one, more than all others, which can be corrected and assisted by intelligent living.

The condition of this whole receiving-screen forms the background of all neurosis and psychosis in so far as these are states of the conscious mind. In practical therapeutic work, a cleaning of misconceptions from the screen is the first process of cure. No condition of the unconscious can be met until the conscious mind is first put into some semblance of order: until cynicism, sophistication, pessimism, ennui, censoriousness, conventionalism and materialism, which are all diseases of the comprehension, have been cleared away.

We see misconception in process of formation in studying the relation between experience and memory.

Mrs. Dodd and her sisters, for example, who may be found in every city, town and hamlet in the land, exhibit in conversation only a vague shroud of memory material. John Dodd has returned from a business trip and told his wife of an experience. Later in the afternoon she tells it to his sister, Jane Dodd. It bears but remote resemblance to the original event. But why? Does Mrs. Dodd wish to distort it? Not at all; she remembers it that way because she paid only half attention. A mass of thoughts and emotions were passing through her mind while John talked. She registered his words indistinctly, not really seeing the thing he described. She is not used to thinking and knows nothing of concentration. Inevitably her memory must be vague because for

forty years it has been filled with these dimly seen, partly heard, poorly touched, slightly grasped impressions. No amount of training can cure such a condition; the trouble is in the receiving room, not in the filing department. One of the courses in memory training where she would learn to connect two with blue, three with a clover-leaf, nine with a German negative, and one as the sound opposite of lost (relations typical of the artificial association process) would only increase her mental confusion. Mrs. John must be first taught to pay attention and learn to digest the material that reaches her mind.

A poor memory is actually rare, but excellent forgetfulness is common indeed. There is a decided difference between the two. The story is told of a Scotchman who was sent to London at the age of six. His deceased parents had spoken nothing but Highland dialect, but the aunt with whom he lived thereafter would hear none of it. By the time he was eight the Scotch had been punished out of him. He lived in London for some sixty years. During all that time he could recall nothing of his original speech. In his last sickness, however, he was unconscious for several months and, during that time, spoke nothing but Highland dialect in his delirium. He had not forgotten his boyhood tongue; he had merely lost contact with it. It had lain in his mind in repressed form through the long years. His memory had been quite retentive enough, but his forgettery had interfered with the recalling process.

Evidence of this disconnection with past events is legion. That which we have once seen fully we retain. We may lose contact with it owing to many causes, but if it was actually received it remains. On the other hand, if it was only partially received,

it is necessarily only half retained, and lost contact with far more easily because the mind is less familiar with it and therefore stores it away without a complete association process. It has, shall we say, no tags or labels to facilitate identification. If the seeing, hearing and touching were fragmentary, so must the mental image be.

It is the deeper aspects of memory rather than the mere matter of forgetting that bears so oppressively upon every human life. Foremost is injury to judgment and reason from the mass of distorted, or partially remembered material which may lie in the mind often surrounded by the emotional confusion which transpired at the time the event was experienced. We determine whether we like some experience, some person we meet, some book we read in relation to the past mass of experience. We compare, in other words, all that comes before the mind with all that has previously come before it, and make a deduction of good or bad, right and wrong, strong and weak, on the basis of what we have lived and known. If the mind is filled with a chaotic confusion of fragments, torn images and undated papers, mingled with the fuming vapors of emotion, judgment and reason are inevitably deprived of a sound basis upon which to operate. This is a fact that should be printed over the walls of every home, and blazoned upon schoolroom blackboards. He who has built, or is building his mind with the rooms of memory in hopeless confusion, can expect no normal, sound, reliable mental power. The thing is simply impossible and the greatest endowment in the world would be negated by such turmoil.

In the last chapter we pictured the receiving office

of a storage warehouse into which for twenty years masses of fragmentary orders, unfinished records, partial classified goods, unpaid bills and the like had come, handled by clerks who gave little attention to them and who piled letters and goods away in baskets and storerooms without any filing system. Supposing such a plant had originally possessed the finest prospects in the world, what would it be worth as a business venture at the end of two decades of such management? And yet human beings run their minds, their memories, in particular, upon this hit and miss method; and more than that, mix their feelings into the mess of cluttering images. And then they blame God for their mental limitations.

The storehouse of memory may well be seen as a separate organ, like an individual body. It is just as possible for it to contain febrile conditions, toxic poison, even mental tumors and cancers, as for such things to exist in the physical organism. As poor food, wrong diet, hasty eating, tainted meats, and decayed vegetables sicken the body and may lead to dangerous illness, so a poor mental diet, a wrong sort of experience, hasty observation, weak attention, confused impressions and poisoned environments sicken the memory and in the end involve the whole mind.

A multitude of human sorrows and personal limitations reduce themselves to diseased conditions of retentiveness. Practically all mental limitations, in fact, and many forms of physical sickness are related to putrefaction in the memory.

Take the case of Henry Holten. He had chronic indigestion for twenty years. The doctors tried everything, diet, stomach pumps, drugs, massage, and still the condition continued. The trouble,

though physical in its nature, was beyond the reach of material or chemical processes. Medicine could relieve the results and remove the toxin as it collected, but it could not in such a case cure the causes for the physical poisons came from a tainted memory. As a boy, Henry was unjustly treated, first of all by his father, later by an older brother. He was sometimes beaten for things that he did not do, and always made to take the hard end of events. His mother, whom he worshiped, was forced to neglect him and made to suffer whenever she showed him the least kindliness. There were long, bitter years that cut so deeply into him that in his heart he felt like an under-dog, even long after the tragedies had passed away.

Repeated injustice had turned the natural love for his father and brother into furious hate, but Henry was a loyal soul and possessed an immense sense of family solidarity. He rigidly repressed his boiling anger and drove it down and down, thinking he could wipe the early events from memory. But what he actually did was to imprison them in his breast where, lacking any opportunity to release their vapors, they increased until the pressure mounted so that it reacted tempestuously upon his sensitive emotions, tightening his responsive nerves, exciting his endocrine glands and slowly but surely throwing out the bodily metabolism.

Psychic pressure made him hypersensitive. Though quite unaware of it he compared every event in his later years with the misunderstood and repressed background, and colored it with the hate smouldering in his memory. He gained from this comparison a sense of persecution; his feelings were constantly injured, for he magnified little events into

enormous sorrows. In other words, he came to see life through the vapors that rose from the emotional vats of brooding where the early images and masses of resentment lay in ferment. Inevitably life took on distorted aspects.

With fierce pride, Henry hid the fact of his sensitivity from everyone, even from his own consciousness. It seemed to him that to ignore these inner conditions was the only way he could go on, and thus the psychic ulcer continued its destructive process.

There are few people who do not know the sensation that comes from hurt feelings; it resembles a blow in the pit of the stomach from the hind legs of a mule. Henry's hypersensitiveness from memory distortion invited this sort of thwack daily. His poor stomach was literally being kicked to pieces. Was it any wonder that medicine could not help him and that not until by psychological aid his memory was freed of its toxic poison, was the indigestion cured?

All experience sent to the memory before mature intelligence has taken command of the life is necessarily stored away, either misunderstood or only partially comprehended. Events which occur before full power of attention and accurate judgment have developed are also retained in the mind with the darkness of ignorance surrounding them. Here is a fact which explains the power of memory to devastate the point of view. The forming of opinions and the making of judgments built on this early memory material is a common practice, and is about as intelligent as asking a five-year-old child to determine the values of a case in the Supreme Court. Prejudices, biases, curious beliefs, habits, complexes, perversions, neuroses, psychoses, insanities, come

from this mental custom. No man could have a mental bias if his memory were filled with thoroughly understood material, even as he could not have a prejudice if his memory were a blank. Without something to compare with, it is impossible to estimate similarity or difference. The mind devoid of past experience must necessarily consider new experience on the evidence before it, and this is certainly better than judging by distorted material. The soundness, clearness, and order of the material in the storehouse of memory determines the rationality of the understanding.

In so far as the mind has stored away well-judged experience and information, it possesses a sound background by which to measure the future. In so far as the memory holds fetid areas of repressed bitterness, masses of half-masticated impression or volumes of twisted and biased information, the whole thought process and point of view which must meet future experience is colored. Judgment, therefore, is necessarily poor, prejudicial and personal, the point of view abnormal, the mind more or less unstable.

It is probable that countless cases of alleged insanity will be cured once the devastating power of memory is understood, even as thousands of neurotic natures are now being freed of their neurasthenia because of the new technique which unloads the memory of its burdens and gives the mind an enema.

A whole library might be written on this subject of mental attitude and its varied aspects would not then be fully described, for there are few human conditions, trials and sorrows that are not involved in its influence. The whole mistake of judging life by

experience is involved, a habit that has literally clogged intelligence for centuries.

It is an amazing revelation to listen to men and women in the every-day world voice convictions built upon events retained in their memories, a revelation of the foundations upon which neurotic points of view are built. Opinions regarding experience are indeed at the very roots of many types of sorrow and mistakes. The following are perhaps typical:

Mr. Jones had made up his mind; after an experience like his, who wouldn't? To be cheated by one's own family, to have his cousin trick him out of an inheritance. No, he would never trust anyone again; all men were crooks—except Jones himself.

Mrs. Brown did not wish to send Margaret to her room for being impertinent, but that was the only way. Margaret wanted to go to the Anderson picnic. She had argued the matter. But after her own experience as a girl, Mrs. Brown knew it was unwise. Picnics of that kind, by a lake—with boats—were dangerous. Had not Mrs. Brown been spilled into the water and almost drowned on just such an occasion? Had not her experience given her pneumonia and set her back a whole year in school? No, Margaret could not go—mother knew best.

Neither of the Kirkleys was born cynical, and even in the unsophisticated days of their marriage they had still believed in love. But now, experience had taught them better; love was a delusion. There wasn't such a thing; neither mate-love, nor parent-love, nor any other kind. The foolish thought so, but they were inexperienced.

Had not Mrs. Kirkley given up everything for her husband? Home, riches, family, friends? And did he appreciate it? He did not. He wasn't a

bit like her father, not in the least. Her father had always been Mrs. Kirkley's ideal of a man. He understood her, that is, until she left home; his affection had waned after that.

Kirkley himself was equally cynical. In his heart was a picture of home with a little domesticated woman like his mother in it; a gentle, demure, sweet creature, who kept it cheery and was always there to minister to his needs. Mrs. Kirkley spilled her sweetness at the Woman's Club. Mr. Kirkley had tried to explain what a mistake she made and to show her that this was the real reason why their daughter had eloped with that Patterson fellow. She had only retorted that his own fondness for cigars was what made their son Rupert take up cigarette smoking and get in with the downtown gang.

All in all, experience repeated and repeated had taught the Kirkleys that love didn't exist. Their parents, their children, their friends, and each other had failed them. Shouldn't they know? Hadn't they proved it? They pursed their lips at ignorant young things who still believed in love. Poor, deluded creatures, they would learn soon enough. The Kirkleys were almost happy in their common bond of cynicism.

When we hear a man like Mr. Jones expressing his skepticism regarding people, or see a mother like Mrs. Brown depriving her daughter of simple pleasures, we think of the condition as an average expression of normal human nature, but it is not so. Mr. Jones' misunderstanding of his cousin's perfidy was possible only because of a clouded area in his mind, built upon a mass of smaller, but similar experiences stored in his memory. Following Mrs.

Brown's spill into the water came other shocks regarding the danger of water and outdoor activities, which she stored in her memory with violent emotions about them. She has a complex, in other words, regarding ordinary every-day life for young people. The Kirkleys, in the same way, have made a botch of married life, because of stoppages in their capacity to love, built upon early parental influence and experiences in youth. Mrs. Kirkley's love-ideal is shrouded by the picture of her father who, after his wife's death, had first been fiercely possessive of her, and then married a woman with three daughters. Long before she met Kirkley, her emotions had become cynical regarding love, and she had learned to compare all men with this paternal memory picture. Mr. Kirkley had in his mind a mother-memory—a habit of measuring every woman by that Victorian homebound woman. He has long been quite incapable of really loving in marriage, but has wanted instead to be nurtured as he was when a child. His mother had died when he was fourteen, and his emotions brooded on her loss through years of lonely boyhood. He had become an ingrown soul long before he met his wife. The dark chamber in his mind had built itself around the capacity to love.

One of the primary causes of the development of dark chambers is the popular belief that the human being learns by experience. From the moment he first begins to talk the child is fed on this idea, and is permitted to formulate his own conclusions from his judging by it. This mis-educational process is one of the most serious conditions in popular thought. It is as definitely involved in the making of mental disease as the old-fashioned attitude regarding hygiene which permitted the infant ravages

to take their toll yearly, and to leave physical incapacity in their train. Even educated people cling to this archaic idea and are inclined to contend the new view as heartily as older generations resisted modern hygiene.

Miss Prew looked up at the speaker horrified. What was the world coming to? He had just stated that of all things in life experience by itself was the poorest teacher. Miss Prew knew better. Her grandmother, years and years ago, had taught her the proverb "experience is the best teacher." That was how one became wise. Even dogs, cats and pigs, and chickens learned that way, and children, too, of course. Miss Prew had taught school for thirty-five years and was sure. Experience had taught her. If you spanked a dog often enough he remembered not to scratch at the door. If you fed pigs at six o'clock, they formed the habit of squealing at six o'clock. Why, Miss Prew's cat had discovered that the milk came in a bottle from the experience of rubbing against it and knocking a whole quart off the steps; and now she did it sometimes so she could lap it up. After repeated enough experience even Miss Prew's pupils learned. She emphasized it to her class over and over so that they would learn her grandmother's proverb: "Experience is the best teacher."

It was terrible, this spreading of "new ideas" as people called them. But the speaker talked on, for all Miss Prew's looks of disapproval. Somehow, he really seemed to be equally sure that experience, by itself, was the worst teacher. Of course, it was only theory, but Miss Prew listened and found some of his ideas hard to combat. He spoke of experience as a "result" or an "effect," and asked what it proved if you did not know the cause? Do we not bring to

experience our own biases and prejudices built upon memories of misunderstood events, judging them by our own dead weight of ignorance and superstition?

Opinions built on mere experience, he stated, instead of being the best guide are rather the very things that stand in the way of our seeing the truth. Judgments of that kind are the builders of ignorance, and delusion. Only when we measure results by causes, and effects by the forces that made them—which in philosophy one calls pragmatism—is any experience a guide, and that is not being taught by experience, but by reason. Repeated unreasoned experience affects the old brain, the animal mind, and fills it full of habits. Such conclusions are similar to the mental processes of lizards and monkeys. Such ideas seemed very radical to Miss Prew, and she left the lecture in a troubled frame of mind.

There are very few human beings whose memories are free from opinion-forming and judgment-injuring impressions, built on unreasoned experience. Most men and women who reach adult life have developed not one but many dark chambers in memory, to which they turn confidently as holding adequate material for comparative purpose in meeting life. When there are many of these negative areas the mind is either cynical and misanthropic, or else neurotic and despondent, troubled with strange fears and illusions. Extreme cases lead to forms of dementia or phases of insanity.

The more common results, however, are the prejudices, biases, set opinions, queer ideas and curious taboos characteristic of each individual. Masses of likes and dislikes, ideas of right and wrong, conscience and belief are often the product of early memory-material festering in the ignorance-bound

regions of the mind. Darkened and clouded memories have indeed wrought devastation upon men and women.

The worst of the matter is that many of the more bitter experiences which are causing the greatest amount of mental poisoning seem to produce forms of partial aphasia. The person with the most bitter memories is likely to affirm that he has nothing in his experience which can be misunderstood or prove disturbing.

To avoid pain from these troubled recollections, they have been repressed from thought until they are apparently forgotten. In actual fact, records prove that such suppressed material is very much alive, affecting the mind and reacting upon the physical organism.

Not until we form the habit of never judging by experience, but by reasoning regarding events, learning to re-see past situations with the new light of mature understanding, will there be escape from the dangers of memory. Once we recognize that our opinions concerning experience may be far from the truth, and that others would not have seen what happened to us as we saw it, a change begins to take place. For the significant fact in any situation is the individual's relation to it.

If Andrew Gray collides with an angry bull, the encounter may register on his consciousness, but his behavior in the face of danger is the real measure of the experience. What forces of self, of perception and volition met the event; what habits and fixations yielded to it, how much was the self-command and how much the stampede of fear? Awareness of the force of circumstance is only a part of the mastery of it, and consciousness will meet the

problem only a part of the way, since it controls but a small part of behavior. Both the situation and the future change for better or worse, according to the coming together of the man, the circumstances and his behavior. For the very core of intelligence is the ability to adapt to life, and all experience is modified in so doing. We adapt, moreover, according to our type and the plane on which our lives are cast.

Men store in their memories widely different reactions regarding the same events, and create opinions about them which bear no resemblance either to each other or to the truth. Mr. Peterson, for example, is, let us say, a materialist. He judges life through physical values. The world of facts he considers paramount. His measure of experience is made primarily in material terms; even marriage and love, worship and religion, are to him matters of food, clothing and shelter.

Bill Bruce is a man of action. He lives on the plane of volition. He is a captain in the army. The command of events and situations, the directing of the forces of the will are his delight and capacity. He judges all life in terms of what happens and thinks more of force and power than of material conditions. Alexander Dufew is endowed essentially on the emotional plane. To him the world is a place of feeling and of mood, of affection and social relation. He is not a thinker, and cares little for material things. He is essentially a man of sensation and sympathy. John Stilford is an intellectual, a mathematician and a lover of statistics. Economics is his hobby, and logic the dominant force of his life. He meets every situation with cold, level, clean-cut analysis. He cares little for material

values, less for activity and nothing for emotion. His record of any experience is built in terms of precise thought values. Mr. Wintner is a moralist. His whole being is built in terms of ethical values. He sees the world only through his own estimate of right and wrong, of good and evil. He is a reformer of the censorious type, a deep lover of Isaiah. He gauges an experience by precepts and patterns, rules and regulations. He cares little for thought and less for emotion, but responds with enthusiasm to restrictions of action and command over material things. Paul Melling is an idealist. He sees the world in terms of creative expression. Ideas and meanings, beauty and expression are consummate things to him. The poetry of life is all that makes it worth living. He cares for ethics when it leads man upward toward spontaneous freedom, for thought solely as it points towards the ideal, for emotion only when it conveys the beautiful, for action chiefly as an expression of meaning, for matter as a response to intentions. He meets experience as a thing possessing mystic and mysterious potentialities, hard facts roll off his back like water from a butter-ball.

Nathan Evans has only one measure of life. To him it is the schoolroom of immortality. It is of value only as the cosmic forces of the eternal appear in the events and situations of the every-day. For him man is a spiritual being, temporarily residing in a physical world. Experiences are the lessons which this temporary life use to train and develop the soul. He meets all experience with this transcendent buoyancy. He cares nothing for its values in terms of today. Tomorrow is the watchword of his reaction.

Let us imagine these men in some not unusual ex-

perience; a boating accident in their youth, for instance. Do we not know that each of these characters would react in a totally different way and store vastly contrasting impressions in their memories? Would they not bring a different story to us about it? Would not the experience have taught them quite contradictory things? If Mr. Wintner with his morals, for instance, had been dumped into a lake in his boyhood, he probably would have started a censorship league for restraining all young people from picnicking. Paul Melling, the idealist, would have written a poem in later life, *Ode to Eternity, From Early Memories of Drowning.* Nathan Evans might have gained from the experience a vision of the immortal and written an essay on *The Borderland.* John Stilford, the intellectual, would have forgotten all about the matter. It might have become material for Alexander Dufew in the third act of *Winning Milly,* his Broadway success. Billy Bruce would have certainly struck out for shore and found it a delightful event. Undoubtedly Mr. Peterson would have been drowned and thus avoided the troubles of his later materialistic existence.

Once we learn that every event creates an impression which, because of human sensitivity, becomes a center of suggestion, our attitude toward future events becomes clear. We see that susceptibility has a thousand open mouths ready to receive anything that is put into them by early environment, and, according to the nature of the food received, so is the life of the individual determined.

A large part of psychoanalysis and psychiatry is but an effort to purge memory of abnormal experience residue which is building irrational thoughts,

ambitions and actions. For an experience, buried in the memory which is surrounded by ignorance and misunderstanding, is entombed, as it were, in darkness; but when it is passed to the memory with insight, it is stored away in light. The technique of modern cures reduce to the simple art of bringing from the memory misunderstood experience, reseeing it with conscious intelligence, and returning it to its storehouse purged of neurosis-making capacity.

That such work needs to be done in the process of normalizing the average individual reveals how the sensitive and formative power of memory has been neglected and misunderstood for generations. Memory, according as it is negative or positive, is a wonderful or a terrible influence in human life.

Once this fact is made universally clear, a great change will come over American life in the generations that follow. They will be protected by this sound mental hygiene from the woeful condition that sickens and sorrows so many minds—the deadweight of experience residue lying like poison in the dark chambers of memory; distorting the point of view, dwarfing the judgment, injuring capacity to meet daily events, and depressing the physical energies through its emotional reactions.

One of the fundamental aims of self-understanding, then, is to determine in what measure the individual's point of view is actually true of himself, and how much it has been limited by early experiences. There may be whole masses of preconception in the mind blocking mental capacity. Their removal is not only essential to the cure of neurotic conditions, but to the intellectual development of the average, normal human being. It is our presumptuous, biased

points of view and false conclusions which retard mental development and in many cases react upon the emotions and congest expansion. At the same time, the mental habit of using the lower brain in place of the upper brain, or cerebral hemispheres, for most of every-day living, has been increased. The mind has become habit-bound and routined; the thinking process is then but once removed from that of animal life in general. It is this that explains the low intelligence quotient in America and the rareness of intellectuality.

If we would be free of these limitations we must be willing to look at all experience through new eyes, to reëstablish, as it were, our basis of reasoning; to hold a broad, mental attitude. Only then shall we gain soundness of judgment and reëstablish true understanding. Max Müller describes the attitude in speaking of science. He says "An empirical acquaintance with facts rises to a scientific knowledge of facts as soon as the mind discovers beneath the multiplicity of single productions the unity of an organic system." So it is with every phase of thought. As soon as we turn the mind outward, to weigh the world of facts for itself, apart from the provincial influences of environment and experience, we become intellectual beings, released from nervous and emotional restrictions. Understanding is the only sound basis of thought, and the science of being is measured by man's ability to know what elements of life he can command and what he can't; wherein he is a free agent and wherein part of the network of creation. And this, too, is his measure of normality or neuroticism.

CHAPTER XVI

INHIBITION AND CONSCIENCE

THE man reached for his hat, uttered a few apologetic words and hurried to the door, conscious that Cyrus Wergen had subtly handled the situation to his—Cyrus's—advantage. Queer, he had known Wergen for twenty years—done business with him all that time, yet never once had he penetrated the astute reserve of the man. And every time that shrewd, wrinkled face with its gray secretive eyes had seemed to bore into him invincibly, had made him talk, but said almost nothing.

He wondered if Cyrus ever laughed; the whole office seemed so like a silently ticking machine and Wergen its mainspring: a veritable coil of irresistible efficiency.

* * * *

The circle of cronies about the club fire chuckled. They had met there for twenty years and in all that time Wergen had been their spokesman: with his galaxy of dry humor. They watched him now as he made his way toward the coat-room. What a whimsical old chap he was, sophisticated and cynical, always with a morsel of choice news and a mischievous twinkle in his deep, gray eyes. Something of a philosopher, too, with his queer impractical ideas about a political Utopia. Jolly, old boy. They'd miss his humor when he was gone.

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Mrs. Wergen looked across the table at Cyrus. He was finishing his salad in silence. He had always finished it that way: like some precise epicure who would not deign to waste words during the ceremony of a meal. The butler moved efficiently about: Cyrus had chosen him twenty years ago—a man as sphinxlike as his emotionless master. Mrs. Wergen had an almost irresistible desire to throw her plate of consommé across the table at her immaculate spouse and scream. Was he human?

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Clarice Wergen laughed and snuggled closer into her father's arms. Cyrus kissed the golden abundance of her hair, reveling in its strange, youthful odor. His soul seemed a great ache of devotion. Clarice looked at him and marveled at his generosity: she was to have a car of her own. What a tender, loving, perfect dad he was—funny mother couldn't understand! But then mother was never present when they had their long talks about music and things—she didn't know.

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François, the half-breed guide, watched the khaki-clad figure of Cyrus Wergen making his way through the dusky woods. The sun had not yet risen. Long lines of mist lay like prehistoric monsters coiled through the valley. To François, who hated frills, Mr. Wergen didn't seem like a city man. They had slept in their clothes for a week; neither of them had bothered to wash. They had exchanged only necessary words, yet paddled together, made the portage above the Rapids, tramped, stalked the deer, and slept side by side. This man from the States seemed to François more like a member of his mother's tribe. The old Guide grunted with satisfaction as

he recalled the cool courage his employer had shown when a moose had charged him three days before.

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Cyrus Wergen sat in his office. It was late. The lines of his mouth drooped and his fingers twitched. For twenty years he had sat that way night after night for half an hour after the others had left, staring, staring into the gloom. He felt waves of strange depression, cringes of uncertainty, almost of terror. The livid face of his private journal stared up at him. It was crowded with closely written records of his thoughts—strange, mystic impressions of things, occult dreams, illusions, and the long, persistent worries and fears that none had known since his mother had gone to the Great Beyond and left him—alone.

He recalled the old farm and Dobbin, the sorrel mare, the white clapboard house—the reflection of his freckled, tousled head in the mirror that always distorted some part of his face. A clatter of chickens and ducks filled the dusk—his father's voice calling the dog Don to help drive the cows—the—Mr. Wergen came to with a start. The clock had struck on the Metropolitan Tower. His hand passed over his face. The vague yearning left his eyes—his lips pressed together, a curious tightening of the lines of his body moved over him, the shell of habit came about; the mask was ready for the world. The pageant of every-day events, dinner, club, theater, home, business, took up their march. Cyrus was once more inhibiting himself.

And yet, he wasn't aware of it exactly. The dramatic change had come unnoticed by his consciousness. Nor could he have told anyone which was Cyrus; the cold, calculating lawyer, the cynical, joc-

und clubman, the social pattern of a husband, the passionately devoted father, the primitive rough-shod hunter, or the mystical, melancholy dreamer. Were they all Cyrus—or none of them? Was he even living a phantasy, perhaps, in his closely written journal: voicing an exaggerated reaction to a world of camouflage? Cyrus could not have told. Only in the dimmest sort of way was he conscious of his slavery, the shell of habit had become second nature.

In antiquity, slavery appeared necessary. Possibly it was. Nineveh—Thebes—Carnac and Babylon might not have been built and then destroyed but for slavery—free men might have been lazy-lived as simple woodsmen or as simple shepherds. Who knows!

In any case, for better or worse, the face of life would have been vastly different. It was modified by the abolition of slavery, serfdom, feudalism and industrial despotism. Will it change when inhibition —that personal bondage which still rules men—is thrown into the limbo of social discard—no longer necessary in a more intelligent world?

The problem, however, is older than Babylon: it goes back to the worship of totem poles and golden calves—for these started both slavery and civilization.

Adoration of idols was essential in evolution, for at a time when the mind was primitive and impulses barbaric, forces in human life that could breed superstitious fear and hold the struggling energies of the individual within leash were constructive. It was necessary for men to believe in material gods, when they were incapable of conceiving an invisible Deity.

The taboos which these physical symbols put upon man were equally valuable, as much a part of the

formative forces of civilization as the catechisms and creeds of later days. Savages believed that if they disobeyed the prohibitions of these gods, their families and their crops would be destroyed. Therefore, such taboos restrained them from licentious sex expression, from appropriating their neighbor's goods, and indeed from breaking whatever paraphrase of the ten commandments had become the social custom of the region.

That there was no reality in their symbols, and that many forms of taboo were but archaic superstition did not matter so long as the belief served to hold in check the primitive impulses in man's make-up.

As a social custom, inhibition is as prevalent today as it was in antiquity. It is a remnant of barbaric usage by which the human being who lacks intelligence is held in check. But it has no place in human life where reason exists. It is as obsolete as the log-looms of the Egyptians, the spear, the bow and arrow, and the necklace of bears' claws. It must be used, however, wherever better ways are not known, even as mud-hut or cave is better than exposure to the weather in lieu of modern habitation.

If a man's mind, for instance, is of such a low order that he is afraid of truth and has no urge for understanding, it is better that desires for comfort are checked if, by so doing, an impulse for development takes its place. Real comprehension would permit him so to understand life that ease would not limit growth. Similarly it may be wise to inhibit anger, impatience, jealousy, and greed if the mind is too primitive to face the results of these negative expressions, unable to learn of the reaction which comes from their expression.

Inhibition is synonymous with imprisonment. It is jailing the forces of man's nature lest they express themselves injuriously; it is denial of hunger, restraint of the wishes, chaining the desires, burying of instincts and the ascetic refusal of emotion. It turns the will of the personality in upon itself, and makes the human being act as if he were devoid of impulse.

Moreover, it may be practiced on all the powers of human nature. Interests may be denied, as they were, for example, by Victorian women who believed that they must make themselves into insipid dolls as a feature of femininity. Perception and comprehension may be inhibited, as indeed they are today by the conservative and creed-bound, who, ostrich-like, hide their heads for fear they may see the truth. It occurs when a man or woman, thinking it expedient to marry for money, denies love for a true mate.

Let us picture an inhibition at work. Paul Drew was endowed with musical capacity. As a child he loved singing, and showed romantic tendencies which accompany an emotional nature. But he grew up in a family where self-conscious, philosophic routine was the standard of life. He was trained to believe that he must always analyze whatever he did; that he must never allow himself spontaneous, emotional expression. As a mature man singing was still a passion within him. He married a woman with musical ability; his boy played the violin, and his daughter was endowed with a glorious voice. But Paul made such a long, hard effort in childhood to restrain the impulse toward music, or indeed any expression of emotion, and the disparagements of his capacity were so bitter that, as a grown man, he was unable to express himself. The inhibition col-

ored his impulses, even to the extent of limiting his power for demonstrative affection in the marriage relation. His nature became hard and cold in its outward manifestation. Yet within lay a mass of pent-up feelings which he forever strove to subdue.

As in the case of Paul Drew there is a prevalent tendency to determine expression on the basis of early patterns, thereby inhibiting a large percentage of the true endowment. Inhibition is the habit of restraining a propensity or desire, because the mind has been taught to believe that it should be checked. The child who is told that, if she does not obey, a boogyman will come out of the dark and get her becomes inhibited by the fear engendered. The inhibition, however, is as likely to work against going into the dark, as to restrain her from the undesired action. Efforts to keep the small boy from the gang at the diving hole by painting the dangers of swimming may be successful. At the same time they are just as likely to affect him to the extent that he can never learn to swim and acquires a terror of the water.

Fear of punishment is the oldest of all social regulations, and stands shoulder to shoulder with apprehension of consequences in the creating of inhibition. The appeal is directly to the lower brain. Even a monkey can be restrained by dread of chastisement and anticipate the result of an action. Inhibition is useful only in the absence of self-critical judgment. When we use inhibition, therefore, in the control of our impulses, we are treating ourselves as if we were animals.

Inhibitions tend to start a condition known as regression. Regression is caused by a later conflict in the adult which reanimates, that is, plays upon

some early inhibition, and calls up the shocks and experiences of the original conflict between the impulse and its restriction. Its tendency is to turn an energy or a propensity in upon itself. The child who has been taught that he must never express anger may so restrain it that as a man no evidence of temper directly appears. To the casual observer, he never shows resentment; but the temper has not been destroyed, it has only been imprisoned, thereby starting an inner conflict which undermines health and emotional integrity.

Maturity is too often a synonym for successful and comparatively complete inhibition. In adults the gayety, laughter, fun, confidence and emotional responsiveness of children have largely disappeared. The grown person has learned expedience and compromise, and endeavors to adjust himself to the abnormal requirements of every-day living. He draws a masquerade of conventions about himself, and forbids all tendencies that do not agree with this artificial pattern. It is a destructive procedure which fills life with sorrow and confusion. Together with negative inanition it is one of the greatest factors in distorting the individual and driving his forces below the surface, beyond his command. For the statement is true that he who dams the flow of natural life in himself is damned for his effort, and loses power, vigor, and the capacity for happiness. He has used blind, unthinking processes in place of the intelligent direction of his impulses.

Most of us are unaware that our troubles in life have not come from its later difficulties. These we could and would meet if it were not for inhibitions placed in early days over native capacities. Actual perplexities do not force the mind into discourage-

ments, anxiety neuroses, melancholia, or the weight of worry which cuts down mental and physical vitality. We get no true regression of powers from adult disturbances; they never force us back to such a degree as to give rise to a neurosis. But wherever we have shaped the model of expression upon a pattern of environment without regard to the pattern of ourselves, and set up habits built upon this inversion, inhibition will at some time cut down the current of mental and physical vitality and render us victims of our own self-inflicted condition.

The trouble is that we appeal to conscience as a guide and it fails us. We do not realize that the average conscience is so submerged under the weight of opinions, prejudices, and biases bred in early life, that its guiding power is practically vitiated.

There is Mr. Rodney, as illustration: As a boy in school and college Tom was industrious. He loved chemistry and physics, physiology and zoölogy. His heart was set upon becoming a doctor. He rushed to every accident with such a sense of human service that the neighbors laughed. Every injured dog or cat that came into the region received his ministration. He even attempted a wooden leg on the family rooster after the butcher wagon ran over its claw.

Tom's parents said nothing. He was a good boy, kind hearted and responsive; not very shrewd, perhaps, but capable of learning. After graduation his father sent for him, and they had a long talk at the office. Rodney, Senior, went over all he had done for Tom, told him how his mother had taken care of him, and painted her needs and those of the two girls in deep, emotional tones. The purpose of the conversation became unmistakably clear and, under the artistry of his father's knowledge of men, Tom

saw his duty to go into the business, "as I followed my father before me," Rodney, Senior, explained. "It is the right thing, of course."

Visions of his medical interest flamed through Tom's mind. A picture of the hospital in the nearby city blurred his eyes. Words of appeal trembled on his lips and were withheld. His conscience told him what he should do. It was selfish to want to be a doctor. It was wrong to wish to serve humanity in his own way. He must go into his father's office.

He began next day. He worked hard. The first year went well enough. It was a dreary routine of details, learning to handle books, to think in dollars and cents, interest rates and discount. It was a blind, dull riddle, but Tom got through it. Then, that he might be familiar with all the branches of the work, came selling. Here Tom proved his lack of shrewdness. He was like his mother's father who had been a chemist, keen enough in measuring sugar of lead, but utterly blind in weighing human beings. After the third bad deal his father began worrying. He died five years later, still fretting over Tom. The lad's utter, hopeless helplessness as a business man had broken his heart.

Financial necessity required that Tom keep the business going for fifteen years after his father's death. Receipts fell slowly and ended in bankruptcy proceedings with Tom in the hospital at last, but as a patient in the psychopathic ward, not as the trim, sympathetic doctor he might have been.

Tom's conscience killed his father, for there was no mistaking that the old gentleman died from worry. It ruined the business, for Mr. Rodney, Senior, could have taken in Tom's place a partner of the executive type, and incorporated the company.

Tom's conscience also deprived his mother and sisters of comfort, for with a proper plan, business returns and his own earnings as a successful physician would have supported them well. Furthermore, it robbed the world of the services of a splendid man and gave instead the burden of a broken, nervous wreck. If he could have distinguished the voice of conscience from that of early parental influence, from ideas of ignorance and control, he would have been the wisest man alive. He did not know; he called blind convention the guidance of truth, and for this mistake everyone about him paid.

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious,* Jung states: "Whoever introverts libido (inhibits his native impulses), that is to say, whoever takes it away from a real object without putting in its place a real compensation, is overtaken by the inevitable results of introversion."

This is what Tom Rodney succeeded in doing, and his nervous breakdown was the inevitable result. It was what his father had brought about unaware, of course, that he was ruining his son's life. Tom had a right to that kind of work which was native to his inherent self. Blind conscience made him inhibit the impulse of his spirit. Again, Jung says: "Whoever renounces the chance to experience must stifle in himself the wish for it, and therefore commits a sort of self-murder."

Conscience is sometimes personified, but more often it is the total of a score of individual influences. Mrs. Conlay's was of the multiple variety. Add thirty-three per cent of her father's opinions to twenty-seven per cent of her mother's precepts; put in eight pieces of her Aunt Jane's example and twelve parts of her chum's juvenile ideas. Add ten

per cent of the neighborhood's customs and, into the mixture, shake another ten per cent of grammar and Sunday school teaching of the small town and ultra-conservative variety, the sum total made the conscience of Mrs. Conlay's "mature years."

Mrs. Conlay was very unhappy. She couldn't get along with her husband, and they had very different ideas as to bringing up the children. Mrs. Conlay believed in the firm caress of a hairbrush in the making of moral rectitude. She had a pattern into which all her children must be put. There was ceaseless bickering, for somehow the children refused to fit the mold. They were just like their father, a genial, loving sort of man with quite advanced ideas about education and ethics. He disliked loose ways more heartily than Mrs. Conlay herself, but lacking egotism he had no impulse to superimpose his own limited ideas upon his children. With a sort of dim yearning, he felt the whole broad plastic evolution of human life, and believed that the generations which came after him would have more wisdom and more knowledge of truth than he himself possessed. He was inclined to be open to the possibility that his ancestors had not achieved the sum of knowledge. He thought of his wife as near-sighted when it came to looking at right and wrong. He felt it was quite possible that many of her points of view were no closer to truth than some of the teachings of antiquity, for which men had contended as bitterly as Mrs. Conlay herself.

When we think of conscience, and right and wrong, we forget to what strange paths they have led. Let us suppose, for instance, that instead of being a lenient and gentle husband Mr. Conlay had held some of the ideas which guided men in the past.

Ancient Arab moralists, for example, taught "your women are your tilth, so come into your tillage how you choose . . . those whose perverseness you fear, admonish them and remove them into bedchambers and beat them." They believed with Mrs. Conlay in the use of the hairbrush, and even stronger measures, but upon wives as well as children. We can picture Mrs. Conlay's horror, however, had her husband's conscience been just a little more antiquated than her own. Suppose Conlay had also believed with the ancient Hindus who declared that a wife, a slave, and a son should have no property, and that even their earnings are for him to whom they belong. Suppose he had believed with them that selling one's wife was a minor offense, causing a mere loss of caste, but that a second husband, even after the former's death, was never right for a virtuous woman, and that she must not even mention the name of another man as long as she lived. Can we not picture Mrs. Conlay confronted with such moral teaching? And yet, it was once as absolute as her own rigid standards, and as sincerely credited.

Mrs. Conlay hated her brother-in-law. Had she lived in the days of the ancient Hebrews, however, moral law would have required that she bear children by him, if her husband had died childless. If the brother-in-law declined, her conscience would have made it necessary for her to go to the Elders of the city and insist that he perform the duty of a husband. Should he still refuse, it would have been her duty to humiliate him by loosing his shoes and spitting in his face. (*Deuteronomy, XXV*: 5-10.)

Mrs. Conlay had vivid ideas about marriage and the ethics of husbands. Yet ancient Hindus taught that it was no crime to swear falsely to women, while

the ancient Chinese obeyed a teaching of conscience that would have made her tremble with rage. It was their law that men and women, without the intervention of a matchmaker, must not even know each other's names, and there should be no communication or affection between them until marriage presents had been exchanged. They believed that faithfulness was especially a virtue of the wife, the husband being called "the sovereign pattern." This was certainly in line with Mrs. Conlay's desire to pick out her daughter-in-law, but not with her attitude toward her own husband. The Melanesian custom which permitted a father to sell his daughter to a chief who would in turn keep her as a prostitute to earn money for himself would have seemed to Mrs. Conlay horrible beyond words; yet it was quite within the conscience of the Melanesians.

Sarah, in ancient Hebrew days, felt required to give her handmaiden, Hagar, the Egyptian, to her husband Abraham that he might raise children by her, and afterward to deal so harshly with her that she fled to the wilderness. Mrs. Conlay's conscience would have permitted no such procedure; but were her ideas necessarily much nearer the truth? May not history look back as many years hence, as have transpired between Mrs. Conlay and Sarah, with equal horror upon that good club-lady's standards?

Unquestionably, most of the teachings of modern psychology in which Mr. Conlay heartily believed seemed to his wife to smack of impiety, and were to be condemned. When her husband came out strongly against the old idea that one should chose a right course of action and then coerce himself into following it, that lady foresaw complete moral cor-

ruption. When he quoted to her Jules Payot's splendid phrase, "We can only control human nature when we obey it," she saw her rigid image of precepts and standards crumbling to pieces. When he tried to explain to her that repressed impulses are merely driven to the brute level, instead of raised up to the higher guidance of man's nature, she looked upon him as an advocate of licentiousness. It had always been her custom to picture the results of natural expression in the exaggerated terms of a veritable débâcle. There was no middle ground in her standard between asceticism and carnality. She could not understand what her husband meant when he insisted that many moralists only enticed youth to evil ways when they made sin a strange and rather fascinating thing, and aroused curiosity about it by repeated suggestions and proscription. She had always been taught the necessity for perpetual wrestling with temptation. Conlay's ideas of the power of suggestion she dubbed as "bosh."

As was inevitable when such radically different views came into conflict, the Conlays' home life came to an end. It was killed, one might say, by Mrs. Conlay's conscience.

These censorious consciences are seldom found except where a false pattern of environment has surrounded the individual, and resulted in a blind and unintelligent following of early precepts. When this condition has developed, logical reason, which determines the right relation between the individual and the results of expression, is not available. For many current prohibitions we may blame our Puritan forbears, the great pattern-makers of conduct.

There are records in Massachusetts of such ar-

rests, for instance, as that of a man and his wife, fully clothed and in their right minds, who were imprisoned because they slid downhill on a toboggan on a Thursday morning. Such spontaneous action was considered "unseemly." If a person felt an impulse for joyous, free expression, he was supposed to suppress it at once. There were towns where one was arrested for whistling on the street. It was a general practice that girls should walk in a staid and precise manner, and to hop, skip, or jump was mortal sin.

Since Puritan times inhibition has run rampant in the land, and only within recent years has there been energy and integrity enough in their descendants for resistance. Unfortunately, the breaking over has been done mainly by the younger generation and has come as mere rebellion. The pendulum, in other words, has swung the other way. This, of course, is as abnormal as the process of salvation by prohibitive codes of conduct. There is a middle ground which looks toward the return to normalcy. From this vantage point, we are told that conscience should not be destroyed, but freed of its limitations. Nor should the human being cut loose from inhibition which, under guidance, may become a constructive process. The procedure advocated is to put logical reasoning and critical self-judgment back in their true position, so that decisions may be made by deliberate thought of the human or upper brain, rather than through the automatic functioning of masses of early influences. As it stands today, the average inhibitory process is built upon a submerged conscience and, for this reason, habit-formations are directly involved, and help to perpetuate negative conditions. Seldom do we find bad habits built upon

the foundation of an alert and highly stimulated, critical self-judgment. Indeed, there is no greater barrier in the path of civilization than habits, even if good ones, when constructed upon unthinking decisions.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GRIP OF REPRESSION

It is not difficult to understand how repression grew up in society, for considering the ages of man's life on earth, and the relatively few years of civilization, there has been after all very little time for him to learn how to handle his own nature. Endowed as he was with an unyielding impulse to live and achieve, dominated by a blind ego-wish, and yet driven by his need of the herd, his titanic forces have broken loose again and again, creating conditions which made antiquity reason that the only way men could exist together was by rigid abolishment of individual tendencies. The conclusion was inevitable, in view of the ignorance of more constructive methods. It was surely better for humanity to exist under pressure than to be destroyed by unrestrained desires and undirected instincts. The will cannot be turned loose to work its purposes on life. There must be either the old restraint, or the new intelligence, and where the latter is lacking, control is the only way; else the very existence of society is challenged. In a primitive world personality is as dangerous as loose dynamite.

So, too, with all the great forces in man. Lacking the guidance which scientific understanding is unfolding, repressive measures have been essential. When the purposes in a man's life were purely egotistical, and his instincts for independence and self-

expression brooked no interference and included no consideration of others, free expression would have meant chaos. The half-animal creatures who were the early workers and warriors needed the rule of Druid priests and arrogant monarchs. When impulses were purely those of possession and comfort, when the pleasure-principle dominated the reality-principle, and gluttony and sex-expression controlled activities, even violent control was unavoidable. When the disposition was criminal and the habits of life led to gorging, greed, and delight only in exercising physical vigor, control was essential. Even perception and comprehension had to be held down, for a little knowledge was dangerous, only giving capacity for vicious forces to express themselves. Indeed, whenever existence is moving in a negative circle and empowered by a wild and riotous will, repression is as unavoidable as a policeman's billy in a tumultuous and fighting mob.

Yet as life is not flung forward by mere control over destructive forces, so repression plays no part in its constructive advancement. It is an archaic procedure, necessary only so long as the individual is moving on a thoughtless path. The difficulty, however, is that once repression becomes established arguments for its continuance are legion. For although we are no longer barbarians, in outward conduct, at least, it is in the very nature of personalities to express themselves. Self meets self; the urge of Henry against the yearn in Harry. Both may love Milly or Meg. Both may answer the same advertisement, or seek the single honor of captain of the team; both may turn back upon themselves in bitterness and sorrow; while Albert gets Milly, the job and the captaincy combined. Such is

the nature of life in a world that has not yet learned to live.

To protect Albert from violence and to guard Henry and Harry from each other, society has built restrictions which are a further barrier to their desire and their self-expression. To permit Henry to murder Albert and capture Milly and, in turn, to be killed by Harry, who then takes Milly to parts unknown, would be anarchy pure and simple. Not even a vers libre poet would advocate such freedom for anyone but himself. If Henry and Harry cannot in peace relinquish Milly, society cannot afford to let them end in pieces. We are anxious that Milly get the right Albert.

But it might be maintained that the Capulet fathers had just this protection in mind when they erected high palace walls to guard their Juliets. And yet, in all justice, Juliet should have had her Romeo. She was protected not to the end of her happiness, but to that of her death. She was not kept as the true flower of love, but imprisoned for the caprice of family and convention. The protection of the individual became the repression of the individual.

That which should have saved Juliet for Romeo became that which kept her from Romeo. The anarchy of their love and her endeavor to escape became more holy than the authority which restrained their lives. Normal, social barriers became abnormal, personal bonds.

In the case of Henry and Harry, the restriction that added to their disappointment may have been necessary, a social method for all such occasions. It is our civilized protection from undue primitive hunger, and is as essential as shelter from wind and

weather. Its value is paramount until it is worshiped as an end instead of used as a means; and therein is where the chaos begins which makes life an enigma. Were we wise enough to protect Milly and Albert from the danger of elemental desire without, in turn, exalting our methods of precaution to the point where they destroy Juliet and Romeo, disappointment might be bearable. But with our rigid restrictions transformed into hollow, but hallowed sanctions, even Henry and Harry as well as Romeo are turned back in bitterness and made to feel the mockery of our conventions. Misery becomes a devastation and conflict a torture.

Our individual reaction to these remnants of savagery varies. It is easy enough, in dramas, poems and stories, even in biographies of great people, to see the effects of repression in all its ramifications. If we could, with equal vividness, gauge its deadly influence in a thousand different ways in the lives of average people, few would be left to justify it as a procedure. There is, as a case in point, Nancy Fisher, that vigorous, out-going young woman with her college degree and her clubs. Her flat-heeled shoes and boyish attire give her the appearance of courage and poise. But we don't really know Miss Fisher.

Truth to tell Nancy has a curious struggle between aggressiveness and timidity. She calls herself a typical bachelor girl and frequently congratulates herself that she has persistently escaped the rigors of matrimony. Her job as executive secretary of the League for Ethical and Social Effort is much more interesting than a husband or children. But recently she has been troubled by haunting fears.

She finds herself walking fast and turning around furtively, she hasn't the least idea why.

Then there is the question: should she go on living alone? Is she getting queer? Her habit of trying doors three times every night and double-bolting the window is increasing, and she dreams continually of burglars—a big burly man who breaks in and—she always wakes up shrieking at that point and can get no rest for the night. Her health is not good. She feels fatigued even in the morning and it takes three cups of coffee to get her going. She has noticed that her hand trembles a good deal, and she often clutches at her throat. It all troubles her, particularly when she recalls that the face of the dream burglar was that of a boy she had known years ago. His kisses are still on her conscience and —well, it is better, probably, that such things be strictly repressed. Only in her sleep she can't forget, and it is getting so that she will have to talk to someone or somebody, or something will surely happen. Even her doctor has told her that she can't become much thinner and more nervous without breaking.

Again, there is Harold Holden, with a sensitive face and a boisterous hail-fellow manner. From outward appearance one might select him for secretary of a boy's club or promoter of a social center, he has such an engaging smile and gripping handshake. But, he feels far from social. He affects geniality to conceal a dislike and distrust of humanity. His inability to work with others and, indeed, to live harmoniously with anybody, has made him a sort of vagabond, frequently changing both abode and occupation. He is even more of an enigma to himself than to his wife.

If you happened to see Miss Peakers, poring over encyclopedias and bound volumes of Christian Heralds in the public library, you would call her "a little dried-up old maid" and let it go at that. She seems somewhat queer possibly, but in no sense abnormal. Unmarried women grow that way quite often we explain to ourselves. But why? What forces are destroying the soul and body, the heart and mind of that gray little person? By what right is she condemned to be the shadow of herself? What influences have turned the jolly, happy, plump little Molly Peakers of High School days into the sallow secretary of the Reverend Mr. Edgeson? If she was such a "fresh, normal girl" at sixteen, it cannot be that she is also normal at fifty-six. For if such a transformation is "maturity" then civilization is but another name for destruction.

With seeing eyes we can discover many Nancy Fishers, Harold Holdens, Molly Peakers about us, human beings suffering in their own loneliness, held by their own mystification as to the causes of their troubles. They look out upon the world and feel that it has little to give them, unaware that they have permitted life to take from them the capacity to live, because of the mass of repression that has turned their days into a mere masquerade.

It should be apparent, if we give thought to the matter, that under repression the forces of life dry up and only the shell is left. The spirit tends forever to recede from actuality, and here we find the first causes of dissociation, that condition which lies behind all neurotic disturbances. Dissociation is induced by the very pain of living, for it is characteristic of self-repression that it stands as a defense of the mind under the abnormal and subnormal

pressure of a fear-ridden world. Self-repression is a protective forgetfulness, by which the mind guards the individual until he learns to guide himself by higher processes. It is thus not so wrong as it is crude and barbaric. The dissociation thus induced is often clung to by individuals because they have become familiar with this state of being. They are unused to free and spontaneous living, hence they are afraid of life because it is unknown to them. Here is the very background of neurosis, that condition which often makes a veritable inversion of truth, and produces a deadness of self, submerging the days in inner conflict.

We see human beings in this state and too commonly ignore the fact that it is a form of disease. For there is an amazing general unawareness of the prevalence of neurosis. Because of the persistent skill with which neurotic tendencies are camouflaged by those possessing them, even intimates may be unaware of the existence of such conditions in a friend, or a member of the family. Scientific inquiry has proved the condition to be common rather than exceptional, accounting largely for the curious ways of men and women.

A famous alienist once remarked that he did not measure so much the degree that a man was insane as the per cent to which he was sane. That is, how far as an individual he had come out of insanity. If half sane, he was a fair average.

Certainly neurosis is so common that it can be hidden successfully sometimes even from our husbands and wives. As society is composed of average men, so our measures of judgment are built not on group standards of the natural, but upon the actions and inter-relations of the unnatural. We compare

the neurotic person with a neurotic social standard, and as black does not stand out against a background of its own hue, no conspicuous distinctions appear.

In fact, it is quite possible that the truly normal man would seem to us abnormal, and history justifies this conclusion, for the great leaders of every age who have possessed brilliant individuality and passionate freedom from convention have always been misunderstood, mocked, derided and crucified. To the herd they have seemed unnatural and extraordinary.

It may be that the urge for conformity explains the hatred of the multitude for the exceptional. Or perhaps, dimly aware that the exceptional man is more often the natural one and more truly normal, it may dislike the sense of personal abnormality which the presence of normality implies.

Standards of ethics and conduct as accepted by the average social group are puritanical, which is another way of saying they are biologically impossible. They incline us to throw each circumstance and situation upon the screen of judgment, and to ask what is the perfect thing to do. Conscience takes the ideal thus conceived as its model and the poor victim coerces himself to comply with the requirements. The harder the pattern, the greater the tension; the deeper the confusion, the stronger the neurotic disturbance.

For ideals of perfection are never natural or even intelligent. They are hereditary totem-precepts, as artificial as a trimmed hedge or a polard tree. We have a common moral concept, for example, that stormy moments in life are wrong and blameful, but are they? Shall we blame God for the thunder and

lightning? Is He evil to have made the whirlwind and the typhoon, the earthquake and the cyclone, the blizzard and the drought? Shall we tell Him to repress and withhold the powers of nature? Or is it possible that God allows storms and it is only man who would take them away?

There never was a gentler soul than Professor William James. Yet no one in the whole field of psychology has more ardently advocated our right to release the stormy forces within us if we will but direct the current of the wind. When we do not let out anger in normal ways we invariably make others pay for it, either those with whom we were angry or loving and innocent associates who are forced to live with our consequent morbidness and neurosis, our brooding moods and fits of irritability. No man has ever yet successfully repressed a storm within himself. Through repression he merely disseminates the forces into destructive influences far more unjust and harmful than the clean impulse he restrained which probably would have cleared the air, as thunder and fresh rain break the heat of a July day.

Inhibition is the blocking of an impulse early in life to such a degree that in later years the person apparently no longer has the inhibited tendency. Repression, on the other hand, is a continuing and ceaseless process. It is the habit of repeatedly restraining the self, setting up a perpetual conflict within the personality. It originates from early environmental influence and a teaching of the habit of self-control.

There can be no more abnormal or injurious custom than self-control, as commonly understood and as generally practiced. At best it is an archaic and

negative procedure directed toward the lower energies of man, appealing only to the old brain. It is an ignorant substitute for self-reliance and critical self-direction. A confident and deliberate person has no more need for self-control in ordinary life than an automobile has for a couple of donkeys on an ordinary road. It may serve in emergencies, such as a breakdown, but unless the car of self is in the ditch, as a method of living, it is no more practical or logical than to hitch a mule-team to a Rolls Royce. The process, moreover, makes progress just as slow as mule hauling since it deprives the human being of the energy of his understanding.

Self-reliance is the avoidance of wrong action by the process of thought. Self-control or repression is the burying or denying of the tendency, holding it within the self and in many cases acting hypocritically, as if it were not there. At best it is only a panacea and not a cure.

The origin of repression is ignorance in the handling of selfishness. This quality exists in destructive form only when understanding is of a low level, since it invariably injures whoever obeys its urge. Repression really amounts to a gagging of the impulses of self without thought of the results of expression. Self-critical judgment sifts facts and considers consequences so thoroughly that the impulse becomes changed and modified and no negative trend is left to repress.

No influence in life has brought more destructive effects upon the health, vigor and normality of man than the habit of repression. Indeed, for many generations, the ideal of mothers and fathers has been the subdued, good little child who restrains inner impulses and becomes an Elsie Dinsmore, an

angelic Eva or a little Lord Fauntleroy. Such parents delight in the old saying, "A child should be seen and not heard," unaware that the method creates dullness and stupidity. The old Romans knew better when they wrote "Sermo generatur ab intellectu et generat intellectum." Speech is generated by intellect, and in turn generates intellect. In other words, by the prohibiting process a child is deprived of opportunity to develop critical self-judgment and in order to remain virtuous and innocuous he must thereafter depend upon repression.

The newer trends of thought are so contrary to older ethical ideas that they appear sometimes to imply anarchy, yet such is far from the case. When we say that repression of hate, greed, lust and jealousy keeps these tendencies open wounds, poisoning the soul of the human being, and that the release of these feelings into some form of expression is necessary for health, we do not mean to turn loose upon the world all the hate, greed, lust and jealousy that lie fermenting within us. Enough of these destructive forces are thrown upon the world as it is. The suggestion, however, that in place of repressing these forces, they should be met by constructive procedure, includes training in facing every impulse of life fairly and squarely, learning to see just what the tendencies are and what the consequences of expression would be; and then, in place of repression, finding a method of sublimation.

There are many reasons for this new teaching. Scientists have discovered that a negative force withheld and buried in the depths of human beings tends to come out in their children. This explains the impression that ministers' sons and deacons' daughters are unduly lively, as well as the fact of

wild and destructive inclinations in many apparently good men. We know today that negative forces within the parents were repressed rather than understood and cured, and therefore transmitted.

Responsibility for the tendencies of children is now placed where it belongs; upon the secret impulses of their ancestors.

Perhaps the worst phase of repression is its hypocrisy, since it undermines the clear and free-seeing of truth and makes the growing generation doubt the integrity of its elders. Youth senses too often that its own forbidden tendencies are fermenting still within adults, who are its guides and perceptors. The fact that some of our modern brigands go to church and pass the contribution box has not gone unchallenged. Many a prisoner in Sing Sing knows that those who convicted him may have been only more clever at the game. When it comes to the reality of goodness and badness, men and women are brothers and sisters under the skin.

Because we assert in this unequivocal fashion that repression is always injurious, it does not imply that we would have no restraint in human life. Repression is necessary in a world that has but rarely practiced intelligent procedure. It belongs in the same class as warfare, autocracy, serfdom and slavery. Time was when men reasoned that autocracy was necessary, because the masses, like children, needed masters. Ignorance was such that no better way seemed possible. A blow with the fist serves a useful purpose where there is no logical appeal, and prisoners are a necessary factor in a world that breeds crime and is but partially civilized. We must have restraint in various ways and degrees until mankind reaches the point where intelligence is com-

mon rather than rare. Life cannot permit desires to run riot. But society and individuals cannot progress out of sorrows until they learn to follow better ways.

One such better way is sublimation: a means by which the forces of the nature which conflict with normal civilized life are raised to creative or constructive expression and removed from the need of further repression. Sublimation is an intellection of the instincts and emotions, a finding of satisfactory activities in life at large, in which the individual may interest himself. It is both a process of dealing with positive forces and negative states. Madelaine Jay, for example, may be a very emotional and responsive temperament, who cannot maintain health of mind or body without a constant release of the welling passions within her. A routine occupation would mean destruction; she must find life contacts which call for emotional capacity. Marriage and motherhood is one of these, the primitive and natural answer to abundant feeling. And yet the warmth of home life may not come within Madelaine's destiny. Sublimation teaches her to find an adequate substitute in such fields as the drama, singing, writing, painting and the world of adventure. This is the positive aspect of sublimation.

Even more important is the technique by which negative tendencies may be released: the impulses to anger, rage, jealousy, impatience and all those states of mind which heckle the human spirit. In civilized life such spleen cannot be poured upon the world without selfishness and reaction. Sublimation teaches one to avoid the devastations of repression by a substitute form of expression. The writer recently witnessed a cultivated mother sitting quietly in

a park and with an understanding smile watching her little four-year-old daughter violently striking in the air. She was not hitting the child toward whom her anger had been aroused, and yet the surge of feeling was having released expression. In a few moments, the storm passed, better feeling appeared, and the children were playing together in a loving and companionable fashion. The little girl had vituperated without injury to anyone. This is the substitute expression which William James so convincingly advocated.

And yet the mistake should not be made that the believers in sublimation advocate the substitute expression of the type which suggests the pounding of an inanimate object under the impulse of temper. This is little better in its influence upon character than violent release of the inner feeling. There must be certain natural forms of inhibition that inhere in the sublimation process. The little four-year-old girl in striking into the air vented her feeling but she was also inhibiting herself in that she was not striking the child. She was learning from the experience, that anger is an idle and a stupid thing, bringing no better results than ineffectual blows into space.

CHAPTER XVIII

INNER CONFLICTS

They have chiseled on my stone the words:
"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him
That nature might stand up and say to all the world,
'This was a man.'"
Those who knew me, smile
As they read this empty rhetoric.

My epitaph should have been:
"Life was not gentle to him,
And the elements so mixed in him
That he made warfare on life,
In the which he was slain."
While I lived, I could not cope with slanderous tongues,
Now that I am dead I must submit to an epitaph
Graven by a fool!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

* * * *

Miss Querral was very unhappy. Life bored her—everyone bored her—she bored herself. She did not want to do anything, and heartily disliked doing nothing. There was little she had not tried, but effort made her as nervous as resting. And yet Miss Querral was brilliant and vivacious—except when she was dull. Her good mood was very, very good; but quite as often it was horrid. The trouble was: her mind never cared for the things that pleased her feelings, and she had no heart for the ideas that interested her intellect. Her father had made her emotions domestic; her mother had trained her to

think of things outside the house. When she was out, she was homesick; to stay in gave her mental ennui. She hated everything she thought and disapproved of everything she loved. She was in conflict.

Whoever has seen a group of men in a riot, struggling, pushing and swearing at each other, has gained a vivid idea of conflict, and if it happens that insurrection is within the ranks, its devastating power is far greater than if between naturally antagonistic forces. Suppose, for example, a mutiny of sailors had started during submarine patrol in the World War; or a battalion of American soldiers in the Argonne had divided into two warring groups, killing their officers and taking pot shots at each other —what chance would such a battalion have had against the common enemy?

Yet, this is just the condition which develops in the individual when inner conflict undermines his capacity to meet the struggle of life. War among the forces within himself so uses up his energies that he is incapable of that competition essential in a world built on the basis of the survival of the fittest.

Sometimes the struggle starts when early training or environmental influence has set up ideas destructive to the real expression. Agnes Evans, for example, was played upon from childhood by the mid-Victorian notions of her parents who taught her to repress her native interest in scientific research. She was told repeatedly that love of knowledge was not for woman; her attention was persistently turned from its natural channel, and her memory filled with masses of extraneous and superficial material which blocked her development. Yet the hunger of her nature and the ego-wish of her personality was actu-

ated by an interest in chemistry and physics. All the desires and instincts of her nature, inherited from a grandfather of scholarly attainments, have energized her will to achieve in the scholastic field. This conflict between the inbred mental attitude of early life and the real desires of her nature has so impoverished her inherent energies that, at forty she is an aimless hanger-on, spending her days doing odd jobs for her family and friends. Spurred by the activities of younger women she has had the guilty thought of going to college, after her father dies; but by that time, unless a happy accident occurs, her remaining initiative will have been destroyed by conflict.

Again, Horace Dobson has a hunger for adventure, an urge in his blood for discovery. He pictures himself tramping the jungle in search of botanical specimens, paddling up the Amazon to study animal life, or seeking in the far north for gold. Early habits, however, have stunted the natural development of his body, environment has imprisoned the forces of his organism, and so his full constitutional power has never been reached. One might argue, that, as salesman for a bond house, his desire for adventure would be gratified and give a certain thrill from dealing with human specimens. But such is not the case. Dobson is ill-at-ease in quest of commissions; he hates business and finds it galling to spread enthusiasm for oil, automobile tires and public utilities. Living under a strain has created a hyper-thyroid condition, involving his glandular metabolism. His nerves are on edge, and routine tendencies have been set up in the old brain which continually conflict with the activity of the great cerebral hemispheres. The reflex actions of

his organism, the sensations and low vitality produce a condition directly in conflict with the primary urge of his personality, and the inner struggle so consumes both the vitality of his will and the energy of his body that he would not be able to achieve his adventurous desires, even if the way were opened. This is one of the sad features of conflict. It destroys the force and initiative of the individual to such a degree that it invariably proves to the mind that the very influences which prevented the full flowering of the nature were right with regard to individual limitations and handicaps.

There are many forms of conflict, but in every case we may reduce them to the simple plane of warfare between groups of inner forces which have been perverted or imprisoned by inhibition or repression.

Conflict, moreover, may be between any or all of the inner powers. A mental attitude, built upon limitation of the interests and negative experience, perverting perception and filling the memory with distorted and associated images, may be at war with ambitions, affections, desires, with the great impulses, or even with a physical urge. A powerfully built constitution, for instance, whose vigor surges within the body and stimulates the blood, may produce conflict against the narrow margins of city life. The person who should roam the great outdoors, his energies set for experience with elemental nature, is like a bull in a china closet. Again the inverse condition may be found, and a child born with a delicate organism and a love of the artistic and cultural forms of life has been flung into an environment which presses the physical body and produces standards of action that no part of the organism can reach. A sense of failure then induces conflict between the

ideas of duty and the dominant interests and tendencies of the actual selfhood.

A common type of conflict is that between the thoughts and feelings. The individual may be an emotional, sensuous, and somewhat passionate disposition, filled with intense longings and endowed with twists of temperament which find expression only in intimate personal relations or fields of creative expression—art, music, literature, and the drama. Yet the whole trend of the life may be such as to have closed these doors in childhood so that the intellectual processes are turned toward a routine activity, built upon a conscience and trained to react according to a fixed pattern. A sense of responsibility may develop which holds the individual to a life that is slowly but surely destroying him. The conflict is virtually suicidal and must end, if no escape is given, in physical or nervous breakdown, or else in neurosis. In any case the end is ultimate death to hope and happiness and the realities of living. William James has given a vivid picture of yet another type of conflict, which he calls the Rivalry and Conflict of the Different Mes. He says:

> With most objects of desire, physical nature restricts our choice to but one of many represented goods, and even so it is here. I am often confronted by the necessity of standing by one of my empirical selves and relinquishing the rest. Not that I would not, if I could, be both handsome and fat and well dressed, and a great athlete and make a million a year, be a wit, a bon-vivant, and a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher; a philanthropist, a statesman, warrior, and African explorer, as well as a "tone-poet" and saint. But the thing is simply impossible. The millionaire's work would run counter to the saint's; the bon-vivant and the philanthropist would trip each other up; the philosopher and the

lady-killer could not well keep house in the same tenement of clay. Such different characters may conceivably at the outset of life be alike possible to a man. But to make any one of them actual, the rest must more or less be suppressed. So the seeker of his truest, strongest, deepest self must review the list carefully, and pick out the one on which to stake his salvation. All other selves thereupon become unreal, but the fortunes of this self are real. Its failures are real failures, its triumphs real triumphs, carrying shame and gladness with them. . . .

So we have the paradox of a man shamed to death because he is only the second pugilist or the second oarsman in the world. That he is able to beat the whole population of the globe minus one is nothing; he has "pitted" himself to beat that one; and as long as he doesn't do that nothing else counts. He is, to his own regard, as if he *were not*, indeed he *is* not. Yonder puny fellow, however, whom everyone can beat, suffers no chagrin about it, for he has long ago abandoned the attempt to "carry that line," as the merchants say, of self at all. With no attempt there can be no failure; with no failure, no humiliation. So our self-feeling in this world depends entirely on what we *back* ourselves to be and do. It is determined by the ratio of our actualities to our supposed potentialities; a fraction of which our pretensions are the denominator, and the numerator of our success: thus,

$$\text{Self-esteem} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Success} \\ \\ \text{Pretensions} \end{array} \right.$$

Such a fraction may be increased as well by diminishing the denominator as by increasing the numerator. To give up pretensions is as blessed a relief as to get them gratified; and where disappointment is incessant and the struggle unending, this is what men will always do. The history of evangelical theology, with its conviction of sin, its self-despair, and its abandonment of salvation by works, is the deepest of possible examples, but we meet others in every walk of life. There

is the strangest lightness about the heart when one's nothingness in a particular line is once accepted in good faith.

Sometimes it seems as if these inner struggles were only minor battles, but they can be just as terrific for all that. The gamut of wrong beliefs has its grip on the spirit, and the nature crumbles and is crushed by the weight of its turmoil.

Like a demon it literally takes possession of the life. Its stage is always set in darkness. There are vast areas within the self where struggling forces battle against each other, one side and now the other, swaying back and forth in the gloom. We see the results in outward form as irritability, impatience, irascibility, anger and brooding fits of depression. Conflict is the producer of morbidness, despondency and, in its violent manifestation, suicide. It also lies behind cynicism, world-weariness, ennui, and those mental and physical diseases which sap the strength and life-blood of the individual. At times we see the direct warfare, again, merely its results in vitality so impaired that only an echo of the human being is left.

In Thomas Carlyle, irritable and irascible, evidences of conflict are conspicuous. Vast warfare between a flaming egocentric possessiveness and his mental convictions and philosophic attitudes continually surged within him. His brain was socialized, his heart was barbaric. He lived in a state of cold repression and unresponsiveness, but underneath this gray mantled mountain was a volcano on the verge of perpetual earthquake and eruption.

As is usually the case when repression is encaging dynamic rebellion, Carlyle married a nature gripped by an almost equal conflict. Jane Carlyle was vola-

tile, spontaneous, artistic, romantic and creative. Like her worthy husband, she was a passionate egotist, brilliant, dominating and gifted far beyond the ordinary in mind and personality. Convention and environment dammed the torrent of expression which was hers, allowing it to trickle out only in conversation and innumerable letters penned to relatives and friends. In her day, marriage meant submergence, and in her gallant endeavor to be gentle and domesticated, an inspiration and not herself inspired, she was broken. Endless household routine, fighting dirt and cockroaches in dingy old houses, making ends meet on nothing but Thomas's reputation, was too much for her, even though a sense of dramatic values gave her response to the excitement of living.

Within Jane Carlyle were depths of emotion, flaming passion, the desire to love and be loved greatly. She burned out her days in a turmoil of conflict, struggling against introverted abilities, playing the domestic rôle for which she was not fitted, enduring physical torture which came inevitably from the bitterness and anguish of her combat. Above all, she chafed and raged and suffered from the strain of holding her tremendous emotions to quarter speed, and even then avoid wrecking them on an iceberg. A pitiful and compelling personality. Yet, strangely enough, it was the same gamut of inner impulses which made the solemn suppression of Carlyle and locked his tumultuous vigor in a tomb. If they ever could have known each other's hearts the two might have found peace and exquisite happiness, for in his integrity Carlyle was dynamic enough to meet the flaming spirit of the volatile Jane. As it was, their

outward natures were at war and their marriage as much a conflict with each other as with the reality of themselves.

In another setting we find an even more conspicuous conflict in Charlotte Brontë who, within the seat of herself, and not in brother, lover or friend, found material for the much debated Rochester. Because of the very tumult between the forces of her own nature, the wild, ungoverned, caveman hero of Jane Eyre was a veritable expression, a kind of biography, as it were, of her own Armageddon. It was the mystery of her day, how this woman, bred in a country parsonage, living most of her life in a conventional and circumscribed routine of teaching and writing, could have portrayed so convincingly, violent and elemental passion, could have created such dynamic characters. But underneath that Victorian exterior, the real nature of Charlotte Brontë tossed and rocked like a ship on a storm-swept sea.

In his inimitable picture of General Gordon, Lytton Strachey, in *Eminent Victorians,* portrays an inner conflict that affected every expression of the life. The man was virtually driven by the warring forces of his own nature. At heart he was a mystic, a dreamy, human, religious philosopher—a veritable recluse who might have hidden himself in some seashore hamlet or along the Thames and spent his days in ministration to the poor, and in speculation on the strangeness of life and men's ways. But circumstances and events accented the lurid, dramatic, dynamic side of Gordon. His sense of achievement, his gift for engineering, his perverse delight in bearding others, came to a dominating position in his nature and he appeared the great fighter, the man of

action, the warrior who seemed to feed on rancor because it was a release of his own inner tumult.

So we might progress through many figures of history, of literature and world achievement. Jonathan Edwards, who stands preëminently as the picture of censoriousness and repression, can be explained only by the conflict within him, and this is true of many another vitriolic disposition. When he wrote, "Oh, sinner, consider the fearful danger you are in; it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath that you are held over in the hand of that God whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you as against many of the band in hell . . . you hang by a slender thread, with the flames of Divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it and burn it asunder, and you have no interest in any mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you have ever done, nothing that you can do to induce God to spare you one moment. . . ."

This is a picture of the way Jonathan Edwards felt inside; the story of his inner conflict, which, because of its awful intensity, so blinded him that he read it into the lives of everyone else. We find similar conflicts within the hearts of those who started censorship leagues and organizations to control the morals of their fellowman—the "superpure" to whom all things are obscene. They were merely individuals in whom so many flaming, lustful desires have been submerged that they believed everyone else to be in the same unfortunate situation. There have been many such men in the world

at large and in public life. They dramatize in unmistakable terms the inner conflicts that may consume a human being. When a man's vision of life is so perverted that, with Jonathan Edwards, he can only see "sinners in the hands of an angry God" we may be certain that his heart is wracked with turmoil; which repression, on the one hand, has bottled in him, and which native impulse, on the other, blindly stimulates.

Conflict at times becomes so great as to absorb personality. This was true in the case of Hamlet, and there are modern critics who now believe that in this character Shakespeare dramatized much of his own inner struggle. The Soliloquy is a veritable moment of conflict, a wave of the impulse to action against convention and fear which circumstances had bred in him. Hamlet ended as the figure of inaction and, at the end of the great play, Fortenbras steps in to symbolize the figure of achievement, the man in whom conflict was abated—whose life had indeed become his own.

Ambivalence is one of the manifestations of inner warfare between dynamic forces, as for example between love and hate. It is a curious condition which grips the individual, making him first respond to and then refuse the experiences of life. It is characteristic of bachelors, and found many times in unmarried women. The urge and the repression, the desire and the fear, the longing and the refusal, flayed back and forth in the individual's life until cynicism grips the soul. The condition is but once removed from that type of conflict which leads to personalism and stupidity, for the cynic is brother to the idiot. Investigation has brought out that in the family back-

ground of many of the feeble-minded, conflict was manifest, either within individuals, between them, or against the herd.

It seems as if intense inner struggle reacts on the whole glandular system, possibly injuring the generative organs, and making for incompletion of the children born as a product of such past experience in the heritage. This is one of the notable forms in which conflict has a social result, damaging mankind.

Conflict again comes in between the mass of habits by which custom and convention determine activity and the integrity of the inherent nature. This is but another manifestation of struggle between the self and the herd, since habits are, in the main, the result of environmental influence. The condition, however, may exist directly between the individual and society, and this has been true in the lives of all reformers and revolutionary spirits. The death of the English martyrs was the result of strife of this kind, and it has existed in the lives of musicians and poets since time was.

No one is a better epitome of contest with convention than Percy Bysshe Shelley, who from birth rebelled against everything in his environment. He could not fit into the life of his family, and bitter clashes with his father continued until death separated them. He could not adapt himself to the educational system of his day, and was expelled from college for expressing his views. He could not conform to conventions of love and marriage, and was always outside the pale of respectability. In an orthodox age he would not accept the current religious teaching, because it was said he put the "spirit

before the letter and believed in Redemption more than Original Sin."

An outcast, a rebel, an anarchist, yet withal even his most portentous critics had to find something in Shelley that demanded their respect. And this was his spiritual honesty. He was seeking truth. His guiding principle was reality, and truth as he found it was in conflict with the patterns of conduct and thought of his generation. He was torn by strife, his life was wrecked by struggle, for his conflict resulted only in rebellion. He learned to express his seething, tumultuous revolt, his hatred of sham and hypocrisy in exquisite verse. But he never discovered a constructive way of replacing the patterns he so violently wished to destroy. He would have saved the world by literature, tracts on atheism, brochures on vegetarianism, pamphlets on morality and the general application of spiritual values. But the world did not want to be saved, either by Shelley's propaganda or his poetry, and he goes down to posterity as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating his wings against the void."

Tansley distinguishes between major and chronic conflicts. Major conflicts are always between impulses which have the force of great primitive instincts behind them. They have been the themes of dramatists and novelists, and center around struggle between sex and morality, sex and religion, patriotism and the family, implying usually antagonism between instincts which would lead to incompatible actions. These major conflicts are always of a conscious variety, and they throw "the whole higher machinery of the mind out of gear, so that only routine functions can be performed. Even these suffer from the physical weariness which acute struggle entails. The

two antagonists monopolize the stage and the stream of consciousness is perpetually occupied by them except when the attention is forcibly distracted."

Such a situation cannot endure indefinitely, and the mind uses every effort to bring it to an end. This usually comes by making a decision and choosing a course of action. When this is not done, the impulses are in time repressed, or else the acts resulting from the inharmonious situation are "rationalized," that is justified or defended, and the actual motive ignored and forgotten.

Chronic conflict, on the other hand, is not always apparent to consciousness. It often molds the mind during childhood or youth and maintains a state of equilibrium between the strong inherent tendencies that persist through adult life. It leads to no crisis, but wears down the capacity of the human being and retards his progress, as sand in the gear box ultimately spoils the efficiency of a car.

In our measure of ordinary every-day difficulties, we should never forget that it is inner conflict which makes them hard to understand and to master. There is no condition in adult life capable of producing complete devastation or despair unless some early experiences have set up a struggle within the soul, which is later played upon and set into action. Our likes and dislikes, strong loves and violent antipathies are not in themselves dynamic or destructive, except as they become means of releasing undrained emotions, and stored-up revulsions. When an unfortunate experience enters the life it becomes a very vehicle for the expression of conflict, and affords opportunity for disturbing mental and nervous conditions to take command. It is this background and not the experience which gives rise to

neurosis. Conflict alone gives violence to the storms of expression, and the drama of fear that may wrap itself around the life of the human being.

The average person is aware of the effects of conflict in his life but unaware when conflict is their cause. The situation is met in modern therapeutic procedure by the method of realization; the deliberately calling up of one's whole mass of early experience wherein there was evidence of conflict. This is not a morbid or melodramatic performance but when rightly practiced a constructive process of liberating the inner powers.

The whole method of self-analysis is valueless if casually performed: the mere superficial cataloguing of life disturbances amounts to nothing. The act, however, of reliving an early experience as if one were back there in all the tumult and disturbance—the act of feeling all the emotion—as one does when absorbed in a story—and then of weighing and balancing the situation with the judiciousness and perspective of later years is indeed a clarifying experience to whoever faithfully carries it out.

Suppose one is at the theater, witnessing a play where natures are in conflict—irritated—unhappy—restless with each other or with themselves. It happens, sometimes, that an individual is so powerfully affected that he is lost, as it were, in the piece. The pathos may bring tears, the comedy may bring smiles, the adventure may bring thrills, but in any case there is a sense of complete identification with the characters.

Many of us have noticed that certain plays and stories have a peculiar power to stir us whereas they may not have appealed to our family or our friends. The singular response is built upon our own indi-

vidual inner state. We identify ourselves with the characters in play and story because we have lived and known somewhat similar experiences.

There is a immense secret in this—and a psychological law behind it of great worth to whoever fully senses its importance. It is the key to self-discovery and release.

CHAPTER XIX

MENTAL KINKS

MOST of us know the feeling of getting up in the morning and beginning another period of toil on a half-measure of strength. We are pulled and pressed by decisions that must be made, work that must be done, by experiences forever bearing upon us, and yet we are only partly able to meet the conditions. Something has happened to our minds. They have somehow become involved within themselves so that only a portion of our powers are our own. This entangled mental state is known today as a complex. It is a turning-in upon themselves of the forces of mind so that its processes no longer produce clear and accurate thinking.

What has happened so to involve us? If we stop to think the matter over the answer will be clearer. We have been through experiences that have given us points of view and, in so doing, have twisted our minds into dominant attitudes. We have gained a way of looking at life.

This fact is clear enough regarding our neighbors. Their queer attitudes and limited points of view are perfectly apparent. No psychological research is needed to make us aware that our friends, business associates, our husbands and wives have "complexes." Possibly the so often quoted lines of the old Quaker to his wife, "All the world is queer but thee and me, and sometimes I think that even thee's a little queer," illustrates our own view. But

we do not so quickly grasp the notion that we may have our own mental twists and kinks standing in the way of clear thought and sound living.

Behind every complex there is usually an area of misunderstood experience in the memory. No neurosis or psychosis comes out of environment except in relation to this dark chamber. Its beginning dates usually from that unconscious period in childhood when the new brain has not yet begun to function adequately and the mind is incapable of interpreting experience. At this period misunderstanding or punishment easily make wounds.

Little Nellie Patterson finds her doll broken, its dress torn, its arms dismembered. Her infant mind immediately decides that a small brother has caused the mutilation. She appeals to her mother who agrees that no one else could have done the mischief. So brother Harry is called for punishment, despite his expostulation of innocence which is received as untruth, and brings all the harder chastisement. He goes to his room in a sullen mood, brooding anger in his heart. He hasn't the least idea why the discipline should have been visited upon him, and buries the experience in his mind as evidence of injustice. A dark area of rebellion begins to form. It chances that this little wound is added to by repeated experience of the same type. At thirty-five Harry seems queer to his associates, because of his persecution complex. The condition was caused not by the doll incident, but by repeated experiences of that variety, which all passed to and increased the region filled with blind emotion over unjust treatment. In most cases Harry was as much in the dark regarding the causes as anyone else; even as he was totally unaware in the first instance that Nellie's dog

Towser had been the one to tear her doll to pieces.

The adult mind with its developed upper brain would have received no such wounds from the mere blame and unjust punishment of the doll incident. It would have seen through the matter, but to Harry it was as great a tragedy as days in jail might have been to a mature and innocent man. All his infant imagination, that responsive sense of the dramatic, was played upon. The experience became one link in a chain of somber events which bound themselves around the whole mind, and produced neurosis.

Only within recent years have we understood the power of early experience to build these scarred areas. We have been accustomed to say, "Oh, things pass right out of a child's mind." They do not. He lives in a state of semi-consciousness, and instead, things pass right into his mind swiftly disappearing below the surface to begin their formative work in the world of memory.

A small boy of eighteen months sits in the arms of his uncle, a young college fellow, who delights in teasing him. Uncle has a strain of sadism in his nature which finds pleasure in the infant's howls of fright. In his hand is a tin alligator. He brings it up surreptitiously to the small boy's cheek and, in a gruff voice, cries: "Alligator bite baby's cheek." The child shrieks with terror. The uncle holds him more firmly and brings the glistening object at him from every angle, tweeking the tender flesh now and then by way of emphasizing the idea of the tin toy's power to hurt him. The "game" lasts for an hour when uncle, weary, releases his victim and leaves him in brooding solitude while he goes off to a ball game.

After a few hours, the child has apparently forgotten the matter; mother is totally unable to under-

stand the nightmare that made the little fellow wake up at two a. m. shrieking and screaming. The experience was the beginning of fear, a vicious demon that within ten years had wrapped its toils around the small boy's soul. The alligator experience did not cause the difficulty, but merely formed the first link in the chain of events. Long before manhood the boy had a powerful insecurity complex. He was afraid of the dark, and of water. He looked askance at strangers. He avoided other boys at school and his queer ways laid him open to constant hectoring from them. Communal life had begun its circle, one experience leading to the next; and each added to the seething mass of undrained emotion and fear-wrought misconception that was piling up in the scarred corner of his mind.

Dark chambers exist in some measure in the mind of every human being. Every experience leaves an effect which may form into one large area, or may create numerous small sections where misunderstanding is buried, surrounded by its film of gloom. The condition is much like toxic poisoning in the body. Some definite area of disease, an infected kidney or an appendix, poisons the whole system, a pus-sack in connection with the glandular organism may exist, or there may be a general toxic condition in the blood infecting all parts of the system in small degree yet producing a definite and dangerous condition of the body as a whole. So with the mind. There may be some definite area of darkness, built upon certain types of repeated experience, or there may be many minor experiences of divergent types, less intense in form but in the total sufficient to produce mental toxemia of as serious a nature as that from some great shock.

There is no more important subject in all psychology than the study of these dark chambers, which develop when stagnation or stoppage of normal expression step in. They are caused by repression, inhibition and inanition as much as by some negative experience. They touch upon all types of neurosis and are found wherever biased points of view, prejudice and misconception color the thought process. They are prevalent wherever masses of ignorance lie in the mind and the activity is dominated by superstition. It is a common condition among the feeble-minded and wherever there is a low intelligent quotient. If the condition affects the physical condition of the brain the *area oscura,* as it might be technically described, involves insanity. In its simpler forms, however, it is manifest in the so-called normal being and begins its activity following a misunderstood experience.

It is generally agreed that back of every complex is conflict; and we might best describe a complex by carrying out the picture of warring forces which we used to describe that condition. When a battalion of men fight in the same trench month after month, we have a complex. They build a series of interwoven tunnels, a mass of dugouts, a group of connecting trenches. They mount a series of camouflaged guns and put lookouts in secret places, to maintain their position. They are always anticipating attack and continually moving back and forth to solidify their holdings. So, too, with a complex. It is an intrenched state of conflict which has produced a series of connected brain paths, skilfully camouflaged by symbols and pseudo-purposes. It is also a state continually anticipating attack and one of perpetual fear. All the activities of the re-

gion are involved in sustaining the forces within the complex, convinced that their continuation is necessary to life. It is, moreover, a stagnant position, a method of attrition in so far as progress is concerned. It can produce victory only by the breaking down of other influences.

A mother-complex, in possession of a man's mind, may successfully maintain itself until the mother dies, keeping him from true mating. It is possible, but rare, for the integrity of love to become so strong from contact in marriage that its intensity disrupts the mother-complex. The trenches, in other words, are stormed. It is more probable that without psychological aid the mother-complex will maintain itself to such a degree that love cannot penetrate to its true habitation in the human heart, and marriage, if it exists, is only a mockery of the real state. This condition is all too prevalent as evidences of incompatibility and divorce make clear.

A complex may exist so as to involve any one of the forces within the nature. It may affect, for example, any of the four great wishes: the ego-wish, the herd-wish, the mate-wish, and the life-wish. It may equally involve the desires or entangle the will so that the individual seems to lack volitional energy and purpose. Most commonly, however, a complex enwraps the mental attitude and ties up the interests. It is built in such instances upon preconceived points of view, springing from the prejudices and biases of early surroundings. A very usual form of complex is the infolding of the love of knowledge with dogma and creed, so that reception of truth becomes virtually impossible. This type of complex creates those curious antagonisms of which both fundamentalists and modernists in our churches are

examples. A complex may affect the love of art and produce such phantastic tendencies as cubism, futurism, and many forms of post-impressionism. Yet these are less curious perversions of the art impulse than the earlier realism of such mimic painters as Jerome, where art is lowered to something less than color-printed postal cards.

On the other hand, there may be fairly healthy complexes. In fact there is every gradation between wholesomeness and abnormality. The artist whose mind becomes centered upon beauty may get a complex for this aspect of life. In a way it is sound and normal, since it is not repressed and permits him to create paintings or sculpture. It is, however, even in such cases, a limitation of the full force of the mind, rather than a concentration of faculties, and it is this condition which produced the old idea that a genius was unbalanced. He is usually unbalanced because his genius is entangled in a complex. It need not be so, however.

In the case of the great masters, their sense of beauty was more a concentration of their mental faculties than a complication of them. Generally speaking, it is a saner attitude to conceive even an apparently healthy complex as an area of over-emphasis and conflict, rather than as a desirable condition.

The major complexes are the herd-, sex-, ego-, inferiority-, and insecurity-complexes. They directly involve the primary instincts. The ego-complex, for example, is connected with the instinct for self-assertion and self-abasement, a feeling of superiority or inferiority, depending upon which of the two is the dominant force. It is, we might say, in all cases a conflict between these two ego-instincts. The herd-

complex is a conflict between the instincts of self-preservation and that of gregariousness. The sex-complex relates to what is called the nuclear complex, and involves struggle between the parental and the love or mate-images; that is, between the instinct for nurture and the sex-instinct for marriage. Whatever the complex in the mind, conflict between primary forces is always manifest, and habits, repression, and inhibition are invariably found lying in an area of darkness wherein vicarious solace and satisfaction or else wounds and disappointments have gathered in the memory-experience.

In other words, emotionally involved reminiscence or else repressed memories enter consciousness as a confusing and limiting force.

In *Damaged Souls,* Gamaliel Bradford has presented admirable pictures of the struggles that go on in the human being, as a result of complexed conditions. He has portrayed the activities of Aaron Burr, Benedict Arnold, and Alexander Hamilton as results of inner states. His analyses of these men dramatize just such a definition of a complex as Stuart Paton gives in his little book *Signs of Sanity,* from which we quote:

> It is the fusion of ideas and emotional attitudes that forms what are called complexes. Complexes are, then, a series of ideas, usually unpleasant, bound together by emotional, affective connections, so that if one part of the complex is brought to the attention the rest of it is likely to follow. For example, a man's suspicion having been aroused that some one is trying to harm him, each time he notices that any one is looking at him he believes the observer is intent on his harm. The emotional framing of all the ideas in his mind prepares him to be suspicious. Complexes crop up at inauspicious moments when we are troubled or made

unhappy by desires or wishes that we are unable to satisfy. Discontent is an expression of conflicts. Harrington has told us that "the struggle for happiness is the struggle for mental adjustment; a struggle to produce harmony between desire and accomplishment, between wishful and reality thinking; it is an effort to strike a happy balance between the adjustment of external and internal conditions."

Perhaps the most prevalent of all complexes is that of inferiority. The condition has a common background in childhood. The boy and girl are in a hurry to be a man or woman, not because youth cannot be pleasant, but largely because we make the child feel a position of inferiority. We insist that he have a humility-complex, from which he persistently revolts. If his mutiny is successful he throws the condition off in maturity. In so far as he succumbs to adult will, some measure of neurosis comes upon him. So far in life, the greatest protection of nerves in later years is disobedience in youth. Given the kind of parents that most people have been burdened with, disobedience is a necessary protective force in early days.

In *Penrod,* Booth Tarkington gives a wonderful picture of the making of the inferiority-complex. Penrod has been forced to play the part of a Knight in one of the awful theatrical performances to which boys are sometimes subjected by the sentimental adult. He has been dressed up in a golf cape.

"What you got on?" inquired Maurice Levy. "What you got on?" he repeated.

"Oh, nothin'," said Penrod, with an indifference assumed at great cost to his nervous system.

The elated Maurice was inspired to set up as a wit. "Then you're nakid," he shouted exultantly. "Penrod

Schofield says he hasn't got nothin' on under the ole golf cape. He's nakid. He's nakid." The indelicate little girls giggled delightedly, and a javelin pierced the inwards of Penrod when he saw that the child Elaine, amber-curled and beautiful Marjorie Jones, lifted golden laughter to the horrid jest.

Other girls and boys came flocking to the uproar. "He's nakid, he's nakid," shrieked the child Sir Galahad. "Penrod Schofield's nakid. He's na-a-akid." . . . Burning with outrage, heart sick at the sweet, cold-blooded laughter of Marjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elbows on the windowsill and speculated upon the effect of the leap from the second story. One of the reasons he gave it up was his desire to live on Maurice Levy's account. Already he was forming educational plans for the child Sir Galahad.

Many phases of abnormal shyness and humility appear in the practice of mental therapeutics. Rudolph Masters, as we may call him, appears to his friends as the very opposite of what his name implies. His inferiority-complex has stood in his way all his life. As a small boy he had many difficulties in school. His people always went away for six months every year. This would have been pleasant enough for Rudolph had the months in the Maine woods been filled with play among other boys and girls. His days, however, were spent in bitter loneliness and his only satisfactions found in long strolls with his dog over hill and dale. The situation precipitated further difficulties. Each autumn he had to make up the work which his class had carried on in the spring and in the six or eight weeks after the fall term had begun. This made him stumble in his lessons and added to the queerness which the months of solitude inevitably produced in a growing boy. He was picked upon by his associates, teased, hec-

tored, and made continually self-conscious. His growing mind had turned in upon itself and, being an only child, the trouble was accentuated by adult misunderstandings. The inferiority-complex took possession of Rudolph.

Every complex is built upon a conflict in the inherent forces of character. Behind the feeling of inferiority warfare exists between pride and humility. It is a condition where both of these qualities have become over-personalized. In Rudolph a perfectly natural and healthy pride was disparaged by his parents and turned into a rebellious thing by his playmates. His capacity for humility came in for equal rough-handling. An appreciation of his own weaknesses, right enough in itself, became exaggerated, so that he thought of his character as weaker and poorer than those of others about him. He was forever comparing himself with his associates, and so self-conscious because of the apparent weaknesses that assertiveness ceased. Inevitably the brooding humility came into direct antagonism with rebellious pride that sprang from real ability. The conflict occupied most of Rudolph's attention. His inferiority-complex was the result.

It is a curious thing that pride and humility have been so misunderstood. In themselves they are not antagonistic forces. Pride in the endowments which one has been given permits respect for and development of the forces that make mankind a human and useful animal. The native pride which gave dignity to the Indian and brought independence and advancement to the civilized man is not an evil, but a necessary part of character.

Humility which is built upon a recognition of our

common human frailties, and an understanding that while we have our own limitations, they are but part of these mass limitations, is a right and a compassionate humility. It does not compare itself with others, but rather with ideals of truth. It places no emphasis upon its personal frailties apart from incapacities of all man in any day and age. Such a humility is perfectly compatible with the dignity of manhood which is true human pride. The forces are then impersonalized and allowed to develop; they protect the individual from that self-consciousness which lies at the roots of all feelings of inferiority.

There are many and varied types of complex, as well as combinations and mixtures of them, which make a long list indeed. There is space here to picture but the more important varieties.

THE EGO-COMPLEX

Jim Peters is in the employ of the Wright Distributing Company. He is a man of excellent brains and sound business ability. Temperamentally outgoing and spontaneous, he should be an excellent salesman, and yet he is a failure. Why? Because the instinct for self-assertion and that for self-abasement are always at war within him. Ambition stirs his assertiveness and sends him full of a sense of superiority speeding on his way to the buyers' office of Pettingill and Pettingill, wholesalers. He arrives in a fevered mental state. Outwardly he is putting himself forward, inwardly he is quaking in his shoes. As soon as he is actually before his customer the instinct for self-abasement arises and he masks it by becoming over-emphatic and egotistical. He boasts

a little. He is uneven in his presentation of the goods. He is more concerned with the conflict inside of himself than with the actual task in hand. He cannot in other words get out of his own way, and in consequence loses his customer.

At one time Jim Peters tried writing for a living, but he was always unable to see human life from any other point of view than his own. A superiority-complex successfully blocked his ability. It owed its incipience to an early environment where, at home, he was always shown off by admiring parents and picked upon by boys in the neighborhood who called him conceited.

THE HERD-COMPLEX

Mrs. Pauling is a clubwoman, a church member and engaged in charitable effort. She has an extreme sense of patriotism and being descended from the "Mayflower" and also a D. A. R. is in every sense one hundred per cent. She is much disturbed, however, at any deviation from the status quo of life; a bitter conservative who watches fashions and obeys them to the letter. The ways of the herd are her ways, and yet her mind is in a state of continual turmoil for unfortunately the ways of the herd do not remain stationary. She would like it if social customs continued as they were in the days of her childhood, when her gregarious instinct first expressed itself. She dislikes exceedingly all individual manifestations, and yet modern tendencies are against the customs which grew up in her soul during the formative years. Present styles in dress, in art, poetry and music seem to her an enigma; yet she is gripped by the herd-complex and must comply.

The Sex-Complex

Every complex has its positive and negative manifestation, and within this primary division it is possible to have both an active and a reactive manifestation. John Gunning and Mr. True both have positive manifestations of the sex-complex, but they are very unlike. Gunning is a profligate. His mind is dominated by sexual ideas, and all his thought, reading and experience are colored by this major interest. Mr. True calls him a libertine, and the definition is not far from the truth; yet Mr. True's mind is equally dominated by a sexual complex. He also sees life as over-ridden by this driving urge, but Mr. True is a reformer. There is nothing active about his sex interests. The whole trend of his nature, however, reacts to this dominant thought, and he reduces all men to good or bad according to their responses to the physical urge within them.

Both Miss Peakers and her mother are over-ridden by sex-complex of the negative type, and yet Miss Peakers' responses are very different from those of her maternal forbear. The sex-complex in Mrs. Peakers is not repressed. All her life she has felt its driving influence, and it has dominated her thought. She has built about her life a fetish of false modesty which made her unable to give her daughter a normal social environment. She never explained to the young girl the forces that lay in her; nor the processes of puberty. It all seemed to Mrs. Peakers a rather horrible thing, and she tended instead to suppress any mention of sex. As a result, she bound her daughter as with hoops of steel. Miss Peakers is a tight, little, congested nature, thin,

despondent, and unexpressive, the shadow as it were of a human being. All her feelings are negative, and so deeply repressed that they have never come to consciousness.

The Nuclear-Complexes

The nuclear-complexes are so closely related to the sex-complex that they are often treated under the same heading. Rightly, however, the nuclear-complex is a family complex, although it may express itself so as to involve the mother, producing what is known as the Œdipus complex; or the father-image, creating what is called the Electra complex. It may, however, involve neither parent singly, but be a veritable family-complex, a confining circle, as it were, dominating the individual so that he is never able to see beyond the limits of his own birth environment. We often find this condition manifest to such a degree that members of a family all look alike, possess the same attitude of mind, the same tone of voice and expression of eyes, regardless of physical differences.

The family complex is well pictured by Stacey Aumonier in his book *The Querrils*. The sugary sentimentality of this group was so cloying that it worked out as a devastating force, destroying instead of enhancing the lives of parents and children. This attitude can flourish only when the mother and father both have the same point of view and agree in building the family into an exalted and circumscribed institution, breathing into their children a feeling that everything outside their circle is something less, different, and possibly dangerous. The family image, in other words, is stamped indelibly

upon the personal image within each child, so that he does not mature into a normal and independent being.

The writer remembers a family in which the children were brought up as strict vegetarians, taught to have a horror of tobacco and alcohol in all forms, bred to consider vaudeville vulgar and given an excellent mechanical pattern of complete idealism. So rarefied by philosophy and metaphysics was the family attitude that most of life's problems were met for the children before they had even a measure of experience for judgment. They looked out upon the world as something full of dubious and strangely primitive ways. The attitude separated them from life as completely as if they had lived upon a desert island. Their first experiment in cosmopolitanism came when as grown individuals they were traveling in Europe. Following a Baedeker program of inspecting a famous beer-garden of Munich, they filed solemnly in and seated themselves at a table. Then, with the air of abandoned Bohemians, they ordered one small stein of beer for the party of five, and to see what "the stuff tasted like" each took a sip. The laughing, merry crowd of Germans looked at them in amazement when the entire family then walked out, satisfied that night life in a foreign city had been thoroughly investigated and found wanting.

The high moral standard was admirable enough except for the fact that it also permitted members of the family to take only one sip of life and denied them the experience of living as normal, natural human beings. Surely we must have standards and ideals, but when the home circle is built on fear of life it becomes a prison about its members.

The Mother- and Father-Complex

The mother-complex develops when her nurture instinct becomes so dominant that it literally surrounds the child and keeps his personal images—that is, the hero-wish and the sex-wish—from normal unfoldment. As we have explained, it is known that from earliest infancy the self-image and the mate-image are alive in the infant's mind. Ordinarily in childhood they are obscured by either the father- or the mother-image according to the sex. It is right and necessary that in the boy's mind the ideal of the mother is paramount until about the age of seven years. It is equally normal that after seven years the personal-image and the mate-image should begin to awaken, so that by puberty there is both individuality and some capacity to respond to the opposite sex. These developed images should not of course be released until maturity at, let us say, twenty-one. The process should be one of gradual unfoldment.

If this natural evolution is thwarted, the personal forces of the individual are submerged under parental influences and normality is seldom possible.

There are three distinct forms of the nuclear-complex. First is the unformed complex, which occurs when there is not sufficient nurture from the father and the mother for the boy or the girl to have the personal-image and mate-image protected in infancy. As a result, the sexual interests and individual assertiveness develop more rapidly than the maturing brain and reason can deal with them. In other words, the physical and emotional forces of the nature advance more rapidly than the mental powers. The devastation is usually as great as

when the mother or father influence is over-dominant, for it is right and natural for a nuclear-complex to exist in earlier years.

The second form of this complex is the undrained or unrejuvenated type which originates when parental nurture is so powerful that it permanently obscures either the image of the self, or the mate-image. In this case initiative or capacity for normal and healthy marriage is strongly limited or made impossible. Whenever the child begins to think of what he would like to be, he finds in his mind nothing but the image of the parent; whenever he looks out in the world to discover the marriage partner he would naturally choose, again he compares all that he sees with the parent-image. The boy, naturally enough, discerns the mother-image instead of the mate-image, and the father-image in place of the personal-image; and the daughter inversely looks at life through a father-image in place of a mate-image, and a mother-image instead of her idea of the self.

There is no greater cause of devastation than an undrained nuclear-complex. In the office of the average consultant, adults, whose success in life has been blocked by a submergence of the personal-image, constantly appear. It is exactly as if they had a pattern on which to build that is distinctly contradictory to the real forces of their own natures.

To illustrate the way it works, let us consider the case of a boy who has inherited from his mother. Her father having been a doctor, the boy might naturally have had a trend toward some humane form of endeavor. In his mind, however, was a dominating picture of the father who happened to

be a brilliant business man. The boy could see nothing in life so desirable as following in his father's footsteps, so he became an unsuccessful misfit in the world of commerce.

Again, let us suppose that the mother-image dominates the boy's mind. Inheriting from her side he would naturally choose a mate who was unlike her, possibly a feminine counterpart of his father. He marries, however, in obedience to the mother-image and the result is incompatibility and marital unhappiness. He has not married his mate, but a picture of his mother, a woman very unlike the one with whom he could permanently be happy.

Even more destructive is the broken nuclear-complex, a condition which combines parts of the parent-image and parts of the self-image. Like two photographs on the same plate, the parent picture covers the one of the self. In some places, however, it is shadowy with some features of the self showing through. In a case of this kind, the forces of the individual are necessarily in direct conflict with those of parental influence. This is a very common condition, appearing wherever there has been early disturbance or antagonism between the child and one of the parents. It may be produced by the early death of mother or father, and it is likely to occur if incompatibility has existed between mother and father to the degree that was felt by the child.

Father-Complex

Margaret Fuller typified a life dominated by an Electra complex. Brilliant, gifted, whimsical, the intellectual figure of her father stimulated her brain and sat like a cloud upon her heart. He once

sent her to bed in disgrace for reading the "frivolous" Romeo and Juliet on Sunday. A diet of Latin was given to her at six; Shakespeare and Molière were her "light reading." She said of her youth: "My book of life and lonely habits had given a cold aloofness to my whole expression and veiled my manner with hauteur, which turned all hearts away."

It was her father who gave her the patterns and created her reactions. Their rare and intimate companionship, which was based upon intellectual interests, made it difficult for Margaret Fuller to respond to her male contemporaries. She unconsciously measured all men by her father, and no better picture of the inevitable result of the relationship can be given than her words quoted above.

In *Mary Olivier,* May Sinclair has etched the domination of the ego-complex by a parent of the same sex. Mary's life was crucified on the cross of her mother's possessiveness. She struggled to loosen the nails, catching glimpses of her soul's integrity, but in the end destiny, spelled F-a-m-i-l-y, closed about her. Whenever from earliest childhood she tried to escape from the clinging yet cruel maternal picture, glued upon the radiant image of herself, condemnation and vituperation followed.

Mary has millions of brothers and sisters in this land of ours, lives blighted and fortunes thwarted by the pasteboard figure of another soul.

Mother-Complex

In *Little Dorrit,* Dickens portrays the destructive force of a mother-complex in the character of Arthur Clennam. Even when he returns to her after years in China "the old influence of her pres-

ence, the stern, strong voice, so gathered about her son, that he felt conscious of a renewal of the timid chill and reserve of his childhood."

There is pregnant thought when he says to Nagels: "I have no will, that is to say," he colored a little, "next to none that I can put into action now, trained by main force; broken, not bent, heavily ironed with an object on which I was never consulted, and which was never mine."

Again, in *Edwin Drood,* Dickens depicts the type of parent who makes a fetish of being "open" to the child's ideas. It is Mrs. Crisparkle who says: "I have no objection to discussing it Sept. I trust, my dear, I am always open to discussion." There was a vibration in the old lady's cap as though she internally added: "and I should like to see the discussion that would change *my* mind."

When a mental-complex develops so that it becomes a dominant force, retrogression and depression generally follow through the continued distortion of events and situations. The individual becomes less and less himself, and more and more under the influence of his condition. It is discovery of this force at work which has made it clear that there is nothing trivial, nothing little, nothing arbitrary, nothing accidental, behind a mental state.

Moreover, the individual is seldom aware of the influences in environment which produce the condition. He usually withdraws into a protective shell of isolation, is inclined to lose interest in his own work and to live half-heartedly. In cases of this sort, it is practically impossible for the person to diagnose his situation. There is seldom cure or relief until a skilled analyst or practical psychologist

unravels the tangled skein of events and emotions which are the cause of the condition.

There is little value in knowing our complexes unless we endeavor to cure them, which is only possible when their causes are discovered. There is space here for only the simplest forms of procedure.

The two most important methods in dealing with the complex are the therapeutic processes of expurgation and analytic association. Expurgation is in all cases the preliminary method; for there is no way that a man can really see himself unless he begins to purge his mind of sophisticated and cynical conclusions. This act is a basic part of self-discovery. It is the process of determining to put every past point of view aside, to hold it in abeyance as a factor toward which the individual for the time being will remain neutral. This openness of mind is the preparatory attitude which is essential to mental relaxation and paves the way for the realization of a complex. In its simplicity it is the act of balancing without prejudice all opinions. One has for instance several score deep-rooted points of view toward life, marriage, sex, children, career. Expurgation is the act of laying out one after the other of all the beliefs and standards on the plane of reason, shall we say, as one might pile groceries on the counter. They are then weighed, one by one, in the scales of logic and where it is seen that they do not stand the test, they are put over on the counter of doubtful value. That which proves logical is placed on the counter of relative certainties. Slowly the conscious mind goes through this purging process until as is invariably the case the levels of early belief, opinion and experience are reached. The technique of association then follows.

Every school of psychology recognizes association as one of the primary processes of the human mind. All that is stored away within us is in some sort of associated form. We possess no conscious attitudes which are not in this way related to the unconscious. Therapeutic association, then, is the act of taking all of the material which was uncovered by the weighing process of expurgation and studying the relations between this available material and that which may lie in the memory. Fannie Payne, for example, finds in her conscious mind a mass of irrational attitudes which do not stand the test of reason. She has always believed that men were bad and the natural enemies of womankind. Because of this complex, she has thought of them as sensual, egotistical and dominating. The act of uncovering this androphobia by the process of association reveals masses of undrained emotion in the depths of her unconscious and connects with events which she has so repressed that they have entirely passed from the conscious mind. As she meditates upon the illogic of her mental attitudes, the picture of her brother comes into consciousness. She recalls how he repeatedly teased her and a bitter afternoon of tears in her eighth year moves up from the depths of memory. She sees her doll with its cheeks cut off and wax stuck over its eyes. She feels the quiver in her maternal heart at the desecration. Following this early scene there comes the memory of her first childish sweetheart who had affronted the delicacy of her maiden fancy by his evidences of passion. The association process sweeps on, and scene after scene, many of them little things, but in total a vivid pageant of morbid experience which had shattered her sensitive soul. She sees where her hatred of

man came from; she knows why she has lived years of cold repression and pushed marriage from her as if it were a pestilence. The association process has uncovered not only the foundations of her biased point of view, but the whole drama of her unhappy and ingrown life.

CHAPTER XX

THE POWERS WITHIN

STUDY of the unconscious has been largely carried on through abnormal psychology and for this reason a negative picture exists in the mind of the average person. This unfortunate situation has given a false conception of the unconscious as if it were a great injurious force, a dragon, as it were, waiting in a cave to devour the timid, unprotected conscious mind.

The truth is quite the inverse of this mythical notion, for within the unconscious are all those dynamic forces which make the human mind a real instrument of thought and from which the culture of the world has sprung. But for the unconscious we should have had no poetry, no art, no music, no great temples, or guiding religion, no invention or world of mechanics. All that belongs to the realm of creative inspiration and productive capacity comes from the depth below ordinary consciousness. Biographies of creative leaders of thought are sufficient proof of this were it not evident in the experience of ordinary individuals.

The trend of human nature, of race evolution and the urge of birth tends to spontaneous and normal expression of this nether world. It is manifested actively, in the lives of children: their inner forces come out quite simply and freely in work and play. Instinct and emotion, desires and sentiments, move back and forth between the levels of the conscious

and the unconscious. The great wishes and the stirring impulses are free and alive. In them are no bitter, surging, rebellious depths, no negative subtlety, no camouflage and hypocrisy. The child reveals all that he is and spiritual integrity guides his life.

That radiance which Emerson describes as the sun shining in the heart of a child is reflected in all his hopes and dreams, his imagination is full of quivering life. Slowly under the restraining influence of adult thought these pristine possibilities are locked within the sophisticated jail we call civilization. The child is sent to a finishing school, and finished. He becomes an echo of the thing he might have been, and that which we call normality because it complies with our conventional picture becomes his masquerade.

In the individual whose nature is liberated and moving forward in constructive channels, there are powerful and stimulating influences for accomplishment. In those whose lives are gripped by complex and repression they become either rebellious and destructive factors; or else under sufficient domination bury themselves in brooding despair, bringing melancholy and cynicism.

True activity of the unconscious is in contrast a glorious thing, for in the liberated nature is found the longing that means growth and expansion. Life plays upon the individual and produces vivid impressions; quivering memories that touch the soul are stored away in its depths. The mood of the life is one of creative accomplishment, with ambition to do and to be. The temperament is full of subtle quirks and original ideas.

If this affirmative attitude dominates, negative

forces of experience are turned into constructive material. Conflict, for instance, which must exist in every life, instead of producing cynicism, gives a grasp of the sorrows and tragedies of the world and creates ready sympathy. The same dominant impulse prevents those routine habits and set standards which depress the physical organism and cut down the vigor and magnetism of the personality. It is native to possess vitality and for the body to have vigorous tone. It is the normal heritage of youth and can and should be kept well into maturity. Nature is abundant and generous, forever striving to repair and sustain life wherever mental, emotional and physical hygiene permits her free swing.

The two great determinators of individual life are the positive and the negative circle. When the days move in the positive circle, the ego-motive forces of the unconscious sustain and stimulate the individual to an ever expanding development. The buoyance and resourcefulness of youth make real achievement possible.

Recent forms of psychological research have emphasized the importance of imagination and such conclusions are in line with the constructive investigation of the unconscious. Imagination as today understood is a very different thing from the mere fantastic picturing of poets, painters and fictionists to which it was originally related. Imagination is the very seat of understanding. It is the ability of conscious thought to reach into the realm of the unconscious, to see and rearrange what is there. We know today that the mind thinks with symbolic rather than literal material. The mental process is one of visualizing and re-hearing, of touching and

sensing forms, colors, directions, sounds, combinations and relations, a process as actual and tangible as a child building with its blocks. Clear thinking is dependent upon mental imagery; concentration is the art of being able so to imagine the actualities of thought that focus and sense of contact with life is given to expression. Imagination is the act of taking mental images and feeling them over with, shall we say, the hands of the mind, so that their form and structure, relation and purpose are fully realized. This ability is as much the key to achievement in the realm of commerce and industry as in the world of art, music and literature. It is the basis of all sound, scientific investigation, the pinnacle of all unconscious forces.

A well-known banker was asked why he turned to the field of finance as a profession. "Because," he answered, "it gave the broadest opportunity for the play of imagination." The man has used his creative ability in many and varied ways; in the financial management of mines, railroads, industries, steamship lines, and his life is proof of the power of imagination when set to work in the realm of achievement. It is his custom to sit down in meditative mood and begin the same building process that we witness in the child musing with his toys and planning his activities. The process is subjective, interior, speculative, the very picture of unconscious thinking. The conscious mind of the banker is not directing the thought any more than his private secretary is directing the activities of his company. His conscious mind, indeed, is very much like a private secretary taking orders, as it were, from the world within, and relating the thought material to the requirements of situations as they develop.

There has been no greater misunderstanding of the human mind than the emphasis placed upon conscious thought. The mistake has come because we do not recognize thought until it has reached consciousness, and thus have reasoned that the thought process itself exists in the upper levels of intelligence. Study of one's own mental procedure should be sufficient proof of this mistake. All of our real thinking, and three-quarters of our mental activity, transpires below the depth of our awareness and only comes to the surface as the time of active use arrives. Only a small part of what an orator has to say is available in his conscious mind, and he may be quite as surprised as his audience at the twists and subtleties of thought which come into his speech. A great lecturer once told a friend that he is often so much amused at some unexpected witticism of his own that he laughs with the audience. Quite impersonally, he is able to stand back and appreciate the play of his own humor. Many a writer, many an artist and musician and all inventors have had this experience. They are aware that the real work is being done by the world within and the conscious mind is serving merely as a mouthpiece and record-taker, the instrument of the thinking process.

The absorption or subjectivity of creative thought is a picture in positive terms of the neurotic dissociation found in the study of abnormal psychology. The grip of an idea which so possesses the mind that the individual's senses are closed to the world is as much a compulsion, as that curious mental obsession which comes over the individual lost in the depths of neurathenia. Concentrated thinking,

in other words, followed the same line of procedure as is manifest in neurosis and psychosis; but it is a liberation and adaptation of thought rather than a regression and dissociation of the faculties. Indeed, curiously enough, even such an unfortunate condition as ambivalence, that is, being possessed by alternate moods of love and hate, of liking and disliking, is only a negative form of the dramatic faculty, the capacity to appreciate contrasts of thought, color-values in painting, counterpoint in music, or human contradictions in psychology. It might even be said that creative expression is a positive form of regression since it is a departure or modification of the self. The creative worker is the instrument for the time being of his thought and is as much modified by it as the individual in a state of melancholia or possessed by paranoia.

The neurotic indulges in constant reminiscences, for the end of solacing himself because of his unhappiness and because of his lack of adaptation to his present surroundings. In creative expression of the unconscious the same mental habit is followed but for the purpose of bringing material from memory to assist the active processes of thought. Constructive reminiscence is the art of going into the storehouse of the mind to find whatever one has learned or experienced which relates to work in hand, or is useful material for the building of new ideas and deeper understanding. The result is often as much a displacement of the preliminary processes of the thought as those resulting in neurotic thinking. The creative mind has an original plan of action, but the moment it gets to work it discovers that the ideas themselves dictate the material to be

used. Outlines and conclusions are changed and new arrangements grow up. A similar condition exists in a negative way in abnormal thinking. The dissociated mind starts a process of thought and irrelevant ideas immediately come up and start the thinking off into a confused maze of unrelated paths. Displacement exists in both instances, in the affirmative case for obedience to the laws of life and construction; in the negative instance to the end of mere chaos.

Study of mental processes reveals nothing more surprising than the parallels between right and wrong thinking and their similarity of procedure. It is as if the mind in both cases moves from the same starting point; but one trend is outward and forward and the other inward and backward. The methods are the same; the results are exactly opposed. When such men as Bernard Shaw, Victor Hugo or Voltaire start a process of thought it may often spring from a fierce dislike to the ways of the world. The neurotic has an equal dislike, and a similar refusal to adapt himself to the status quo. With Shaw, Hugo, and Voltaire, however, the impulse starts the mind in an analysis of what is wrong and sees the possibility of a better way. Their personal traumata, that is, the mental and physical wounds which they have received, become the material, or stimulus of new conceptions, or keener criticisms. With the neurotic, personal wounds become material for self pity, bitterness and cynicism. The stimulus is the same, but results in memories that are purely negative; a refusal to adapt to surroundings becomes an inability to function in the world. A trend develops downward and away from life,

even as that of great thinkers is equally away from the present situations but toward something different or better.

This procedure is true even in the world of business. The man who plans a card index system, arranges an easier method of bookkeeping, plans a more astute method of selling, invents swifter and surer processes of industrial accomplishment, does so merely because he is rebelling against circumstances. His impulse is identical with that of the neurotic, but his response is constructive, rather than destructive; his rebellion becomes the stimulus of expression instead of repression.

An English critic once remarked to a writer: "You Americans are a lazy people." "Why?" he demanded in amazement. "Because," replied the observer, "you're not even willing to walk upstairs, you have to have a lift in every building." Musing upon the incident, the writer suddenly realized that the invention of the elevator came from the very cause which had been outlined, a dislike of climbing flight after flight. But the American response had been a constructive thing. A better way had been found. This illustrates the affirmative response to an inner impulse; the negative response is seen in the neurotic who sits back and refuses to go upstairs because it is too hard.

The whole process of constructive thought is similar to the negative condition described in abnormal psychology as projection: the putting of one's self into any act, object or condition in the surrounding world. Projection in its negative form leads to veritable mental delusion, the type of personalism which makes its poor victim see everything in the

world about him as bearing upon and related to himself. Every unfortunate experience is regarded as a personal persecution. The chance remark of an irritable associate is seen as directed toward the self. A late train, a thunderstorm, the failing of a furnace fire, the coming of night are all injuries seen only as personal affects. The neurotic throws himself into countless activities about him in a wild endeavor to escape this veritable persecution. In the world of literature, of art, of music, we see this same form of projection constructively used. The poet personifies the trees, the sky, the clouds and events; the artist humanizes them and all natural melody to the ear of the musician is a form of singing. The creative mind has made the same transference to the objective world and to the human beings who move within it that the neurotic makes to his surroundings or to individuals in his vicarious endeavor to escape actuality, one is constructive, the other destructive projection.

It is by these acts of projection and transference that creative thought penetrates to the depths of the mass unconscious; to that brotherhood of common thought that holds the primordial ideas, impulses and memories of mankind. Dr. Jung teaches that there is a race unconscious which has a body of symbols and is, as it were, a vast library and museum of instinctive and emotional productivity. In the ancient hieroglyphics, myths, fables, legends and sagas he has found the same dominant moving force, the same imageries and ideas all over the world. It is as if within man was a veritable storehouse of thought substances, a linking point between human minds. This body of material holds the age-old

mystery of life and embodies its basic fears, primary wonder and the sense of awe. It includes the elemental response to life, birth and death, the horror of sickness and the lure of adventure, the majesty of love and the drama of sex; the common impulses to achievement and the dominant desires. These forces since time was have been the moving spirit of creative expression, and cultural achievement becomes great only when it penetrates to their depths. It is as if within every human heart is a vast body of race-old material to which we may penetrate by the deeper processes of meditation.

The creative subjectivity which we find in artists, scientists and writers is a capacity to penetrate to that inner level of the mass unconscious. It is a positive activity similar to the negative state known in abnormal psychology as "in utero." In his fear of life and under the influence of a partial suicide tendency the neurotic is actually striving to get back into the comfort of the womb. There, indeed, he found entire adaptation and an opportunity for completely vicarious living. He was required to make no personal effort but was surrounded by an all inclusive nurture. And this is the state which he desires because of his rebellion at the hard actualities of effort in a very real world. In its subjectivity, creative thought is reaching into this same state of nurture wherein, for the time being, the individual loses his identity in the cosmic womb, shall we say, of the mass unconscious, and therein receives the blood-stream of stimulus which feeds his expanding thought, and nurtures his creative expression. He is as much surrounded and sustained by the great primary emotions and the basic instincts of human

nature as the child in his mother's womb. He is protected by that greatest of mothers, Nature, from whose generative organism the human race has sprung.

Because of his primal contacts the genius is able to release for us our own inmost urgings. Emerson speaks of the young man's reverence for the poet because he finds his poetry more expressive of himself than he is able to achieve. So it is that in witnessing a play, reading a great story, in hearing music, or before a masterpiece of painting, we are intimately touched. It reaches back into us and stirs primal impulses in our own depths that we have longed to express. We may weep and lose ourselves in the sudden release which these achievements produce for us. They have but reached the mass of racial impulses in the unconscious. It is this indeed that accounts for human response to many great achievements. The present interest in radio is not merely its entertainment or its utility, but since time was man has longed to talk across space, to hear voices from afar, to sense the mystery of distance and to discover human desires that were like his own, across the far reaches of the world. Many a maiden has sat dreaming of some distant lover, many a man has longed to hear the voice of a friend miles away, and radio is a sort of symbol of this brooding impulse.

All great achievements bring similar responses. The airplane is a symbol of man's eternal longing to fly. It is synonymous with escape from the humdrum of the every-day. The great winged plane touches this age-old phantasy, as it hovers and dips and dives overhead. So, too, with a mighty tower or a majestic edifice like Rheims. It stands for

something in human consciousness which can never be put into the artificiality of words. Tears come to the eyes of a man who stands before a printing-press and watches its thousands of parts, moving in unison, hour after hour, turning out folded newspapers. Its activity gives release to urgings for accomplishment. Mere observation is a kind of realization and to behold the release of pent-up forces is as essential to the soul as food to the body.

The neurotic life is clouded by a mass of experience residue which clogs the unconscious and makes what is known as experience justification, or a system of rationalization by which the individual builds up an ideaology on all of his misunderstandings; so personalizing truth that he is no longer able to comprehend it. The inverse process is found in the liberated mind; that which, in the negative circle is experience residue, becomes the matured background for mellowness and sympathy. It possesses moreover a very practical bearing. The business man who has passed through many years of experience, about which he has reasoned intelligently, gains a depth of insight which makes him capable of swift and sure decision in his commercial activities. The lawyer, the doctor, and the banker gain penetration into men and their ways, and thus are able to form mature judgments. It is digested experience which rightly guides human action. But it is conclusion built upon a merely personalized attitude towards an experience that creates confused action, and herein is the division line between a neurotic and an intelligent attitude toward life. There can be no neurosis except where there has been misunderstanding some time in the past, regarding experience.

Those forms of life which particularly appeal to the depths of consciousness and into which the human being may project himself are of peculiar value in personal development, and this is a factor which has been little understood. Years ago mothers used to worry when their boys read *Diamond Dick* and other lurid volumes, and indeed in our own time censorship leagues have been built up with the end of purging from literature anything but a portrayal of the finest and the purest aspects of life. For the opposition, Bernard Shaw in a brilliant article in a recent issue of the *New Republic* proves in a most conclusive way that the reading of just such literature into which the individual may for a time project himself assists in keeping him from wrong activities. An unconscious mind, for instance, obsessed with sadism or massochism, or obsessed with various forms of errotomania may drain off through the vicarious activity of reading, the undue emotional pressure and thus be benefited rather than injured by the experience. Many a young person has been kept from amamism by the drainage of emotion through literature that parents have ordinarily condemned; many a boy troubled with passional tendencies, has been guided forward rather than backward by visiting picture galleries and observing statuary. These are activities harmless enough where no impurity exists in the nature and actually useful where it does; a fact which the censorious would do well to think upon. Certainly we wish life to become a finer, and better, and purer thing; but let us not contend against the only means by which purity is achievable. We do not clean out a dark closet by locking the door and leaving it in confusion. More

germs are destroyed by nature's fresh air and sunshine than by all the antiseptics and disinfectants in the universe. Many neurotic tendencies are only egocentric forms of the creative impulses which, when liberated through ego-motive expression, have given the world its culture. The emotional appeal of art, music and literature; of drama and fiction, are, when rightly understood, constructive factors in the liberation and guidance of the human being. Even a mild release of the negative type is better than the rebellion into harmful expression, so commonly produced by restriction. The world has been sadly injured by bootlegging in morals.

Idealization, that most prevalent form of all creative expression, is a positive expression of the condition known in abnormal psychology as phantasy. There is no more constructive force in human life than that which may be exerted through this instrumentality. Indeed, for centuries the idealization of art, the singing of the troubadour, the romance of literature, stood as the only instruments capable of bringing humanity out of its egocentric condition. It is as essential to the cure of neurosis as hygienic procedure in the handling of contagious disease. This is why the ascetic is a destructive force in human life. It is this, also, that explains why the Puritans in their rigidity were veritable producers of the social conditions which lead to neurosis and crime. There are types of neurotic, for example, who cannot bear to have beauty about them, to hear music, to read poetry, to observe the drama, or to dance. They fear these things because idealistic expression pulls the human being out of his egocentricity and makes him for a moment lose himself in something

better than his own little puerile forms of thought.

Creative expression is the true sublimation, the normal way in fact, by which all of the primitive forces within the human being may be naturally released. When the caveman painted ancient cliffs and decorated his spears; when he sang before the dawn, he was releasing the emotional and passionate urge of his being. He was finding a better way than either repression or unleashed expression could give him. There is indeed a sexual ideaology in all art and invention, poetry, literature and music. It is a constructive form of compulsion and of sexual neurosis, and the only way by which these conditions will ever be swept from human life. Not until mankind learns the importance of creative expression to his health, shall we have a better, moral world; not until our children are educated in all the forms by which the human being may pour himself out into full and beautiful expression, shall we escape the saturnalia of our present ethical code. The new psychology does not preach blind and voluptuous liberation; it teaches the principles of guided expression. It has a better way to help men forward than prohibition. It recognizes that every constricted procedure only buries the evils and drives them into subterranean forms of activity. The makers of criminals are those who stand for restricted procedure without bringing ways of normal, natural expansion to the forefront.

The average human being is driven by the forces within him. He seeks blindly for release, for escape from himself, for an opportunity to vent the drive within his blood. Health, normality and morality cannot endure unless natural and construc-

tive means are found by which the pressure within may be given release and established as social procedure.

The unconscious compulsion is the capacity to be gripped by a desire or idea so that the force of a driving thought takes command of the life, whether in its positive or negative expression. We have had little true insight into its nature. It is the very voice of hunger; the very body of desire, the soul of accomplishment. Is not Edison driven by a force close to that which, in negative form, creates a compulsion neurosis? Were not Saint Francis, Savonarola, the English martyrs, Jeanne d'Arc and all the long line of men and women who have achieved in this world, driven by this dynamic power? Indeed, we would have no culture, no achievement, no commerce except for compulsion. It has flung railroads across the continent and harnessed steam and electricity; it has bored into the bowels of the earth, spanned rivers and streams, made a servant of the sea. It has been the very soul of culture. When the compulsion is abnormal and egocentric, it becomes a neurosis; when directed toward achievement and progress it is creative accomplishment: genius. Makers of neurosis have been those who have sought to harness the souls of men and prohibit the integrity of their beings. Makers of progress have been those who have seen the finer and the better way by which the powers within might be led forward. The secret of life lies in leading the inner forces out and on; and this is education.

The principle of expansion and critical self-direction is man's only salvation. Not until we learn this salient lesson shall we escape mental and physical disease and that borderland of hysteria which

eats like a maggot into the soul of America. When this lesson is learned, we shall cure the primary causes of sickness, of neurosis, of crime, of intoxication and all that gamut of conditions which spring from the misdirection of human nature and are an expression of its blind rebellion.

CHAPTER XXI

UNTWISTING OUR TENSIONS

THERE are a few simple points which those who believe in the new psychology would have everyone realize. Foremost among them is the truth that disposition is often a parasite upon character. It is a liberating experience indeed to see this contrast: the distinction between the original nature with its inherited possibilities and the constrictive shell of habit in which from environmental wounds the self is too commonly encased.

Even where environment has been beneficial such a negative identifying is a stagnating attitude: for progress is rightly made by liberating the stronger and better forces of the inherited nature: by affirmative emphasis of the finer qualities, rather than by repression of the refractory characteristics.

No moment can hold more than a full measure of expression and he whose better powers are so concentrated upon that their release is bounteous, needs no control or restraint of his evils. There is then no space or place for their expression. A cup cannot be more than full and this is true also of an action.

Repression and inhibition belong to a negative philosophy leading to suicide of the powers: they have no part in a reliant life. Emphasis upon constructive methods is alone what builds, whether it is a chicken coop or a character.

The very center of the new teaching is real use of

the educational principle—educio—to lead out, in place of the pattern-making and coercion of the past which imprisoned character in dead precepts.

Almost as important is the significant fact of masquerade: the discovery that very few people live life at all but only a makeshift for it. Psychologists would have men realize that this situation has developed because of biologically impossible customs inherited from the ignorance of the past and held in force by the same attitudes which rigidly clung to the now discarded malpractices of antiquity. They would emphasize the truth that because of this condition, neurosis, psychosis, suicide, divorce and a host of minor personal disturbances like nervousness, worry and cynicism are rapidly on the increase. They would bring home the devastation of discouragement and loneliness which yearly takes its toll even as did the plagues of antiquity. They would make it clear that even those who do not succumb live largely in a phantasy world rather than in a joyous actuality.

The amount of phantasy living with its attendant illusion is indeed an amazing phase of human life. There are literally millions whose lives are passed in this imaginary world because actual civilization is so unfitted to humanity.

There are whole types of day dreamers who never face the actual and hence are failures. Whenever effort seems extreme or fatigue bears upon them they drop actual work and continue to imagine their success.

As life is organized, day dreaming is both good and bad. It serves ends in sustaining egotism through sorrow. It carries the life through environments that might otherwise crush the individual,

but its devastation comes when the human being so loses contact with the every-day world that his energies are vitiated by impracticality and delusion. This is the state of many so-called idealists, the net result of whose effort is usually nil.

Jung remarks, "Adult man is given over in large part to phantasy-thinking. How are phantasies created? From poets we learn much about it; from science we learn little. . . . The stutterer imagines himself the great orator . . . the poor man imagines himself to be a millionaire, the child an adult. The conquered fight out victorious battles with the conqueror; the unfit torments or delights himself with ambitious plans. We imagine that which we lack." Jung is here outlining the law of the inverse by which we now understand that human beings tend to masquerade in garments that are the very opposite of their true nature. Asceticism is an excellent illustration of this. The ascetic is usually a libertine at heart and the reformer too often a nature who needs reforming. He takes to criticizing others in an endeavor to cure himself. "Asceticism is forced sublimation and is always found where the animal impulses are still so strong that they must be violently exterminated. The masked self-murder of the ascetic needs no further biologic proof." It is this that gives the background for the censorious. No man is ever a harsh judge of others unless he himself deserves the criticism he administers. The individual whose soul is dominated by the impulses of the reprobate invariably becomes the finger pointer at immorality; the man of mellow and mature vision, whose heart is freed from such temptations, need not justify himself by violent condemnations.

There are two distinct types of extreme phantasy-

living; those who go around in a daze and but dimly connect with life, and those whose conscious thoughts exclude phantasy, whose hopes and wishes are long since dead, where phantasy then takes command of the sleep and a strange medley of ideas are nightly released out of the abnormally congested unconscious. Both types consciously see life through the eyes of custom and creed and cling to convention as if there were otherwise no hope and no God.

A case in point is that of an ex-opera singer. She did not look extraordinary and yet when you came to know her, amazing qualities appeared. For one thing, from the moment sleep descended until the milkman's truck woke her, she passed through a weird and tragic adventure in her dreams. Vast jungles were visited, hours spent in climbing jagged cliffs that restrained an angry crying sea, as red as blood. A wild wind howled like a mad loon, now hot, now cold, against her cheeks. The journey started in a city with multitudes lying dead from cholera; she climbed over mounds of dying and again floated—floated, but ever through darkness and round and round, like a leaf in a maelstrom. It always ended in the same place—a dungeon with a grated window, and beyond a garden, where her soul and that of another stood in endless embrace.

They were practical problems, too: an incompatible marriage, poverty, and a broken career, a great contralto voice with dramatic gifts, more fitted for the stage than rearing small children on a diet of hopes deferred. And yet the hard facts of life only cut surface wounds—for day dreams—phantasies—a strange medley of dancing ideals ran riot through the gray days and the bitter toil. Life was less a reality than the world of illusion. She existed

in the City of Things, but lived in the country of May-be.

Many a life passes in such a bog of dreams. Destiny is not leading anywhere. The only hope lies in release from the inner conditions; change of the outer environments; square facing of the actualities.

In place of effort a passionate indulgence takes command of many discouraged lives and a wider and wider rift is yearly cut between the real self and the masquerade.

That indolence is a passion comes as a surprise to the uninitiated for "Of all passions, that which is least known to ourselves is indolence," says Jung. "It is the most ardent and malignant of them all, although its violence may be insensible and the injuries that cause it may be hidden. If we consider the power attentively we will see that it makes itself upon all occasions mistress over our sentiments, over our interests and our pleasures . . . the repose of indolence is a secret charm of the soul which suddenly stops the most ardent pursuit and the firmest resolution. Finally to give a true idea of this passion one must say that indolence is like a beatitude of the soul which consoles it for all its losses and takes the place of all its possessions (or capacities)." And so men put off the hour of facing themselves.

Another salient result from the struggle of the individual to live successfully or even at all, is a marked tendency to affirm consciously and passionately what is subconsciously doubted. With millions the very key to the inside man is to be found in this primary law of inversion. A poet like Tennyson builds a whole body of fervid verse around declarations of

faith, fortitude, service and courage in an attempt to keep out of his mind obsessions of doubt and subconscious fear. He possessed repressions that were called "reserve," timidities mistaken for the love of solitude and conflicting emotions misnamed as seriousness. Tennyson was a lyric poet with tragic trouble in his heart. He was, as his biographer, Harold Nicholson, points out, afraid of sex, timid of man, in doubt of God, unhappy in the face of change and a passionate Victorian only because his mental confusion permitted him to be nothing else.

The humorist and the clown are classic examples of sober souls. They bolster native sadness by exterior laughter. We all indulge in more or less of this Coué-like self-suggestion or else we could not remain civilized. The right of it is the constructive direction which such affirmations give our lives. The wrong of it is egotistic denial of our own self-conscious struggles which, if not hypocrisy is often such a negation and repression of the self as to counterbalance the good which the autosuggestion might do us. This masking is the true key to character. The law of inverses is fundamental in our estimation of others and of ourselves. By our actions we are not to be known. By our words we are not declared. Too often it is the opposite of our affirmation which describes us.

It is because of such conditions in life that negative attitudes come upon the individual so that the mind thereafter acts as its own incubator and procreator of mental horrors. The individual meditates upon his environment and unconsciously forms conclusions which are entirely colored by his mass of undrained emotion derived from his earlier experiences. He thus misfits himself to environment

and gains out of his present resultant experience justification for his erroneous points of view.

The uncovering of the system of rationalization which may be in control of an individual's life is a dramatic and a determinative experience. Until this is done he usually possesses attitudes of mind which cannot be influenced by any logic. It is out of this sort of subjective state that the whole world of fear comes into being. Rationalization is the father and regression the mother of fear, and out of its womb of every-day events spring the goblins of worry and fatigue which inevitably result. Faced with these conditions the individual builds up for his self-protection a mass of resistance and defensiveness; antagonistic attitudes toward all who do not hold his particularly twisted point of view. He surrounds himself as it were in a kind of steel armor formed link by link from his system of rationalization. This is the defensive force by which the self automatically maintains the mental condition with which it has become identified. It is as if the spirit of independence blindly allies itself with the very disease which has come upon and imprisoned it.

It is not our purpose in a volume of this type to discuss abnormalities except as they appear in the general manifestations of the average human being. There are measures of neurosis, however, in many apparently normal people, even hysteria, compulsions and obsessions. To be driven by a stampede of fear, to be possessed by curious ideas, or to have periods of hysterical loss of command, are not unusual. Indeed, in the every-day world these manifestations may dominate intimate relations and constantly manifest themselves in the privacies of home life.

When living in a state of regression the individual tends to indulge in much reminiscence and to meditate on the traumata (wounds and injuries) which he may have received. These he personalizes and exaggerates, brooding upon them until a mole-hill becomes a mountain. We have only to study the separate individuals in an acquaintanceship of fifty people to find conspicuous instances of this type of neurosis. In an ordinary gathering it is literally amazing to see the amount of backward living that will appear. Mrs. Jones and Mr. Brown both begin to tell about their childhood, and an expression of interest and delight comes upon their faces, in marked contrast to the negative attitude toward the present moment. The past has gripped the mind and makes the real world of thought.

Another common form is the endeavor to live by projection. This is manifest in the endeavor to make life full of distraction. Mrs. Jenks absorbs her time between clubs, dinners, theaters, dances, bridge, arranging something for each hour, trying to escape from herself and leaving no moment when she has to think. She is projecting herself into everything about her. Mrs. Perkins, on the other hand, finds a different form of vicarious living. She has made a transference to her Pekinese and spends hours of her time fondling the poodle and giving it the attention which ten children would not merit. She is indulging in a perpetual self-pity in this act of identification with an animal, and every stroke of its silky head is a solacing pat to her own spirit.

We are accustomed to think that the symptoms of obvious neurosis, when the individual is driven by fears and obsessed by curious terrors are rare, and yet the prevalence of them is amazing as the

experience of those engaged in psychiatry and psychoanalysis proves. Fear of the water, of the dark, of people, of crowds, strangers, animals, snakes, burglars, high places, thunderstorms, marriage, sex, and terror at meeting even the actualities of the self, appear in countless apparently normal individuals. Instances of conscience-ridden minds, of lives dominated by an obsession of insecurity, of brooding thoughts of suicide are legion. Many a tense and unhappy individual attributes his trouble to every-day events and environment, but nine times out of ten conditions which the average person believes have created his difficulty are not the causes at all, but are part only of the mass of turmoil in himself which has inevitably sprung from earlier situations. There is nothing more common than mental delusions of this type and no mistake harder to eradicate in working with the average individual.

Wherever impatience, anger and nervous tension obsess the life, we may be sure that some degree of neurosis or psychosis is present. We know today that what was once called nervous prostration was a decided misnomer. The nerves do not break down. The trouble exists in the unconscious and not in those willing servants that communicate between the brain, the outer senses and the bodily conditions. Nervous spasms and the stampede of fear are the result of mental and emotional states. When the thoughts and feelings are in order, there is little wrong with the nervous system.

The most common phase of mild neurosis is found in the negative condition of the affections. The number of people who are affected by apprehension and doubt, whose minds are injured by their daily troubles, who live in a state of worry and confusion,

are tortured with insomnia, or who never rise out of a state which wrinkles the brow and rasps the voice, are legion. Most of them are totally unaware that they are manifesting abnormality, attributing their difficulties to nerves or circumstances. These general forms of neuræsthenia literally possess modern life. The immediate reaction is a negative one. The response to the world is filled with pertubation. There is no vim, no spontaneity, no real confidence left, and though not incapacitated by disease, such people are indeed living in a negative circle and always on the borderland of a nervous or a physical breakdown. The ambitions become harnessed to expedient materialism. The mood is one of constant fretting over details. The mind is not guided by a process of thought. In this condition the temperament becomes irritable, impatient and unsuccessful in its intimate relations. Hope turns into cynicism, the tendency is distinctly toward materialism. Mammon takes the place of God and expedience of truth-seeking, although these motivations may be so buried in the unconscious that the individual would not admit his allegiance and still does lip service to the Deity.

Among the faces in a crowd are few that shine with the light of real freedom and happiness. Among people we meet, here, there and everywhere, rare indeed are those who are liberated, spontaneous, harmonious, with life and with themselves.

When the lure of existence fades, ennui begins. When love of life grows weak, vigor ceases; when desire for knowledge becomes a mere wish for conventional information, the mind begins to Oslerize; when love of art and creative expression is submerged under expedient materialism, the emotions

turn to sensuous and unworthy expressions; when the impulse to service is turned toward an attitude of cold practicality and personal advantage, the nature looses its spring. The soul seems dead. These are prevalent conditions, only the beginnings, to be sure, of neurosis, but part certainly of the negative circle.

The average man and woman announces in no uncertain terms that he would give all his money and position for the health, vitality and happiness of youth, and follow anyone who could show him the way. The statement, emphatic as it is made, is usually untrue. The way back to the vigor and happiness of youth is simple and obvious, but few are willing to take it. It requires first of all to throw off the mantle of sophisticated masquerade, to let go the set patterns of the multitude, and return to the actual, honest attitude toward life, so marked in the integrity and thought of the twelve-year-old.

Human nature was never made to fit into a stereotype. Human emotions were not built to function under compromise. The mind was not made to run in a groove; the spirit cannot maintain health if the life is harnessed to materialism. It is these mental and emotional perversions which are cutting down the flow within the physical body, and he who would regain the flame of youth must release the yearning in his soul. There is no vicarious road back to joy and reality; only by stepping out of the negative circle can mental, emotional or physical vigor return, and this is done by an active desire. No psychologist, no psychoanalyst, no exponent of autosuggestion, no metaphysician and no minister can bring to the human being a release from his conditions or salvation for his spirit except by assisting

actual effort within the individual himself. It is he and he alone who must cast the skin of his negative identity—seeing himself as a compromised creature—and determining to return to the actualities of self.

The act requires a real confession of what he is, in his heart, without pretense and without fear. This act of spirit no one can engender. Modern thought may guide, may immeasurably assist, but it can guarantee no success except as the individual insures that success by the part which he himself plays in the release.

The acceptance of the attitude of the new psychology opens possibilities as vast as those which came with the mechanical discoveries of the nineteenth century. It clarifies the effort of the twentieth century which will certainly strive for full liberation and education of the capacities of men.

In the material world steam and electricity are indeed servants. So is internal combustion with its marvelous product the gas engine, as also those intricate mechanical and electrical inventions that have transformed civilization. Electricity and steam were once feared and students of chemistry burned at the stake. Timidity held mankind back for centuries. Now, however, the mighty forces of the natural world no longer inspire terror, but worship for the wonder of their power and accomplishment; their usefulness to society.

So will it be with the subjective forces of man. We have within us energies as vast as steam and electricity, capacities as unfulfilled as those opened up by the great discoveries in physics and chemistry; and these will engage the efforts of men in the unfolding psychological age.

Inevitably, endeavors to release the hidden ener-

gies are criticized and misunderstood by the conservative, even as the efforts of science and mechanics came in for much wild vituperation. Blind moralists will claim that the liberation of man will make him a libertine; that the release of his powers means anarchy; that expression necessarily leads to immorality. For narrow-minded individuals have always a fearful and low estimate of human nature. They believe in their hearts that God made a horrible thing when He created the human being; that instincts and emotions, desires and urgings are negative, low and sensual. It is the same old fear that earlier peoples felt for lightning, for steam, for all that they did not understand.

We must bear with these withered souls. Like the poor, they are always with us; they cling to the status quo of life, and worship what has been, without vision of better possibilities in the future.

Remembering the central law in the new psychology: that all forces in life are capable of positive, as well as of negative expression; that there is no power, no factor, no element of creation which is not susceptible to these two types of activity, the thoughtful mind need have no fear of efforts for expansion. The new attitude sees evil, destructiveness and injury as the direct result of negative activity—as the product, if you will, of man's forces turned downward, unguided, uneducated, and unintelligent. It sees goodness, truth, accomplishment, health, as a positive release of inner powers, under the guidance and direction of intelligence. And this is the line of cleavage between the point of view of the Rigidist and that of the Liberalist; between forward-looking and backward-looking minds.

The important step, in efforts for personal under-

standing, is to see what has happened to one's inner forces when congestion and annihilation have been in control. In doing so, we shall find the answer; the conditions which have dwarfed our lives. Next, we must study the formative forces of environment to discover what wrong attitudes and points of view negative-minded individuals have taught us and so congested and perverted our minds.

The important considerations of each person are: In what measure am I myself? In what degree are my thoughts, emotions and activities true to the best inherited strains of my nature? Am I the matured product of my forebears? To what per cent am I in a state, a condition of body, a congestion of emotions, a frame of mind, a regression of spirit, which differs from that which I am in reality? What part does my present environment play in restraint or liberation of my powers? How do my family, my intimates, and my associates affect me? To what degree did my early environment and later experience stimulate my inherent capacities, or direct me into wrong channels? In other words, to what extent am I free and to what extent am I in prison? And lastly, what can I do about it?

These questions stand at the center of the new psychology. They are its platform. Their answer is its aim. It holds that, as a man learns and dares to be himself, placing spiritual honesty before all else in life, he comes to be a self-directing creature.

It is a tenet of the new psychology that, once a man has passed out of the negative circle which ignorance wrapped about him, into the positive circle of spiritual integrity, he finds to his amazement that he need no longer imprison his inner forces, that they may be released and directed toward that ideal

of living which is the guiding star of humanity. He discovers that the apparent evil of his nature was only because primitive elements had been made destructive by the negative circle in which he moved. Thus it appears that the very methods and precepts of the old moral viewpoint was the cause of his undoing. They created an inevitable rebellion of the human spirit against distortion and made for blind revolt. When released and guided, the energies of men are infinite in their potentialities; evil only when abused and hectored, jailed and tortured, as they have been by the restrictions of the ages.

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